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FRANK G CARPENTER

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JAPAN AND KOREA

AMONG THE JAPANESE

The love of beautiful scenery is a dominant characteristic, and the hosts of pilgrims to the sacred island of Miyajima are beauty worshippers rather than Shintoists.

CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS

JAPAN and KOREA

BY

FRANK G. CARPENTER

LITT. D., F. R. G. S.

WITH 106 ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM
ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

40327

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
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While most of the illustrations in CARPENTER'S WORLD TRAVELS are from my own negatives, those in this volume have been supplemented by photographs from Ewing Galloway, the Publishers' Photo Service, *Our World*, the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, Paul Steintorf, and William Thompson.

F. G. C.

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JAPAN AND KOREA

JAPAN AND KOREA

CHAPTER I

JUST A WORD BEFORE WE START

THE journey on which I ask you to join me in this volume of my travels is my fourth to Japan. My first visit was during a belated honeymoon trip around the world, when my wife and I went leisurely through the country and lived for a time in a Japanese house. Six years later I returned alone to find the Japanese puffed up like pouter pigeons over their victory in their war with China, which made the Western world realize that a new nation was rising to power in the Pacific. On my next trip to the Sunrise Kingdom, my daughter, just out of college, landed with me in Yokohama; this was not long after Japan had driven Russia out of Manchuria, and only a year before she annexed Korea. Now I am again in the Japanese Empire, this time sending letters, postcards, and small presents to my grandchildren in America.

When I first saw this country it was barely emerging from feudalism. The Japan I invite you to visit with me to-day is a great nation, a power on land and sea, a people marching in step with the progress of this industrial age. The flag of its merchant marine is known in all the chief ports of the seven seas, and it dominates the trade and diplomacy of the Far East.

On arriving at Yokohama, not yet recovered from the

fearful devastations of the great earthquake, we shall go at once to Tokyo, where we shall behold the metropolis already marvellously restored. Next, amid the aisles of lofty trees at Nikko, we shall stand before the tombs of two of the great shoguns who ruled Japan when it was shut off from the rest of the world. A journey by express, and we are in the shadow of the sacred Fuji, and then on to Kyoto, the old capital. We shall linger here to watch the silk weavers, the cloisonné makers, and other artist craftsmen, who work away with the same devotion to their art as that with which their ancestors produced masterpieces here centuries ago.

We go next to the Osaka-Kobe section, in the heart of modern industrial Japan. We shall listen to the whir of spindles in a huge cotton mill as up-to-date as any in the United States, and shall hear hundreds of steam riveters chattering against the steel sides of the liners building in one of the biggest shipyards in the Orient.

Crossing the straits between Shimonoseki and Fusan to the mainland of Asia, we find ourselves in Korea, the Land of Morning Calm. We shall travel from Fusan to Seoul by express train over a standard-gauge track; we shall note the thousands of trees Japan has planted on once-barren hillsides, and shall be impressed by the harbour facilities, the model farms, the schools, the highways, and the sanitary works established by the Japanese. Yet here, as in Japan, the old will interest us as much as the new, and we shall observe that in spite of all the changes and improvements introduced by their conquerors the Koreans cling to their ancient customs, and keep to their picturesque ways.

Japan obtains a large proportion of the food for her teeming millions from the sea, and along her coast and inland waters a common sight is the bamboo towers from where the fishermen ply their trade.

Tokyo occupies a greater area than any other city of its population in the world. On account of earthquakes even its tallest office buildings of steel and concrete have but seven or eight floors, while most of its houses are only one or two stories high.

CHAPTER II

TOKYO, THE CAPITAL CITY

EARTHQUAKES may shatter it, flames may devour it, yet Tokyo arises from its wreckage and ashes and continues to be the pride of Japan and the place where apparently all Japanese would like to live. It is the dynamo of the country, generating currents that are carrying the forces of modern invention and of foreign civilization into every part of the Japanese Empire. The city spreads itself out over about one hundred square miles of a great plain bounded on one side by beautiful Tokyo Bay. It is the largest city of Japan, and its somewhat less than two millions of people make it the equal of Philadelphia in population, while the hustle and bustle of its busier streets remind one of some parts of New York.

It is a curious city. Of Japan, yet it is not Japan. Its principal street, the Ginza, is a conglomeration of the East and the West. In many sections the Japanese shop signs have beneath them attempts at English translations, which are often as hard to read and understand as the Japanese characters themselves. The small letters are mixed up with capitals; the A's, B's, D's, and P's are sometimes turned wrong side foremost, and the N's, W's, and U's are often upside down. Here is a sign before a "Shop for the manufacture of saving lives made of cork." A barber describes himself as a "First-class head cutter";

a butcher offers "Fresh young beef of Tokyo"; a leather store advertises "Trunks and bugs." One man announces "Baggages sent freely in all directions," while another appeals "To the female—Japanese and foreign—hairdresser shop—adjust beautiful."

The scenes upon the streets are as mixed as the signs. Clanging American street-cars pass jinrikishas pulled by bare-legged coolies, and foreign motor cars with chauffeurs in livery dash past rude ox-carts. Among the pedestrians the mixture is even more marked. The colours of their clothes are as many as those of the coat of Joseph, and the blue-gowned man of old Japan walks side by side with his brother in modern dress. The old man's white-mittened feet are shod in wooden shoes, while his brother steps along in patent leathers.

The European outfit of the younger Japanese is often one of weird combinations. I have seen a man on the streets of Tokyo clad only in a white starched shirt and a pair of Western shoes. Others have passed me dressed in frock coats, with celluloid collars fastened around their bare and shirtless necks, and with thin gauze drawers taking the place of trousers. Equally absurd is the sight of a man wearing a neat American straw hat on his head, his body clothed solely in an open-mesh American undershirt and a loin cloth, pedalling his bicycle with his wooden-shod feet and steering with one hand while with the other he waves his fan back and forth. Whether in Western dress or not, I notice that in the hot weather many men here carry fans, which they bring out and use now and then. Many of them, however, are well dressed, and of course the high officials of the government compare favourably in appearance and garb with those of our capital at

Washington. The motley above spoken of is chiefly that of the common people who attempt to ape their superiors.

Fortunately the women dress in the kimono style of their grandmothers. When I was last in Japan there was among them a kind of fad for European dress, which was unsuited and unbecoming to their short, somewhat dumpy figures. To-day it is quite common to see Japanese husbands smartly turned out in the latest Fifth Avenue or Bond Street styles followed or accompanied, as the case may be, by their wives elegantly dressed in the rich, soft clothes of the older day.

The Ginza, a wide tree-lined boulevard first built as a model "foreign" street, is Tokyo's Fifth Avenue. Here are the finest shops, and it is one of the show parts of the city. Though it was swept by the fire it quickly recovered. The Mitsukoshi, for example, the largest department store of Japan, if not of the Orient, withstood the shock of the earthquake, but was gutted by the fire that followed. Now it is as completely stocked and as thronged with customers as it ever was. Plate-glass windows, things undreamed of in Tokyo at the time of my first visit, are now common, and are filled with choice displays. Up and down the thoroughfare Madame Butterfly and Madame Chrysanthemum go in and out of the shops as intent as any Western woman upon picking up bargains. The Ginza has long stretches of sidewalks. Yet in other sections there are only occasional bits in front of the more important buildings and the dust rises in clouds from the unpaved roadway, which on rainy days is churned up into mud as in years past. Only nowadays the mud is worse than ever, because of the motor cars and trucks that are a part of up-to-date Tokyo.

The traffic is terrible. The street-cars and 'buses, which are jammed almost to suffocation, cannot carry all the would-be passengers. Upward of ten thousand automobiles are already licensed in the city and more are coming in all the time, while taxis are fast driving the rickshaws out of business. Bicycles are everywhere. I am told that there are something like three hundred thousand of them in Tokyo. They dart in and out, this way and that, seriously complicating the problem of the motorists. They are made in Japan and many of them are so cheaply and badly built that it is a common sight to see one of them go to pieces on the street. Add to all these vehicles thousands of carts drawn by bullocks, horses, and men, and more thousands of men, women, and children on foot, all hurrying along, intent on getting somewhere in the crowded streets, and you have some idea of what modern Tokyo is like. I am not surprised that American automobile owners, men undismayed by the traffic of New York or Washington, declare that they would not dream of driving their own cars in the maelstrom of the Japanese capital.

In the business section there are some quite wide streets, for the thoroughfares of Tokyo are constantly being broadened. Yet in other parts of the city there are many narrow streets and some through which automobile traffic is not allowed to pass. If one wishes to drive in his own motor to a house in such a street, he must ask permission of the policeman on duty. And, by the way, in Tokyo one does not lean over the side of his car and speak to the police from his seat at the wheel. He must get out and stand on the ground if he wishes to address the representative of the law. The Japanese policeman is poorly paid, but

In the business section of Tokyo there are some wide streets, and the thoroughfares are constantly being broadened. Throughout the city, however, both paving and sidewalks are still rare.

Much of the commercial activity of Tokyo centres about the Nihonbashi Bridge, where all the roads of the main island of Japan are supposed to terminate. It is copied in the bridges of cities and towns throughout the Empire.

he finds great compensations in his uniform, his sword, and his authority.

There is a new sound in Tokyo since I was first in the city, now thirty-six years ago. It is the clatter and bang of the steel riveter, which is continually heard. With it mingle the whir of the electric hoist and the roar of the concrete mixer. For along the business streets structures of steel and concrete are going up all the time. The buildings are as thoroughly modern and up-to-date as any New York itself can show, save that the tallest here is but eight stories in height. It is unsafe to build higher than this on account of the frequent earthquakes. The American style of steel construction was under observation, not to say suspicion, in Japan, until it successfully withstood the strain of the great earthquake of 1923 and the test of the fire that followed. Now across the old moat about the grounds of the Imperial Palace, along the Ginza, and in the Marunouchi district, handsome buildings like the Marunouchi with its eight stories of offices and its thousands of tenants; the Imperial Theatre, which has all the features of the best theatres of Europe or America; the splendid headquarters of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Japan's biggest steamship company; the imposing offices of the Japan Oil Company, and the big Mitsubishi bank, are being equalled or surpassed by other fine substantial structures. I understand that, in order that they may resist earthquake shocks, about twice as much steel is put into the big buildings in Tokyo as would be used in those of like size in New York or Chicago.

Let us climb up to Kudan Hill for a view over the city. There it lies extending for miles along the bay. If you are not new to Tokyo, you can recognize some of the

familiar sights, but are more struck, I venture, by the many changes. Among the old landmarks are the Imperial Palace within its spacious grounds surrounded by moat and walls; the Crown Prince's Palace; the big central railroad station of which the city is so proud; and the heavily tiled roofs of the ancient temples of the Asakusa Park area, the Coney Island of Tokyo. Now turn to some of the more recent additions to the metropolis. There is the three-million-dollar Imperial Hotel, rambling over its five-acre lot in accord with the unusual design of the American architect, Frank Lloyd Wright, who spent seven years perfecting his ideal of just what it should be. The doubters said that it would crumble like stale bread with a great earthquake. Yet it stands unmoved by one of the most terrible shocks of history. New, too, are the stately wireless towers of the Navy Department, and newer yet the acres and acres of roofs of galvanized iron. Upon thousands of the little one- and two-story houses that were set up after the fire this ugly material replaced the pretty tiles I used to see here. The summer following the disaster was one of the hottest in the history of Japan and the suffering among the dwellers beneath these metal roofs was intense. The government distributed myriads of gourd seeds, advising the tenants to plant them. They grew quickly and shaded the heated shelters with their green vines.

Across the broad Sumida River lies the Honjo district, where the shacks of the poor are crowded close together. Here occurred one of the most frightful of all the tragedies of the great fire. When the flames began licking up their tiny wooden huts, the inhabitants of the district ran this way and that for a means of escape. There were

no parks in their section, but there was one large open area that had once been occupied by the military clothing depot. The chief of police advised the people to go there, and thither they swarmed, carrying with them their bundles of clothes and whatever household goods they could take along. Thirty-three thousand of them were wedged into the space. The fire hemmed them in on every side. Then the flames reached out long tongues and licked at the piles of tindery stuff heaped up in the square. There was no way of escape. All of the thirty-three thousand were burned to death, packed in there like sardines. When the chief of police learned what had happened he committed suicide. It was decided that no buildings should be erected on the scene of this tragedy, and a shrine dedicated to the thousands who perished there has been placed upon it.

For centuries Tokyo has been a political centre. It was the seat of government in Japan's military epoch, when the power was held by successive shoguns, or commanders-in-chief of the army, who were then the real rulers of Japan, while the puppet emperors were kept at Kyoto. Known as Yedo, it first reached great importance in the days of the Tokugawa line of shoguns, who usurped the power in the sixteenth century. For nearly three hundred years these military dictators held the reins. A strong feudal system grew up. The shoguns had their lords, or daimio, and these daimio had their retainers, or samurai. The shogun lived in a huge castle in the heart of the city, while close by were the dwellings of the daimio of his court. Each of the latter had an army of followers attached to him, and Yedo was long a big military camp.

In time, however, the daimio waxed fat and lazy. With

fixed incomes and little to do, they acquired luxurious habits and gave over the management of their estates to their chief samurai, who acted as stewards. At length, in the middle of the last century, the leaders among these stewards, seeing the weakness of the outgrown feudal system, combined to overthrow both the daimio and the shogun and to give back the power to the Emperor. That conspiracy was the beginning of the new Japan. The name Yedo, or "Estuary Gate," was changed to Tokyo, which means "capital," the Emperor Mutsuhito moved here from Kyoto, and in 1868 began the period known as the Meiji, or "Era of Enlightened Government."

During his long reign, which lasted until his death in 1912, Emperor Mutsuhito saw amazing changes take place in his realm. In the space of little more than half a century Japan came out of her seclusion, adopted a constitution, and established a Diet; fought and won a war against China; became a colonizing country; more than doubled her original territory; won a war against Russia; and took her place among the world's great powers. There are some who say that maintaining that position, with what it means in taxes to support a great army and navy, costs much more than it is worth to the country.

Japan proper is only about three times the size of the state of New York and with all its colonies and dependencies is but little larger than France. Exclusive of Korea, the Empire is an archipelago of volcanic islands scattered for a distance of some two thousand miles across the sea from Formosa, which straddles the Tropic of Cancer not far from our Philippines, to cold Karafuto, in the Japanese half of the island of Sakhalin. It extends through thirty degrees of latitude and has a great variety of climatic

conditions. In all, there are hundreds of islands in the archipelago, but the five principal ones are Formosa, or Taiwan, where there is a flourishing sugar-growing industry and whence comes the greater part of the world's supply of camphor; Kyushu, on which is Nagasaki, the famous coaling station across the way from Shanghai, where squads of little Japanese women fill ships' bunkers better than any machines; Shikoku, lying along one side of the beautiful Inland Sea of Japan; Honshiu, or Hondo, called the mainland, which is about the area of the state of Minnesota; and Hokkaido, the Japanese northland, which is but sparsely populated in comparison with the rest of the country and which has considerable undeveloped agricultural possibilities.

As for her resources, Japan commands deposits of both anthracite and bituminous coal, but is short of iron, which she must import in increasingly large quantities. On the other hand, she ranks third among copper-producing nations and has a fair supply of petroleum. About half her area is forest land, some fifty per cent. of which is owned either by the state or by the imperial family. The Japanese are devoted to their trees and have conserved and developed their forest resources by scientific methods. Japan has, moreover, an abundance of swift-flowing streams, which may be harnessed to turn the wheels of her multiplying industrial establishments. Agriculture is still the leading occupation, notwithstanding the fact that only one sixth of Japan's total area of one hundred and seventy-six thousand square miles (including Formosa, but not Korea) is under cultivation. This is partly because so much of the land is mountainous and unsuitable for cultivation or pasturage on account

of the growth of bamboo, and partly because a good deal of that lying to the north is too cold for the kind of agriculture the Japanese know. The size of the average farm is two and a half acres. The principal crops are rice, barley, rye, wheat, tobacco, and tea.

Yet these lands, cultivated to the last notch of intensity, and the surrounding waters supply most of the sixty million mouths demanding to be fed. Japan now imports a comparatively small percentage of her food. But, as time goes on, if the population continues its rate of growth, and the workers drift in large numbers from farms to factories, it would seem self-evident that she must import more and more foodstuffs. Or perhaps history will repeat itself. In the sixth century there were some five million Japanese; by the eighth century there were eight and a half millions. Eight hundred years later the number had grown to between fifteen and twenty millions, or three or four times the population of England in the same period. Somewhere along in the eighteenth century the country seems to have reached a kind of saturation point. It was full to overflowing. Then the population was cut down by disease, pestilence, and famine. Gradually, too, the upper classes began to marry later and to have smaller families. In the big cities birth prevention was practised by expert doctors, while among the common people abortion and even infanticide were not unknown. By the middle of the nineteenth century the birth-rate was perhaps lower than that of any country of Europe.

Then came our Commodore Perry, drawing Japan out of her isolation and into the currents of world commerce. The Emperor was restored to power, patriotism and the nationalistic spirit were stimulated, factories sprang up

and demanded greater and greater numbers of workers, and the civic and religious duty of parenthood was emphasized. Living costs were low, and up went the birth-rate. Fifty-odd years ago Japan had a population of less than thirty-three million; since then in a little over five decades it has increased more than seventy-five per cent. Every year some three quarters of a million people are added to those making demands on the country's food supplies and resources and the cost of living has risen enormously.

It is true that conditions during the World War created a new wealthy class, called here the *narikin*, or new rich. In 1914 but twenty-two persons in Japan paid taxes on incomes of more than fifty thousand dollars; by the end of the war the number was three hundred and thirty-six. One passes many palatial residences and sees the finest of motor cars on the streets of Japanese cities; the most expensive tea houses with their beautifully kimonoed geishas do a big business. But just the same the poor are poorer than ever and one scarcely wonders to hear that after the great fire wealthy men of Tokyo put up their limousines and rode on bicycles because it was thought unwise to appear before the masses in their usual luxury. And it is not surprising to learn that a profiteer who had made his fortune manipulating the price of rice was assassinated by a hungry and desperate man.

At present Japan is in a kind of transitional stage. As to her future among the great powers, a high government official with whom I talked on this subject said:

"We are a nation of peace rather than of war, and we hope that our career will be along the lines of commercial prosperity. We have plenty to do at home without

engaging in trouble with any other nation. We are situated between two of the greatest markets on earth. We want, if possible, to make for ourselves an important place in the commerce of the world. On the east we have the United States, the richest of all the consuming countries, and on the west the vast population of China, whose trade promises to increase enormously with the introduction of Western civilization. From the commercial standpoint, we have one of the best locations of the globe, and we shall do all we can to take our rightful place in world trade."

In Formosa are miles of push-car railways, carrying both passengers and goods, and operated by Chinese labourers. The natural recources of this island, acquired from China, have proved of great value to Japan.

Among the Emperor's subjects are the aborigines of Formosa, survivors of savage Malay tribes. Many have accepted the ways of peace, but some of them still live in the mountain wilds and continue their practice of head-hunting.

CHAPTER III

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY

IMAGINE yourself with me this morning in a street in Tokyo. Instead of the usual noise and bustle, all traffic is at a standstill, and a great hush has come over this part of the city, as though it were pausing and holding its breath. The girl 'bus conductors in their blue uniforms have climbed down from their places; the street-cars, the blinds of which have been drawn, have emptied their passengers into the street. The rickshaw men have dropped the shafts of their vehicles, ranks of motor cars have come to a stop and their former occupants have stepped out. Even the pedestrians have halted in their tracks.

Look! Here come two motorcycles with armed men mounted upon them. They dash through the cleared space in the middle of the way, and are followed by automobiles filled with officers. Finally, in the midst of galloping troopers there appears a red limousine. Seated in it, looking neither to the right nor to the left, is a young man in spectacles, wearing the uniform of a colonel in the Japanese army. Everyone stands in reverent silence. The Prince Regent, a being all but divine in the eyes of his people, is passing through his capital on some official errand.

The imperial ruler of Japan holds a position among his subjects far above that of any European monarch.

His decrees have more weight than those of the Czar ever had. His commands are laws where those of the German Kaiser were prayers, and the King of England is a puppet beside him. Japan has a constitutional government, yet the Emperor is above constitution and laws.

"What will you give the Emperor, the Lord of Heaven?" So runs the first question of a Japanese child's catechism.

And the child makes answer, "All my possessions, and my life when he requires it."

The Japanese word for *disloyalty* is their nearest synonym for our word *sin*. The war with Russia was fought for the Emperor. The soldiers rushed to battle shouting his name, and esteemed it their greatest glory to die in his cause.

To the Japanese it is as unthinkable to have the Emperor's likeness engraved on their coins and stamps as it would be for us to employ a head of Christ for such a purpose. The imperial features must not be subjected to wear and tear or careless handling. Not long ago two teachers were dismissed because they were found drinking *saké*, or rice wine, in the same room with the ruler's portrait. On the walls of every school there hangs enshrined a photograph of His Imperial Highness and the children are instructed that in case of a fire it is the first thing to be saved. On one occasion a schoolboy who entered a burning school building to rescue the picture saw that he could not hope to carry it out safely through the flames. He quickly cut it from the frame, wrapped it in the silk that enfolded it, slashed his abdomen, and thrust the scroll into his intestines. He made his way out, but was so badly burned that he died. The sacred photograph, however, was saved and the boy became a national hero.

This respect for their Emperor seems to be an inherent part of the Japanese make-up. It is so intense that the officials, even in private, never gossip about him, and his personality is not discussed in the Japanese newspapers, which make extremely free with personages of lower estate. Not long ago a missionary, preaching in one of the cities of Japan, made the declaration, "All men are sinners."

A soldier standing by cried out: "Do you mean to say that our Emperor is a sinner?" and upon the preacher's saying "Yes" the enraged patriot straightway knocked him down.

Instead of his real name, every Japanese monarch has another by which he is known to his subjects. Emperor Mutsuhito, for example, was Meiji Tenno, or "Emperor of Great Enlightenment," while his son Yoshihito, the present ruler, is always spoken of as Taisho Tenno, or "Heavenly Emperor of Great Righteousness." In fact, many of the Japanese do not know his real name. I have heard the story of the mayor of a small village who, through ignorance, allowed a child in his town to be called Yoshihito. As soon as the official registration records showed what a breach had been committed, the mayor had to resign. He committed hara-kiri to show his sense of the awful thing he had done in thus permitting his Emperor's name to be bestowed on an ordinary mortal.

To the Japanese one of the worst possible insults to their ruler would be to look down upon him from an elevated position. Thus, if His Imperial Majesty is passing through the streets, all blinds must be drawn and none must look out of a window upon him. This order extends to Americans and Europeans as well as to his subjects.

The police records of Tokyo, for example, show many cases of foreigners who, hearing a noise in the street, have looked out of their windows and beheld this divinity passing below. Spotted by the watchful eyes of the police, they have been taken into court and heavily fined for the offense.

The wife of a member of our diplomatic corps tells of an amusing instance of the extremes to which the regulation is carried.

"One summer," she said, "I was stopping at Hayama, the watering place patronized by the imperial family. When Yoshihito was Crown Prince he had been most democratic on his visits there and had frequently been seen riding his bicycle through the village streets. All the more reason, then, to guard his dignity after he became Emperor; so all the rules were being rigidly enforced. One day, as I was walking along a pathway about six feet above the sea I was stopped by a policeman and told that His Majesty, who had been inspecting a battleship standing out from the shore, was now descending to board his launch. Would I please not look, asked the policeman. The ship was so far out that I could scarcely see it, much less make out the imperial form, so I said I thought that was a silly request. He answered that those were his orders and seemed so upset at the idea that I would not obey and he might have to take me to court that I turned my head away. The policeman himself stood behind a telephone pole, so that no one could possibly accuse him of having taken so much as one peep."

The rule that the people shall keep reverent silence when royalty passes was broken by order of Crown Prince Hirohito on his return a few years ago from his seven-

From infancy young Japan is trained in patriotism and gains a tremendous reverence for Emperor, flag, and country.

Whitewashed stone watch towers occur at intervals along the massive wall which rises from the moat about the Imperial Palace. The palace, once the headquarters of the shoguns, is now well nigh sacred to the Japanese as the official seat of their Emperor.

months' tour abroad. That was just before his father's ill health made it necessary for the young prince to take the office of regent. He cabled home that he would not object to a popular reception, cheers and all. The announcement caused a sensation, and the old timers in Tokyo were so shocked that they prevailed upon the police to send out an edict that the demonstration must be limited to the usual form. This meant that the spectators would line the streets and, with arms hanging at their sides and heads bowed, would acknowledge in silence the presence of the future Emperor of Japan. Though they might steal a side glance, they must by no means take a full look at him. But the Prince, learning of the ruling, vetoed it, and so he passed through the streets to the sound of rousing cheers from thousands of throats.

In governing his country, the Emperor has the right to determine such important matters as making war or peace and concluding treaties. He may even place the whole Empire under martial law, thus suspending the Constitution itself. He alone may confer orders and titles of nobility, and he has the usual privileges of granting pardons and amnesties and commuting punishments. He has the power of absolute veto on all laws; he convokes, opens, closes, and prorogues the Diet and can dissolve the lower house. He has supreme command of the army and navy, and appoints the premier and the cabinet ministers. These and other rights and privileges make him one of the most powerful monarchs on earth.

He is also one of the richest of sovereigns. Besides the sum of more than two million dollars which is set aside for his maintenance by the government every year, Yoshihito

has a great personal fortune. It is known, for one thing, that the imperial family owns some five million acres of land. Think of what this means in overcrowded Japan, where it is not unusual for land to be valued at one thousand dollars an acre! It has, besides, over one hundred and thirty thousand shares in some of the strongest banks in the Empire as well as eighty thousand shares in the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the great Japanese steamship company. In addition, it holds stock in various other paying enterprises, including the Imperial Hotel at Tokyo. His Majesty has his own business managers, who make his investments and administer his estate. I am told that his income is enormous and that in the past he has been generous in giving and lending from it for the government's needs. Altogether, I should say that he is sure never to be in want.

The Imperial Palace occupies about one thousand acres of ground in the heart of Tokyo. Once the hill upon which it stands was the centre of the capital, and all distances were computed from it. It is surrounded by a moat, which is walled with stone and crossed by stone bridges guarded by soldiers. The boughs of beautiful old pine trees hang over the wall and are reflected in the clear water of the moat. The grounds consist of hill and valley, lakes, gardens, woods, and lawns.

The palace contains hundreds of rooms, and standing in some of them one may look through what seems to be an endless vista of chambers. These rooms have no windows, but are walled with sliding screens of glass, which take the place of the paper walls of the ordinary Japanese house. The glass walls, which extend to a height of about seven feet from the floor, move back and forth in grooves, so that

several rooms may readily be thrown into one. The walls between the lofty ceilings and the glass screens are covered with fine silk woven at Kyoto. Once when I was in Kyoto I watched the weaving of some thick, seal-brown velvet, which I was told was being made for the walls of the palace at Tokyo. I saw, too, curtains of gorgeous brocade, many of which were exceedingly costly.

The woods in which the rooms are finished are especially fine, and in large part came from the imperial forests. Some of the apartments are trimmed in cedar and orange, while the hall in which the Emperor worships the spirits of his ancestors is of knotless cream-white timbers polished like mirrors. In the whole palace there is no paint; the colour decoration is furnished by gilding, lacquer, and fine cloths. The ceilings are exquisite works of art. They are divided by lacquered ribs into many panels, each of which contains a different design, embroidered, embossed, or otherwise artistically coloured. The metal work is a wonder of damascene and carved brass. The crest of the Emperor, the sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum, appears everywhere.

Many of the rooms are enormous, the banquet hall requiring five hundred and forty square yards of matting to cover its floor. The walls of this room are hung with the costliest of silks, and the ceiling is finished in gold. The throne room is equally fine, and as far as the Japanese part of the workmanship is concerned, the entire palace is worthy of any emperor. It is equipped, however, with foreign furniture, much of which was bought in Germany. The tables have thin tops, the chairs are uncomfortable, and the mantels in some of the rooms are cheaper than those of many an ordinary seaside cottage. There are

electric lights, while steam heat takes the place of the little charcoal stoves universally used in Japan.

The Emperor is expected to entertain in this great palace at New Year's and on one or two other occasions during the year. At the New Year's receptions the Japanese nobles and officials and the diplomatic corps make their bows to His Imperial Highness and the Empress. The foreign ladies appear in formal court dress with long trains; the men, both foreign and Japanese, wear the regulation evening clothes of the West, while the Japanese ladies are clad in gorgeous kimonos. The ladies of the court wear kimonos of scarlet and purple girdled with wonderful and expensive *obis*, or sashes. The Empress, who is ablaze with magnificent jewels, is dressed in European attire, which, by the way, is usually none too well fitting. Her person is considered so sacred that no ordinary mortal may touch it, and so someone as near her size and shape as can be found among the court ladies serves as a model for her gowns. I have heard that until he went abroad the Prince Regent had never been measured for his uniforms and other suits, but that while he was in London he permitted a Bond Street tailor to take his measures and make him some clothes.

When the Emperor Mutsuhito was in his last illness, in spite of his enormous power and riches, he did not have the comfort and attention that you and I can readily command. Only one of exalted rank might touch him and so he could not employ a trained nurse, though there were plenty of good ones right in Tokyo. When his Empress was ill, however, there was a compromise. A nurse was employed, but she was given a title of nobility as she entered the grounds, only to have it taken from her at the

The Crown Prince's palace is built of Italian marble and native granite in the style of the palace at Versailles. An annual event is the garden party given in November at which Tokyo society views the finest chrysanthemum show in the world.

Early in May the wistaria blossoms about the shrine at Kameido are among the sights of the capital. Climbing the steep curve of the Drum Bridge is considered an act of devotion to the divinity honoured here.

gate when she departed! A dentist or doctor treating the Emperor or Empress must wear silk gloves.

But to return to the court reception. As the guests arrive, they are ushered by pages down corridor after corridor to a room where they all assemble. Then they go in order of precedence to pay their respects to the Empress and the Prince Regent. The Emperor has long been in extremely poor health, and it is even whispered that he has softening of the brain, so that he no longer appears on these occasions. He does not occupy the Imperial Palace, but spends his time at a place in the country. For some years the Empress received alone, but now she has her son, the Prince Regent, beside her.

Upon the threshold each guest makes a bow and two more bows must be made during the approach to the imperial hosts, who may or may not say something through one of the court officials or ladies-in-waiting to those who pass before them. The words are almost whispered, for in such a presence a raised voice would be a dreadful breach of etiquette. The Empress is gracious, but does not smile, since animation would be considered bad form. As they go away the guests are given souvenirs, lovely bonbon boxes of lacquer inlaid with the sixteen-petalled chrysanthemum which none save royalty may use.

Another court function to which the members of the diplomatic corps and their wives are invited is the imperial duck-hunt held every spring in gardens not far from Tokyo. The guests take a train to the gardens and after they have rested they are informed by messengers that the ducks are ready. They go in order of precedence to the great duck ponds and range themselves along the sides

of one of the little canals leading off from them. In the water are thousands of ducks, some of which are lured by decoys into the channel along which the hunters, each armed with a strong net on the end of a pole, await them. The ducks are frightened so that they will fly up, and as they rise the hunters try to net them in the air. While it is not exactly what we would call sport, I suppose, I have been told by one who has taken part that it is really great fun. Afterward a luncheon is served, the chief dish of which is a delicious duck stew. On the train going back to town every guest is asked to tell how many birds he or she has captured and the number is carefully recorded by attendants armed with notebooks and pencils. Yet as the train pulls into Tokyo, no matter what the catch, each man is presented with five large ducks and each lady with five small ones.

By the laws of Japan the succession to the throne goes to the male descendants of the Emperor, and in the case of a failure of direct descendants the crown would go to the nearest prince and his heirs. This means that, notwithstanding the fact that Japan has had some famous ruling empresses in the past, a woman can never again sit alone upon the imperial throne. The Emperor is, you know, about the most blue-blooded monarch on earth. According to the Japanese, their history begins with 660 B. C. when Jimmu Tenno, or "Emperor of Divine Valour," ascended the throne. He reigned long before Julius Cæsar refused the crown upon the Lupercal at Rome, and three hundred years before Alexander the Great conquered the then known world. Jimmu Tenno was fifth in descent from the Sun Goddess herself. For close to thirty centuries the succession has been unbroken

and Yoshihito is the one hundred and twenty-second ruler of this heaven-born line. This does not mean, however, that the emperors have always been the sons of empresses. In the old days, if an empress failed to give birth to an heir, the crown might pass to the offspring of His Majesty and one of his secondary wives. Mutsuhito, for example, was allowed by custom to have as secondary wives twelve of the daughters of the best families of Japan, and Yoshihito was the son of one of them, Lady Yanigawara.

When it came time for Yoshihito to marry, however, it had been decided that only the son of an empress might succeed to the throne. Great care was needed, then, in the selection of a wife for the delicate youth. For three centuries the imperial consort had been chosen from the Ichijo family, and for generations the successive empresses had been childless or borne no sons. There was an Ichijo girl of the right age, fifteen or so, and she had been brought up to the idea that she would some day share Yoshihito's throne, for which lofty position she had been trained from earliest childhood. But women of her family had so long failed to provide royal heirs and this girl appeared so frail that it was thought that she would not do for the Crown Prince. Instead, a healthy, robust member of the noble Kujo family was chosen. I understand that she wept when she learned of the responsibilities before her, and I am also told that the little Ichijo girl was only too glad to be let off. At any rate, the Empress delighted the nation by having three sons in quick succession and a fourth after a long interval. It is the eldest of these sons who is the present Prince Regent.

As for the rejected Ichijo girl, when she came to marry

there was no one of sufficiently high rank to take the hand of a member of a family so long exalted by its connection with royalty. Moreover, there was no son to carry on the name. A suitable young man was accordingly adopted by the Ichijos. He was a Kujo, the brother of the Empress elect. He took the Ichijo name, after which he married his new sister-by-adoption. In due course thereafter she presented her husband with four fine boys.

The first great public rejoicing that occurred after the earthquake of 1923 had plunged Japan into gloom was that for the marriage of the Prince Regent, which took place some three months following the disaster. Hirohito's bride was the Princess Nagako, a member of the wealthy Kuni family. She was educated to be not only the consort of an emperor but his companion as well. The young pair play tennis with each other and are constantly seen doing things together. They seem to be breaking with many of the old traditions.

In the period of my travels about the world I have seen three generations of the Japanese imperial family handling the reins of government. And each succeeding generation has guided the country farther and farther along the paths of progress and modern ideals.

CHAPTER IV

SOME POLITICAL ASPECTS OF JAPAN

IN THE Soshi, Japan has an institution like none other I have observed in all my travels elsewhere. Although these "physical force politicians," as they have been called, are to be found in nearly every part of the Empire I have never seen them described in books of travel. They are a peculiar feature of the modern Japan, and are a kind of survival of the old feudal system. In the days before the restoration of the Emperor in 1868, the daimio, who held the greater part of the land, were expected to support their retainers, the samurai. When the revolution came and the daimio gave up their estates, the samurai were out of a job. A large number took service in the national army, some were employed in the new government, others went into different branches of trade, and as a class they practically disappeared. Springing, however, from the old system, are these bands of Soshi, many of whom are ready to sell themselves and their muscle to the highest bidder. Every politician has a number of them in his train, and every political meeting is filled with them. They carry sword-canes, and during elections the papers are full of stories of the attacks of one band of Soshi upon another, and of statements as to how one prominent man, accompanied by his Soshi, was met by another statesman, with

his Soshi, and how the two groups fought the matter out on the street.

I remember that when I was on a previous visit to Japan one of the members of the Diet was waylaid by the Soshi of his opponent and well pounded; and another representative was attacked by ten of these outlaws about nine o'clock in the morning, while on his way in a jinrikisha to the House. One of them threw a bottle of red ink and sulphuric acid at him. This did no damage, however, and as he luckily happened to have with him two Soshi of his own, they caught this assailant and handed him over to the police. When the editor of a leading newspaper of Osaka opposed sending Japanese troops into Siberia, a band of these young ruffians made an attack upon the old man and gave him a terrible beating. He had them arrested and on their being tried, several of them were sentenced to three years' imprisonment. But later on, after due apologies had been made to the veteran editor, sentence was suspended upon their promises of good behaviour. Since then I have heard it said that these young fellows have powerful political backers, so I imagine their conduct did not have to be so wonderfully circumspect for them to escape the punishment prescribed.

The Soshi are quite open in their lawlessness. I recall once seeing a sign in Tokyo which, translated into English, read: "Soshi provided here. Terms moderate by the day or month." They are numbered by thousands, and are surprisingly well organized. Besides those who are attached to politicians, there are groups who work together for their mutual benefit, and who are, in fact, bands of thugs, assassins, and blackmailers. Some of them give

their services in exchange for their food and clothes, and for a few dollars a day they will do anything. In case of their arrest their employer is expected to pay them for the time they stay in prison, and to send a few luxuries now and then to the jail.

The Soshi consider themselves intensely patriotic. They are strongly nationalistic, and form an important part of the anti-foreign element here. When Japan was so stirred up over our exclusion of immigrants, they were most active in the anti-American agitation. At that time the young schoolgirls of Tokyo had taken to wearing their hair in round blobs over their ears just like their sisters across the Pacific. The Soshi would stop them on the streets, make insulting remarks about their foreign headdress, and snatch at their hair. Then, too, bands of these toughs invaded the ballroom at the Imperial Hotel and demanded that the Japanese girls and men should immediately stop dancing the fox-trots and other dances imported from America.

I have asked several prominent Japanese whence the Soshi are recruited. In some cases, I have been told, they are disaffected and unsuccessful students. So many of the young Japanese have been studying for the professions that there are more lawyers and doctors than are needed. The universities have been turning out graduates by the hundreds each year. I understand that one reason for the large number of graduates is the fact that the teachers and professors hesitate to give students failing grades, because disappointments of this sort so often lead to suicide. I have also been told that it is a common practice for students to offer all kinds of presents to their teachers in the hope of getting passing marks. Some of the

best students are sent abroad by the government to finish their educations, and given official positions on their return to Japan. Many of those who have not been so fortunate have had to stay out of the government service, and some of these "outs" have joined the Soshi. They would be a dangerous element in case of a revolution and are, it seems to me, a constant menace to law and order.

Since I have been in Tokyo I have spent some time in looking into the police regulations, have called upon some of the justices, and have visited the common pleas and appellate courts. I find that the sentences passed on criminals in Japan are now quite lenient. Crucifixion, which was common years ago, has long since been abolished. On one of my visits here, I remember, I bought a photograph of an actual crucifixion that had taken place in Tokyo. Capital punishment is inflicted only for crimes against the state or imperial family, and for murder. Next in severity to the extreme penalty of hanging is the sentence to hard labour in the mines on the island of Hokkaido.

In one of the courts I watched the trial of a man charged with stealing. Theft, even when the value involved is small, is regarded as a most serious offense in Japan, where a man may immediately divorce his wife if she is caught stealing. Japanese prisoners are not yet tried before juries. The Diet has passed a bill providing that such a system shall be put into practice, but it may be several years before it is actually established. Meantime, prominent lawyers have been commissioned to study the jury systems of other countries and work out a plan adapted to the needs of Japan. Cases are

"Nothing better illustrates the modernization of Japan than its fifty-year-old press. Of its hundreds of dailies several are in English and every morning I buy a first-rate journal edited and published by an American."

Though wretchedly paid, the Tokyo policeman is a personage. He would be insulted by a tip and drivers of automobiles must get out of their cars and stand on the street when they speak to him.

now tried by three justices, who preside in black gowns and stiff black caps. When summoned into court from their cells, prisoners are allowed to wear wicker basket affairs over their heads when passing into the trial room, thus escaping the unpleasant scrutiny of the public. The presiding judge alone hears evidence and examines the accused. In the case to which I listened, the judge made the accused try on some clothes supposed to have figured in the crime. He also put many questions, for the lawyers could not examine the prisoner directly, all their queries having to go through the judge.

One of the first impressions a stranger gets here is the fact that Japan is a country of regulations. No sooner has he arrived at his hotel than he is called upon to give the police an account of himself and his business. Everywhere he goes he is under the eye of the law. Even in the rural districts there is a vigilant constable whose duty it is to know all about him. For instance, an American family of Tokyo took a house in the country for the summer. Scarcely had they passed over its doorstep before they were visited by a policeman, dignified and important in his summer uniform of white cotton, with white cap and gloves, and wearing a sword at his side. He inquired as to the name, age, and occupation of everyone in the household. Whenever a guest arrived the same procedure was gone through with all over again, not only for the newcomer but for the members of the family as well. The Japanese police are nothing if not painstaking. Someone has said that in Japan, if you should happen to forget your next engagement, all you have to do is to ask the police and they will be sure to know what it is.

Everybody respects the Japanese policeman. He is the

representative of the government and the people regard the government with awe, not as if it were something they themselves had made and could unmake. Moreover, the police force has a certain caste standing due to the fact that, at the time of the Restoration, many of the samurai did not think it beneath their dignity to enter it. No matter what his services, people never give a tip to a policeman here; it would be considered an insult. Neither have I heard any stories of bribery and corruption being rife among the force, notwithstanding the fact that the pay is miserably small. Compare the Japanese policeman's wage of fifteen dollars a month, all allowances included, with the lordly salary of nearly eighteen hundred a year drawn by the lowest paid of New York's patrolmen. Even a chief police commissioner in Japan gets only seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The Japanese preserve order wonderfully well in their cities, and one is perfectly safe almost anywhere at all hours of the day or night. I don't mean to say that there are not many thieves and criminals, but they are kept in check, and the policemen are as brave as any I have found in my travels over the globe. They are especially well trained in the use of the sword, and a part of their daily routine is a fencing drill. At one of the stations I visited the superintendent had his men go through a fencing bout to show me what they could do. They put on iron masks and heavy breastplates and fought like demons, thrusting and parrying after the most approved rules of the art in Japan.

Let me now explain something of the main features of the national government of this country. Of the Emperor I have already spoken. Working with him Japan has a

parliament, a Prime Minister, and a Cabinet somewhat after the Western fashion.

The Japanese parliament, or Diet, is not yet forty years old. It was provided for in the Constitution, which was promulgated in 1889, and has two chambers of about the same size. The House of Peers has some four hundred members. It consists of all male members of the imperial family above twenty years of age; all princes and marquises of the age of twenty-five and upward; counts, viscounts, and barons of twenty-five and more, who have been elected by their respective orders of nobility; persons designated by the Emperor for seats in the body because of their learning or on account of some conspicuous service to the government; and certain members from the different districts in Japan, who have been nominated by the Emperor, and chosen by the vote of the fifteen men in each district who pay the highest taxes. Those who sit in the upper house because of their high rank, and those appointed by the Emperor hold their places for life. Those elected by the different orders and the taxpayers serve for terms of seven years. The number of life members may not exceed the number of elected members.

In the House of Representatives there are four hundred and sixty-four members elected by the people for four-year terms. The lower house may be dissolved at the will of the Emperor, but the upper house can be only prorogued. The Diet meets every year, the regular session being limited to three months. Their sittings may be prolonged by the Emperor, or a special session may be called to legislate on some urgent matter, such, for example, as voting the appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars

expended on the funeral of the late Empress Dowager. When the Diet is not sitting the Emperor may make regulations to cover matters of pressing importance, but when the legislature convenes it must ratify such imperial edicts before they can become laws.

No one can say that the Japanese statesmen stand for election to parliament because of the fat salaries they expect to receive. Campaign expenses run high, averaging somewhere around thirty-five hundred dollars for each candidate, and the members of the Diet get only fifteen hundred dollars a year and their travelling expenses. Even the Prime Minister has a salary of but five thousand. Our Congressmen, with their ten thousand dollars a year and their generous mileage, must seem to the Japanese legislators lordly beings, indeed.

The Japanese so dearly love authority and display that I doubt not the morning when a representative first makes his way to the Diet, all the outlay and effort involved in his getting his seat there seem to him justified. The opening of the session is always a sight well worth seeing. It is a full-dress occasion, for the Emperor or his august representative is present. The new member's high silk hat shines with the extra gloss his faithful wife put upon it just before she handed it to her lord and master. He is proudly conscious of his frock coat, his white shirt front and tie, and his white gloves. On ordinary occasions most of the members dress in European clothes, though at times one may see a kimono here and there. And I have noticed in looking down from the gallery on the Diet that now and then a member will kneel or sit tailor-fashon upon his chair, for many of the Japanese are not used to sitting on seats and letting their

The numerous canals of Tokyo as well as the Sumida River are always full of all kinds of craft. A ship canal is projected between the capital and its port of Yokohama, eighteen miles away.

Makers and menders of the wooden clogs universally worn in Japan sometimes belong to the despised *eta* class. There are more than a million of these beings whose lot is little better than that of the pariahs in India.

The rickshaw is said to have been the invention of an American missionary who converted a baby carriage into a vehicle for his invalid wife. In the larger Japanese cities the rickshaws suffer from competition with taxis.

legs dangle. The way in which the Japanese have sat for generations has had a great deal to do with making them such a short-legged people.

When it is time for the Diet to convene, a bell-ringer goes about through the corridors of the Parliament Building and the representatives assemble. As each one takes his place he picks up from his desk a little black lacquer post about ten inches high on which are inscribed in white the characters for his name. This he sets on end as a sign that he is officially present.

The tide of democracy rises in Japan, and yet she is a long way from being a truly democratic country. This is true, not only because of the power of the Emperor and his Cabinet and advisers, but from the fact that there is in Japan a whole class of people kept beyond the pale. I refer to the *eta*, those despised beings who number more than a million and whose state might be compared to that of the untouchable caste of India. Their origin is hidden in the mists of tradition. Some say they are the descendants of the aborigines whom the Japanese enslaved when they took their country; some that they sprang from Korean captives brought to Japan during the wars of the sixteenth century. Others believe that they are blood brothers of the Japanese but have been degraded by circumstances and by their own weaknesses. There is a theory that at least some of them are descended from samurai of feudal times who were afraid to fight for their daimio and went and hid themselves away.

The *eta* do the dirty work of Japan, being the butchers, the leather workers, the grave diggers, and the scavengers of the country. They are also menders of the Japanese *geta*, or wooden clogs, and one hears their cries of "Naosh,

na-o-sh!" meaning "mending!" in the slums of Kobe or on the outskirts of Kyoto, and other cities. They live by themselves in miserable villages or settlements, being scorned of all men. For fifty years they have had no legal or political disabilities, yet their social handicaps are so great that they are virtually in bondage.

The word *eta*, which means "great defilement," is to the Japanese one of the most offensive epithets that can be used. It has come to mean the same as "dirty dog" or worse. One of the cruel jokes of schoolboys is to trap their *eta* schoolmates into saying "*Etajima*," the name of an island and in no way related to the outcast class, so that they may be caught speaking the hated syllables and jeered at. Of course, the *eta* have open to them all the educational facilities of other Japanese, but it scarcely pays them to go beyond the elementary grades. *Eta* teachers are so disliked by their students that they must frequently change their positions, and it is almost impossible for an *eta* to obtain employment in a government office. *Eta* conscripts are always badly treated by their comrades in arms. Though marriages between people of this and other classes of Japan are entirely legal they seldom take place. I have heard of a shoemaker who advertised that he would pay the fabulous sum of five thousand dollars to any one who would marry his daughter. Even in this poverty-stricken land there were no takers.

But the *eta* are beginning to climb out of their muck. Not a few of them have managed to accumulate money, practically all of them are literate, and some of them are well educated. Not long ago there was a convention of these people in Kyoto which was attended by thousands

of their number. This meeting advertised the fact that the *eta* are now class-conscious and propose to make themselves felt as a force in the country. The development of this feeling among them is considered by well-informed Japanese and foreigners to be one of the most significant movements of the day in Japan.

CHAPTER V

THE MITSUIS AND THEIR MILLIONS

EVERYBODY who is interested in Japan has heard of the Mitsuis, the richest family in the Empire and one of the richest of the world. More even than are the Rothschilds to Europe or the Du Ponts and the Rockefellers to the United States are the Mitsuis to Japan. They are famous as merchants, miners, manufacturers, exporters, and financiers. Their undertakings include such as those which have made the fortunes of the Krupps, Marshall Field, and Henry Ford, but as a family they have no real parallel in the United States, nor in any other country on the globe.

The Mitsui coal mines, which are the largest in Japan, supply a great deal of the fuel taken on board the ships calling at the ports of eastern Asia. The family owns factories and foundries throughout the Empire, and has trading and banking institutions in all the big cities of the world. Its branch establishments are well known in the leading seaports of China, and in Hong-Kong, Manila, Singapore, and Bombay. There are others in Australia and Java, and in San Francisco, London, and Rio. The Mitsuis occupy extensive offices at 65 Broadway, in the heart of New York's financial district, and they own ninety per cent. of the biggest cotton-exporting company in the United States. This organization, which has an American personnel, ships cotton not only to Japan and other parts

Modern steel and concrete buildings of this sort are evidences of the enterprise of men like the Mitsuis in pushing their country forward in the paths of progress. On account of the earthquakes, a double quantity of steel is used in their construction.

Most of the freight of Japan is still man-hauled or -carried. There are in the whole country but a fourth as many motor vehicles as in the city of Washington alone, and one in every twenty-eight of the population is a beast of burden.

of the Far East but to South America and Europe as well. Ships flying the Mitsui house flag ply in and out of the great ports of both hemispheres. Branches of the Mitsui Bank, started in the seventeenth century, now encircle the globe. Five hundred million dollars is considered a conservative estimate of the wealth of the family, but no one knows how much it actually is. Throughout the East and the West the Mitsui name and trademark are known and respected.

The Mitsuis do things as a family, or house. The membership of the house consists of eleven constituent families, each known by the name of its ranking male representative. All are governed by a written constitution, which has been handed down from generation to generation. In the form in which it was redrafted twenty-five years ago it expressly forbids the inclusion of any more branch units in the corporation. It enjoins the members to deal with one another in brotherly love and kindness and to unite in working for the prosperity of the house. It stipulates that when the sons and daughters of members have reached school age they shall be put in suitable institutions of learning. No member must incur debts on his own account or underwrite the debts of others. Such matters are to be passed upon by the family council. This is composed of the heads of the eleven families and such of their direct heirs as are of age. The chairmanship has always been held by the head of the main family, Baron Hachiroemon.

At least once a month the council holds a session at which are discussed such things as questions of marriage and adoption, inheritance and succession, apportionment of dividends, disposition of reserve funds, and all matters

pertaining to the welfare of the house and of the individuals composing it. After the great earthquake, for example, the council decided to set aside two and a half million dollars to shelter and feed destitute sufferers from the disaster. The properties are all held in common, although each of the families may have independent property of its own. In the Mitsui companies, however, there is no particular property to which any one can enter his absolute claim.

When members of the family come of age there is a religious ceremony at which they take the following oath of allegiance:

"In obeisance to the precepts of our forefathers, and in order to strengthen the everlasting ancestral foundation of the families of our House and to expand the enterprises bequeathed by our forefathers, we solemnly vow in the presence of the August Spirits of our ancestors that, as members of the House of Mitsui, we will observe and follow the regulations handed down in the Constitution of our House, and that we will not wantonly seek to alter them. In witness whereof, we take the oath and affix our signatures thereto in the presence of the August Spirits of our ancestors."

The system of making the family, and not the individual, the head of an institution is in accord with the social organization of Japan. Here the individual is subservient to the family, and the rights and obligations of the family outweigh those of any of its members. This combination of the Mitsuis has now lasted for about two hundred years, although the family traces its ancestry far back of that.

The Rothschilds have frequently come to the assistance of the great governments of Europe. Their fortune was founded, in fact, on money loaned to one of the German rulers who applied to the old firm at Frankfort. Jay Cooke helped out Uncle Sam during the Civil War, and

President Roosevelt was glad to have the assistance of Pierpont Morgan at the time of the panic in his administration. The Mitsuis have occupied even more important positions in relation to the new Japan. When the Emperor was brought out of his seclusion at Kyoto and the new era of Western civilization began, it was they who furnished most of the money to finance the government. They practically enabled Japan to bridge over the great crisis which then threatened the Empire both from within and without, and their aid was so valuable that the head of the house was made a peer and all the other partners were given titles in recognition of their services. No wonder the family still stands very close to the government.

One article of the Mitsui constitution defines the organization and duties of the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha, or central holding company. This is managed by a board of five directors who have general supervision over all the subsidiary companies and the joint or related interests of the Mitsuis in Japan and the rest of the world. The head of the board is Doctor Dan, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a connoisseur and collector of art objects, one of the leading men of the Orient, and a great friend of America. Another director is a Harvard graduate, president of the Tokyo Harvard Club, and founder of the international University Club here. A third was among the Japanese delegates to the Versailles Peace Conference. A fourth is head of the big Mitsui Bank. These directors hold weekly conferences with the managing directors of the large subsidiary and constituent companies of the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha, or Mitsui & Company, as the corporation is called. Baron Hachiroemon is generally present at these meetings.

Through the kindness of one of the directors of the Mitsui board I have been able to spend a part of to-day in getting a glimpse of the activities of this great house here in Tokyo. I went first to the Mitsui Ginko. This bank has a paid-up capital of thirty million dollars, a reserve of twelve millions, and deposits amounting to ninety millions. In all its banking advertisements it is stated that it is owned by members of the Mitsui family, and that they as partners assume an unlimited responsibility for its debts. As a result, the people know that the wealth of the family is back of the bank, which has the highest credit.

As I stood in the gallery and looked down upon the scores of clerks working away I was impressed with the enormous business being done. Money was coming in and going out and I could see how the bank gets its big deposits. As I went on through the building I seemed to be in a government department. There were rooms filled with clerks and in one I saw a dozen Japanese girl stenographers clicking off their notes on typewriters. The Japanese typewriter is interesting. Of course it would be impossible to make a typewriter having the several thousands of Chinese ideographs used in Japanese literature. English machines are in use in Japan, and also Japanese typewriters which have figures and *kana* characters. *Kana* is the simplified syllabic writing which employs forty-seven letters derived from the Chinese ideographs. It is not the official or literary written language.

Another branch of the Mitsui interests which I visited was the mining department. In this are shown samples of the coal, sulphur, copper, silver, and other ores being mined by this corporation. There are also models of the machinery used in the mines, indicating how each of the

valuable properties is provided with the most improved types of equipment for haulage, ventilation, and drainage, and how everything is done to protect the lives of the miners and to maintain a uniform output at the least expense. I saw models of some of the Mitsui coal mines located near Nagasaki. They are known as the Miike mines, and are among the largest enterprises of the kind in the world. The mines have an area of sixteen thousand acres, and the coal veins average about eight feet in thickness. The coal, which is bituminous, is used for cooking and regarded as standard in the Asiatic markets. Another Mitsui property is the Tagawa coal mines, which produce the best steam coal of Japan and largely supply the navy and the railroads, while the mines producing Yamano coal, noted for its easy firing and its high volatile qualities, also belong to this family. In addition to these coal mines the house has silver and lead properties which are turning out quantities of ore, and they have two important sulphur mines.

In the big engineering works at Tokyo, the Mitsuis make engines and boilers as well as electrical machinery and equipment noted throughout the Far East. They are putting out steel chimneys and railway bridge material. Their steel chimneys are said to be earthquake proof, an important feature here, of course. The brick chimneys and smokestacks are the first to fall in earthquakes and often cause great damage as they crash through the buildings below. On one of my visits to Tokyo there was an earthquake in which the chimneys on the Parliament Building tumbled down, making a hole in the roof that looked as if the biggest elephant might have dropped through from the skies.

The Mitsuis export all sorts of goods to the amount of millions of yen every year. They do a large import trade and bring into Japan locomotives, steel bridges, and electrical machinery. The house purchases steamers, warships, and ordnance for the government, as well as railway equipment and materials. It deals extensively in cotton and wool, and handles American canned meats, wheat, flour, and other foodstuffs. The corporation acts, too, as an insurance agent, representing some of the leading American and English insurance companies, and that not only in Japan, but also in India, the Straits Settlements, and China.

It would pay some of our big exporting firms to have their men go through the foreign trade rooms of the Mitsui house. In their commercial museum the clerks and other employees may study all sorts of raw materials and manufactured goods. These rooms are somewhat similar to those of our Philadelphia Commercial Museum, and one could hardly imagine such a collection being gathered together by a private company. Connected with the museum is a comprehensive library of up-to-date books on textiles, ores, mining, and manufactures. The Mitsui clerks are well educated, the family having its own system of training for its employees. It sets apart a generous amount annually to send young men to China and other countries to enable them to acquire the languages and education necessary for their business.

Serving them in the varied interests, the Mitsuis have eighty thousand employees. More than half of them are manual workers, a majority of whom are miners in the coal fields of Kyushu and Hokkaido. Except for a three weeks' suspension of work in the Kyushu mines, which occurred

during a heated election campaign and was due to political causes, there has never been a strike among these labourers. Ordinarily, the Japanese deck-hands or engine-room force of ships taking on or discharging cargo in our ports are not given shore-leave. The captains fear to lose their men in our attractive labour markets. But when a Mitsui ship comes in, all hands are allowed to go ashore, and invariably the whole crew turns up again before sailing day. I understand that the house has never lost a man by desertion. Part of the secret of this is the fact that its sailors are all recruited from Kyushu, where they live in communities. The men have strong home ties and are too anxious to return to their wives and families to desert on the voyage. If any of them dies at sea his dependents are looked after by the corporation.

The other twenty-five or thirty thousand employees run the banks and offices, the engineering, trading, and trust companies, and the miscellaneous enterprises of the house. In the New York office seventy-five Japanese and twice as many Americans are employed. In the London establishment there are many Englishmen, while among the nationalities represented in other foreign branches are Indians, Chinese, and Filipinos. The Mitsui interests pay fair wages and have a reputation for square dealings with all employees. Their people usually stay with them for years and swear by the house.

I had supposed that the Mitsuis, who have been the backbone of the financial life of Japan for three hundred years, had always been rich. This is not the case. A Japanese diplomat told me that, like most of the families of enormous wealth in the United States, they came up from poverty.

"The first Mitsui who made a noise in the world," said he, "was a well-digger. One day when he was digging he discovered an old pot in which were coins worth three hundred yen, or one hundred and fifty dollars. With this find he set himself up as a merchant and from that day to this the family fortunes have prospered. The Mitsui trademark is a square, roughly suggesting the cover of a Japanese well, inside which are three horizontal lines, which stand for the three hundred yen. Moreover, the code address of the Mitsuis is 'Igeta-san.' 'Igeta' means 'well' and 'san' means 'honourable.' It is the 'honourable well' of the past. I think this trademark indicates clearly that the Mitsuis are not too proud to admit their humble origin."

Japan has always rather scorned shopkeepers and tradesmen as being low class. Yet, though the Mitsuis have made much of their money as merchants, they have risen to high estate. There are now three barons in the family and no one in the country would dream of looking down upon a member of this clan.

Upon assuming the leadership of the family, the head of the house of Mitsui automatically takes the name of Hachiroemon. The present Baron Hachiroemon is a man in late middle-age, who looks very much of a personage. His Tokyo mansion, which occupies several hundred acres in the heart of the city, is one of the most palatial homes I have seen anywhere in the world. Royalty itself cannot entertain in the style possible to the baron. When he, or rather the Mitsui family, gave a banquet in honour of the Prince of Wales a special addition to his house was built for the occasion. The baroness has a type of face considered most patrician by the Japanese. It is long

In the midst of the crowded capital wealthy merchants, new-rich rice kings, and descendants of the daimio live in fine houses set in ample grounds, which are shut off by walls from the gaze of the common herd.

In April the cherry trees in pink array draw crowds to Uyeno, the finest park of Tokyo. The Japanese have a proverb: "First among men, the warrior; first among flowers, the cherry blossom."

and oval, with a high forehead from which her black hair is drawn up and back in a pompadour. Her nose is long and thin and has a bridge that, according to our standards, is too high, but is much admired in Japan as being a sign of breeding.

Of all this family none has made a greater reputation than the late Madame Hirooka, the first woman financier, indeed the first modern banker, of Japan. Born a Mitsui, she was married by her parents at seventeen to a member of the merchant class who had made a fortune lending money to the daimio. He paid little attention, however, to the vulgar details of business. With the downfall of the shogunate and the end of the power of the feudal lords, Hirooka faced bankruptcy. But while he had spent his time at tea ceremonies and in geisha houses, his young wife had taught herself the principles of accounting and had even managed to get hold of a book explaining the American banking system. She took charge, saved her husband from financial ruin, and started a modern banking business along Western lines—the first in the history of her country. At the age of twenty-eight, seeing that the new railroads would need coal, she opened mines at Moji in the island of Kyushu. This was against the advice of her family, who tried in every way to discourage her undertaking, but she persisted. Dressed in bloomers and with a pistol at her side, she used to go down and inspect her mines herself. Ten years or so later she sold out to the Mitsui family and to the government, realizing a large profit. She invested her fortune in banking and insurance enterprises in Osaka and in fruit culture in Korea. A generous portion of it went to the founding of the Women's University.

Having no son to carry on her affairs, she adopted the prize student at the Christian Doshisha University, giving him her name as well as the hand of her daughter in marriage. He later came to Harvard to take a course to prepare himself for the task of managing the Hirooka millions.

At the age of sixty-one Madame Hirooka gave up Buddhism and became a Christian. After this she went all over Japan speaking to other women on the principles of Christianity. "Only Christian ideals," said she, "will lift Japanese women to the place they have a right to occupy, side by side with men."

CHAPTER VI

THE BIGGEST DEPARTMENT STORE IN THE ORIENT

TO–DAY I have been wandering about in the Mitsukoshi, which is by far the largest and most complete store in the Japanese Empire. It is one of the best examples of how Western ideas are capturing the country and also of the stability of the new institutions. To Tokyo it is what Marshall Field's is to Chicago or John Wanamaker's to Philadelphia. There are some two thousand employees on its payroll and it maintains branches in Osaka and Kiriu in Japan proper, in Seoul in Korea, and in Dairen in southern Manchuria.

From the outside there is little to differentiate the Mitsukoshi from any big department store of an American city. It occupies a dignified white stone building five stories in height and of Western architecture, with a wide entrance on the Ginza. As for the displays behind its plate-glass show windows, I venture that in artistic merit they equal if not surpass those of Fifth Avenue, for no one can beat the Japanese as decorators. In one window I saw against a background of bamboo and swallows a wonderful array of new spring kimonos and gaily coloured oiled paper umbrellas. Foreign goods also were shown, though these did not attract me so much as those of the Japanese make.

It is when you go through the entrance that you realize that though the great shop has Western features it belongs

distinctly to Japan. This big store, with its vast quantities of new goods of all kinds, is supported chiefly by the Japanese, although it has departments intended for foreigners. Not long ago I read a caption under a photograph of the store, which stated that its floors resounded to the clatter of the *geta*, or wooden street clogs, of the Japanese shoppers. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Even if it were allowed, no one would think of going in *geta* into the spotless cleanliness of the Mitsukoshi. When I stepped out of my jinrikisha at the entrance I noticed a regular army of checkers taking in the muddy footwear of the shoppers, who went into the store in their snow-white *tabi*, the Japanese ankle-high stocking, or foot mitten. As for me, a servant first wiped my shoes carefully, and then drew over them the soft cloth slippers reserved for those wearing foreign shoes. As I went through the establishment I had considerable trouble in keeping these big, loose protectors on my feet, and so, I noticed, did some of the others shod as I was. Still, all seemed anxious to keep from soiling the matting which covered the floors. It was as white as a tablecloth, and there was not a spot of dirt anywhere to be seen.

The place was full of Japanese women and girls looking over goods and enjoying all the delights of shopping, just as our women do in the United States. Some were examining the magnificent *obis*, or wide sashes, which form the most decorative part of the Japanese woman's costume; others were looking at stuff for kimonos, and others buying shoes, jewellery, pictures, and, in fact, everything under the sun. Some of the *geta* were beautifully lacquered, and I saw single *obis* selling for five hundred yen. Think of a belt for your dress which might cost you two hundred dol-

Fashions for men are changing in Japan and even a street juggler may combine western attire with his kimono. Such travelling entertainers are common, though beggars and vagrants are comparatively scarce; for the Japanese are willing workers.

For years this old woman has sat on the same street corner selling toothpicks. When one sees how lavishly the Japanese use them one does not wonder that she has been able to eke out a living from her sales.

Small individual business enterprises are still the rule, even in Tokyo. Prices are seldom fixed, so that shopping is a series of triumphs or defeats according to one's skill in bargaining.

lars or more, and you have an idea of the possible extravagance of a Japanese woman.

I was struck with the quiet and order that prevailed throughout the store. There was no crowding, for the manager will not permit too many to enter at one time. On big days, when shoppers come in from the surrounding country, one may see numbers of them standing patiently outside waiting until there is room within for all to be comfortable. In Tokyo country people are known as "red blankets" instead of "hayseeds," from their habit of wearing in winter a red blanket gathered with a string in place of an overcoat. Some of the customers evidently expected to spend hours in the store. Here and there I saw small family groups, a mother and her little ones, seated contentedly on the floor and eating the lunch they had brought from home. Many of the women had babies astride their backs, Japanese fashion, and it appeared to cause no comment whatever when Madame would drop down on the floor, draw aside her kimono, and give her infant a meal. Strangely enough, I did not hear a single baby cry. One of the most delightful sights I witnessed was the joy of a group of country children riding up from one floor to another on an escalator.

The store is up to date in all its details. The goods are well displayed on counters and in glass show-cases. Cash carriers take the money from one part of the building to another, and elevators loaded with passengers flash up and down. There is a big mail-order department through which goods are sent all over the Empire. They are paid for by means of collections made through the post-offices. The establishment has automobiles to deliver its goods through the city, and elegant dining rooms and

rest rooms for its customers. It has a photographic department, a picture gallery, and dressmaking and tailoring shops. Its special exhibitions of new goods bring out Tokyo society, for the Mitsukoshi is patronized by the imperial family and the nobility as well as by the plain people. One feature of which the management is especially proud is the "purchasing-at-home" service. Under this arrangement, a customer may telephone to the store for a salesman to come to her house with goods for her inspection and choice. Ladies of high rank always shop in this way.

As I walked through the Mitsukoshi, a concert began in the music room, and for an hour or more a Japanese girl played on a grand piano, being accompanied by two others with violins. I cannot say much for the music. One number was an attempt at a popular American dance tune and was not a success.

I was shown through the store by one of the managers, who spoke English. We went together from floor to floor, from the toy department, where little dolls and dolls' housekeeping outfits are sold, up to the great photograph gallery and reception parlours. Once the manager stopped and invited me to dip my handkerchief in the spray of a perfume fountain. I could, if I had liked, have stopped at the soda fountain for a regular American soda or I could have eaten a dish of ice-cream, not as American perhaps as the Japanese may think it, but good just the same. I might even have paid my respects to the Shinto shrine up on the roof garden. We visited rooms beautifully furnished, some of which were for the tea-drinking ceremony, and, in fact, saw what I consider one of the best-stocked and most artistically decorated stores of the world.

THE BIGGEST DEPARTMENT STORE

The history of the Mitsukoshi runs back for nearly three hundred years. When the seat of the shogun's government was established in Yedo it was already one of the largest and most prosperous retail drygoods stores in Japan. But it was Hachirobei, the great financial genius among the Mitsuis of the seventeenth century, who started it on the road to its present eminence. It was he who hung out the big wooden sign now preserved in the museum of the Mitsui family. At the top is the Mitsui trademark, beneath which are the characters for *genkin kakene nashi*, meaning "cash payments and single price." This is said to be the earliest slogan of the kind anywhere, and in the Orient, where the price one pays generally depends on his skill in bargaining, it stands for nothing short of a revolutionary business principle. It was, nevertheless, on this basis that Hachirobei built his success and laid the foundations of the great fortune of the Mitsui family.

The Mitsukoshi sticks to the fixed price system to this day, and, furthermore, it is absolutely honest as to quality and offers a reward for the discovery of any store where the same goods are sold cheaper. It feels that it has a standard to uphold and keeps faith with its customers. At the time of a recent anti-American agitation, when bands of Soshi went about threatening the various merchants of Tokyo and demanding that they stop buying American goods, some of the other shops promised to do so, though most of them did not keep their word. But the Mitsukoshi would pledge itself to no such thing; it was determined to maintain its integrity.

By insisting on cash payments, instead of the long-drawn-out accounts, settled maybe twice a year, perhaps

even less often, which were the rule with other shopkeepers of Yedo, Hachirobei was able to offer his silks at prices lower than those of his competitors. His business began to grow. Soon he moved out of his original store, which his brothers had once thought much too large, and set up his new establishment on what is now the site of the Mitsui Bank. In those days, when Tokyo's skies were smokeless, Hachirobei's shop commanded the best view in the city of snow-capped Fujiyama. I have before me the photograph of an old colour print. It shows a richly decorated building, its big window curtains adorned with the well-and-three-lines trademark, with kimonoed men and women shoppers crowding around it. In the background rises the silvery cone of the sacred mountain.

In this new location the business throve to such an extent that Hachirobei was able to start two shops in other parts of Tokyo as well as to open branches in Osaka and Kyoto. Thus the chain-store idea was old in Japan some two hundred years or so before it was new in America. In the main establishment alone he employed more than a thousand men and women.

Hachirobei gained so much prestige that in 1687 he was appointed purveyor to the shogun, acting as a sort of chief of the service of supply. At the same time he was developing an important banking enterprise. Finally he became financial agent for the Tokugawa shogunate. Thus were formed the connections with the government which have since been of such great advantage both to the Japanese Empire and to the Mitsui family.

Asakusa Park is the Coney Island of Tokyo, and the main approach continually resounds to the clatter of wooden clogs. The way is lined with tiny shops selling everything from peanuts to flapjacks, and from chromos to doll babies.

Every time a kimono is washed the seams are ripped apart, and instead of being ironed it is smoothed and dried on a board. Only when it is a shroud do the Japanese fold the front of this dress over from right to left.

CHAPTER VII

MAIDS AND MATRONS OF JAPAN

YESTERDAY as I walked along a side street of Tokyo I saw a picture that brought to my mind the words of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado":

> Three little maids from school are we,
> Pert as school girls well can be,
> Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
> Three little maids from school.

The paper walls of a well-kept house had been drawn back, and inside, sitting on their heels, were three girls looking over some books. Their merry laughter came ringing out on the street as I passed. There was a tea tray beside them and they had evidently just finished drinking together.

Wherever I see her I am charmed with the Japanese maiden. I like her rich, cream-coloured complexion. I have fallen in love with her jet-black eyes, and I like the flowing drapery of her costume and her choice of colours. The grays and blues she wears seem to harmonize with her surroundings.

Her modest taste in dress is one of the noticeable things about the Japanese woman. From the stage versions of her we have seen at home, we expect to behold her in her own country dressed in bright colours sprawled over with embroidery. As a matter of fact, the contrary is the case. Even the young girls, who are supposed to indulge in gayer

attire than the married women, wear street clothes that are quite subdued. As the Japanese woman grows older, her kimono becomes more and more sober, her long sleeves grow shorter, and her sash is knotted in a less striking manner.

The kimono is generally made at home. The material for it comes in a package consisting of about ten yards of goods eighteen inches wide. Year after year, the cut is the same, variety being obtained in the use of different kinds of silk or cotton fabrics, and in different colours. One season, for example, purple may be all the rage; the next, only the maiden in a certain shade of blue feels that she is in style. The light summer kimonos are unlined and are easily made, but whenever they are laundered they have to be ripped apart. The pieces are washed, starched, stretched on a board to dry, and then put together again. For spring and autumn wear, kimonos are of heavier silk or challis, which is about the only woollen material worn by Japanese women, and are lined with silk or cotton. In winter they are interlined with cotton or silk wadding. This silk wadding often works out through the fabric and makes the garment look strange to our eyes. But the little flecks of white are a sign of an expensive dress and the Japanese wearer is much amused when some uninitiated Westerner comes up and attempts to pick the bits off her dark kimono. The picker is embarrassed, too, to find that instead of coming off the stuff keeps pulling out, and soon gives up in dismay. For ceremonial occasions etiquette requires three kimonos, worn one over the other. The two inner ones have plain white silk collars and white linings.

In wealthy homes there is often a maid whose special

business it is to make the kimonos of the ladies of the house. More and more frequently, too, the Japanese lady has her formal attire made to order by one of the Tokyo shops, such as the Mitsukoshi or the Sirokiya department stores. On such kimonos the family crest, usually some circular design about an inch in diameter, appears five times in white: twice in front, once on the back of each sleeve near the elbow, and once in the middle of the back between the shoulder-blades. The goods from which these crested kimonos are made has to be specially dyed, the designs being blocked out in wax on the original white silk so that the dye used for the background will not penetrate. Some of the ultra-fashionable even have their under kimonos stamped in this way.

The *obi*, or sash, is the most expensive part of the Japanese woman's dress, and the one in which she takes the most pride. A particularly gorgeous one fills her soul with satisfaction and the souls of her less fortunate sisters with envy. *Obis* are often handed down from mother to daughter and form an important part of the bride's trousseau. Some of the most beautiful are of heavy silk stiffly brocaded with gold and silver threads. These strips of material, four or five yards long and half a yard wide, are often bought by wealthy women for two or three hundred dollars, as I have said; indeed, some sell for as much as fifteen hundred dollars and more.

Since I have had the Japanese woman's dress minutely described to me, I cannot see how it can be any more comfortable than the European's, corset and all. A kind of apron worn about the body and loins is secured beneath the bust and about the thighs with tightly tied strips of cloth. The under kimono, or kimonos, are bound around

the waist with a stiff broad belt. About the outer garment comes the *obi*. Holding this to one side of her, the Japanese woman winds herself into it most cleverly, knotting it at the back and fastening around it a cord secured with a jewelled clasp or pin. The young girl may wear her *obi* in a big bow, but the married woman adjusts hers in a modest round knot. No respectable woman ever ties the *obi* bow in front. The sash has an upward-turning fold that forms a kind of pocket for all sorts of small articles, including the tiny tobacco pipe that takes the place of the Western woman's cigarette. When she steps out fully dressed, the fashionable Japanese woman is tied up with strings, her body is tightly confined by her girdles, and her costume is so narrow that she must take short, mincing steps so as not to expose a length of bare leg above the top of her *tabi*.

Except among the poorest labouring classes, all Japanese women wear the white *tabi*, both on the street and in their homes. It is used as a kind of combined slipper and sock, and has a separate compartment for the big toe and the sole is stiffened. The material used is a special kind of heavy white cotton goods imported from Great Britain. It is fastened on at the back just above the ankle. Over the *tabi*, in good weather and on formal and dress occasions, the footwear may be *zori*, or sandals of rice-straw matting soled with wistaria stems or rope. They are kept on by means of two thick soft cords of twisted paper or cotton covered with velvet or brocade, one of which comes up between the first and second toes. The same principle is used in holding on the more practical *geta*, the wooden clogs worn when the weather is bad or the streets are muddy. These have crosspieces underneath the wooden

soles that lift the wearer from the ground. The deeper the mud the thicker the crosspieces. Young girls often wear beautifully lacquered *geta* with pretty brocaded straps and without crosspieces underneath. Both sandals and clogs are invariably removed in the houses and in all except the more modern public buildings. In the private home there are shelves in the vestibule for the footgear of members of the family and callers; while at the restaurants, theatres, and other public places, there are always attendants to take charge of the clogs, much like the checkers for hats, coats, and umbrellas in similar establishments in the United States

To go from one extremity to the other, the Japanese women take enormous pains with their glossy blue-black hair. Passing through certain sections of Tokyo I have frequently seen in the open houses women on their knees before their mirrors either washing their hair in brass basins or having it combed by professional hairdressers. They may be bare from the waist up, but they go on with their toilettes without a blush, and some have even smiled at me as I went by. The hairdressing is a long operation, and it is fair to presume that the lady is proud of the result. She does not wear a hat to hide its beauties or spoil its contour. Some Japanese women have hair that reaches to their feet, and perhaps its luxuriance is due in part to their going about with heads uncovered. It is true the Japanese husband has no milliners' bills to pay, but his wife's hair ornaments may be far more expensive than several hats.

A great many Japanese men cannot raise a respectable moustache, yet the women, from the time they are quite young girls, shave the little dark hairs that grow on their

faces, especially on their noses. Shaving gives their skins a certain roughness which, I am told, makes them rather unpleasant to the touch. This may be one reason why the Japanese ladies use so much paint and powder and perhaps it is the reason why they so admire and like to stroke the smooth white skins of the foreign women. They admire also the straight, high-bridged noses of the Westerners. An American woman living in Tokyo has given me an instance of this. The nurse she had at the time of the birth of one of her babies had formerly been employed in a royal household. When the nurse first saw the newborn infant she went into ecstasies, exclaiming: "Not even a royal baby ever had such a nose as that." Some of the peasant women of Japan have practically no rise at all between their eyes, and their noses look like little lumps of flesh stuck on above their mouths.

The Japanese girls appear happy and giggle a lot into the long sleeves of their kimonos, yet I do not think they are to be envied by our young girls of America. These maidens know not the thrill of a first beau. No matter how beautiful and charming she may be, the well-bred girl of Japan never has beaus at all. Rigid etiquette forbids her going about with boys or men and she has, in fact, none of the social life which makes the days of our débutante one continual round of pleasure. She is by no means idle, however. From the time when she is hardly more than a baby she is constantly being trained in the duties of a wife and to take on the management of a home. Even though she be wealthy and high born she learns to run a house; for she watches and assists her mother in the ordering of the establishment. Since in many Japanese homes all the clothes of the family, except the European

garments of the men, are made by the women, the daughter is taught to sew and embroider. One of her hard tasks is making the sleeping cushions which in Japan take the place of both bed and mattress, and she often rips one out again and again before she has satisfied her mother with the fineness of the stitches and the way the corners are turned.

Finally, when she is fifteen or more, it is announced to her that such and such a man is to be her future husband. A married friend of her father or a professional matchmaker entrusted with the business has found a suitable partner for her. Or it may be that the negotiations have come from the other side and a go-between chosen by the prospective groom's father has approached her parents on the subject of the match. One of the duties of this go-between is to make inquiries about the health of both families for generations back. One reason for such investigation is the fact that persons afflicted with leprosy may not marry and leprosy is cause for divorce. The victims and their families make every effort to conceal their condition so that accurate statistics of the disease are unobtainable, but there are said to be as many as one hundred thousand lepers in Japan.

When the preliminaries have been completed, a day is set for the pair to meet. Among the well-to-do the meeting takes place at the home of the go-between or at some other private house, but among the lower classes a picnic, or a visit to a temple or a theatre answers the purpose. Theoretically, if the man objects to the girl or the girl objects to the man, negotiations are off, but as a matter of fact, the young people are in the hands of their parents, and the girl, especially, would not dream of making any demur.

If the "mutual seeing," as it is called, is satisfactory, presents of certain kinds of fish and edible seaweed and of clothes, or the money to buy them, are exchanged. This exchange constitutes an engagement and a day is set for the wedding, which takes place at the home of the groom. It is more or less of a dinner party, at which the pair pledge each other in cups of *saké*, or rice wine.

One feature is the changing of clothes. The bride comes to her wedding in white, the colour of mourning, to signify that she dies to her own family. On reaching her new home she changes to a costume provided by her husband. Then after the first ceremonial wine drinking, she retires and again changes, putting on a coloured kimono brought from her parents' home. This is quite gorgeous—more splendid than, as a married woman, she can ever wear again. The *obi* is tied in an intricate bow. A piece of white silk, folded and sometimes wadded, is fastened across her forehead; it is as much the special badge of the bride as is the wedding veil of the West. If the groom is married in a kimono, instead of in Western evening clothes, he, too, changes his dress at the same time. At the end of the feast he and his bride are conducted by the go-between to their own room, where, once more, they pledge each other in *saké*.

The latest thing among the smart and fashionable is a wedding at Dai Jingu, the Shinto shrine facing Hibiya Park in the heart of Tokyo. Such marriages are often elaborate, requiring the services of several priests, dancers, musicians, and attendants, and are followed by a feast at the Imperial Hotel or one of the famous restaurants of the city. More food than any human being could possibly eat at one sitting is provided for each person, and

The Japanese girl has little play time, but starts young to learn the performance of the round of household cares that will be hers when she marries. A professional matchmaker usually arranges her marriage when she is about fifteen.

The younger the girl the less sober her kimono, the longer its sleeves and the more dashing its sash. Fortunately, the fad for western dress and hats among the Japanese women has subsided and nearly all wear the more becoming native costume.

While the Japanese woman of the upper or middle class is rather a slave than a companion to her lord and master, her sister of the lower classes is more on an equality with her husband.

as the guests depart each is presented with a large square package wrapped in a piece of blue silk. In it are the dishes that have been served but not tasted. Besides this, each one is given a souvenir, such as a handsome lacquer box with the names of the two contracting families inscribed in gold characters on the inside of its cover.

The typical Japanese wedding is not a public affair and usually only the members of the families and the go-between are present. There are no bridesmaids and the young couple do not go off on a honeymoon. The legal part of the ceremony consists in the request of the head of the family to which the girl belonged, that her name be transferred on the registration books so that she will be listed as a member of her husband's family. Among the poor the wedding formalities I have described are not strictly observed. In fact, the ceremony is frequently dispensed with entirely.

The lower-class wife has, on the whole, rather a better lot than her more aristocratic sister. In theory she is, of course, vastly inferior to her husband, but she works side by side with him, they discuss their affairs together, and she has a good deal to say about the expenditure of their tiny income. The wife of the upper or middle classes, on the other hand, often has a hard time of it. Rarely do a newly married couple set up a home of their own; they live with the husband's people. The young wife is expected to accept the dictation of her mother-in-law in everything that concerns running the home and bringing up her children. Even among lower-class women, many a young mother drags herself out of bed four or five days after the birth of a child to wait on one of these domestic tyrants. If the wife does not win favour in the sight of

her husband's mother, some excuse is usually found for sending her back to her parents.

From highest to lowest, the woman of Japan is the servant of her husband. She must get up first in the morning and must by no means go to bed at night before the return of the master. He may be out until two or three in the morning, enjoying himself with *saké* and geisha, but the minute she hears his step on the threshold his wife is on her feet to greet him. She gives him his tiny cup of tea the first thing on his waking, and holds his clothes for him during his dressing. Even Japanese princesses, I have been told, hold their husbands' coats for them to slip into; such a service is considered becoming in a wife. At meals the man is served first. A part of the bride's training before her marriage is to learn to prepare the favourite foods of the husband who has been chosen for her.

It used to be that on the street no Japanese woman walked beside her lord; she followed him at a respectful distance. But this practice is giving way to some extent with the spread of Western ideas. Yet not long ago I heard of a young Japanese, who had just received a degree from Harvard and seemed in every way a most cultured and charming fellow. Returning to Japan where his parents had selected his bride for him, he saw his future wife for the first time on the pier at Yokohama. There was an introduction and an exchange of bows. Then the young man walked off unencumbered, while his fiancée followed carrying his suitcase. When I repeated this story to an American woman who had lived most of her life in Tokyo, she declared that there was nothing surprising to her about that.

The Japanese wife cannot transfer her own property, bring legal action, or accept a gift or legacy without her husband's consent. Left a widow, she cannot succeed her husband as head of the family if she has a child who can take the succession. A daughter gives place to a son, even an illegitimate son, if he has been recognized by his father. A husband may divorce his wife for unfaithfulness, but he may, if he likes, keep a concubine in the same house with her, and she will have no grounds for divorce. Such conduct is, however, not so common as it used to be in Japan, where popular opinion is now against concubinage.

The whole duty of woman is summed up in a celebrated treatise known as the "Greater Learning for Women," the textbook of the orthodox members of the truly gentle sex in Japan. In it are defined the "three obediences": submission as an unmarried girl to a father, as a wife to a husband, as a widow to a son.

Says the treatise:

> The only qualities that befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy, and quiet. . . . The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are: indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy, and silliness. Without any doubt these five maladies infest seven or eight out of every ten women, and it is from these that arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach.

It is no wonder that, after centuries of training in such doctrines as these, the Japanese women seem rather meek creatures. A doctor in one of the foreign hospitals here has told me that, while they make gentle nurses, one of their great drawbacks in hospital work is their lack of initiative.

But even in Japan the new woman is beginning to assert herself. You may see her acting as cashier in the big

stores; she sells you your tickets at the railway stations; she works in the hotels at which you stop. She is even a taxi-cab chauffeuse, driving a little one-passenger motor conveyance faintly resembling a jinrikisha. She is fast taking her place in the ranks of industry, and as a stenographer and typist is found in many of the factories, banks, and other business establishments. There are already some seven hundred women doctors in the country and the dean of them all, Doctor Yoshioka, president of the Women's Medical College at Tokyo, has just bought one of the biggest private hospitals in the city. The Japanese hospitals use Japanese nurses exclusively, and most of the foreign hospitals employ numbers of them. There are three or four thousand trained nurses in the city of Tokyo alone. One reason that the profession is popular is the fact that nurses get from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents a day, which is thought first-rate pay. There are a hundred and fifty or more girl 'bus conductors here, five thousand girl telephone operators, and thousands of women in the government offices. Not a few English and American firms employ girls trained in the missionary schools. There are also a number of girl barbers, though all the barber shops are in charge of men. More than half the factory workers in all Japan are girls or women.

Girls and women going to business do not dress like their homekeeping sisters. Sometimes they wear a kind of full pleated skirt of dark red or plum colour over their kimonos; for the usual style of kimono is not adapted to hurrying to office and climbing on and off street-cars and 'buses. Many have also taken to wearing American shoes in place of clogs. I cannot say I think the young

women look any the more attractive for these modifications of the native costume.

In Japan, as in other countries, more women are engaged in teaching than in any other profession. There were no schools for girls before the Restoration, so that trained women teachers are a comparatively new thing here, yet there are more than fifty thousand of them in the public and private schools of the Empire. The government sends particularly able young women to study abroad to fit themselves for the best positions in teaching, and prominent women educators have received decorations from the Emperor.

More than twenty monthly magazines for women are published in Japan, a large proportion of which are edited by women, and a few women are now employed by the Tokyo newspapers as reporters and special writers.

The Y. W. C. A. is doing a big work in Japan and the Women's Christian Temperance Union is also active. The name of Madame Yajima is intimately associated with this movement. In the course of her long life she saw marvellous changes sweep over Japan and helped materially to bring some of them about. At the age of eighty-eight she undertook the trip to England to attend an international meeting of her organization. Two years later she came to Washington during the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments and called on President Harding at the White House. She carried a scroll of rice paper more than one hundred yards long which she had brought with her from Japan. Upon it were written the signatures of ten thousand of her countrywomen who had joined in a protest against war. Though the great roll was a heavy burden for the aged

lady, she would not let any one else carry it and gave it to President Harding with her own hands.

The outstanding business woman of Japan is Madame Suzuki, who has been decorated by the Emperor for her part in stimulating the foreign trade of his realm. When she was widowed some twenty-five years ago, she took over her husband's small sugar business. To-day she employs twenty-five thousand people and has branches and agencies in London, New York, Melbourne, Vladivostok, and other cities. She has made a big fortune dealing in sugar, camphor, copper, rubber, and other commodities. I have heard it stated that she made a hundred million dollars in her deals during the World War. This is probably an exaggeration, but, at any rate, she is too rich to be popular with the masses, and during the rice riots a few years ago her place of business at Kobe was burned to the ground because it was believed that she had helped corner the market and raise prices.

Young Baroness Ishimoto is one of the newest of the new women in the Empire. Born of noble parentage, she defied tradition by going into trade, opening a shop in one of the most up-to-date office buildings in Tokyo. The profits go to the cause of the prevention and alleviation of leprosy, which is one of the worst plagues of Japan. She has a husband and three children. Baron Ishimoto is said to be in sympathy with her activities, which include public lectures on the subject of birth control.

Another illustration of the revolutionary things going on here is the craze for modern dancing in Tokyo. A few years ago a Japanese woman who one-stepped and waltzed would have been considered by her sisters all but disreputable. One can readily see how this would be the case in

Japan, where any display of affection is regarded as bad form, where husband and wife never so much as shake hands or link arms in public, and where kissing is thought indecent. And yet now even ladies of royal birth are enthusiastic over the Western dances. These have the seal of the royal approval, for when the Prince of Wales visited this country princesses of the blood danced with him at the imperial ball. A dancing class for the aristocracy meets at the home of a countess where an English woman gives instruction in the latest steps. The women dance in their kimonos and a special kind of sandal with a jointed flexible sole. I understand that many of them have become quite expert.

CHAPTER VIII

AN AFTERNOON AT THE THEATRE

IT WAS in the company of an American friend and an official of the imperial household that I went to the Kabuki Theatre, one of the un-Westernized playhouses of Tokyo. Here one sees the classical dramas that have delighted Japanese audiences almost since the days of Shakespeare. Here, too, one observes the Japanese giving themselves up to hours of entertainment, for the performances in the native theatres begin at noon or early in the afternoon and last until ten-thirty at night. Sometimes as many as six plays are included in the programme of a single day. Whole families come together, often bringing their lunches and eating them during the intermissions.

When we arrived at the Kabukiza, as it is called, we passed through a narrow corridor decorated with lanterns and screens and carpeted with matting, and then found ourselves in the theatre. An usher dressed in the costume of the house, a dark blue kimono, brown trousers, black foot mittens, and white sandals, conducted us up some steep stairs to the gallery. Here a kind of box had been reserved, in which, I noticed, there were placed some chairs. This was a special courtesy to foreigners, who find it tiresome to sit for hours on cushions on the floor, like the rest of the audience.

Standing in our box, I looked down on the scene below.

This theatre, which is much larger than one would suppose from the outside, will seat some two thousand people. The decorations are tasteful and artistic. The ceiling is gilded, and around the gallery hang pretty paper lanterns through which the electric bulbs within shed a subdued light. The stage is long and wide. It is made in the shape of an immense wheel which is turned at every change in scenes, moving one set of actors and scenery out of sight and bringing another into view. I have heard it said that in some of the native theatres thus equipped there are occasional accidents: actors are whirled off the scene so fast that they are upset and their tumbles and scrambles cause the audience to roar with delight.

The pit of the Kabukiza is divided into little pens about six feet square, with low barriers several inches wide between them. Now and then a newcomer would walk along the barrier until he came to the right pen, step down into it, and leisurely settle himself on his heels on the floor. Or a whole family, baby and all, would enter and accommodate itself to its six-foot stall. Among the audience the little girls and here and there a geisha in bright attire made the principal spots of colour; the rest were for the most part dressed in sober blues and grays and the sea of black heads added to the sombre effect.

Not all of the pit is taken up with the loges, for running from the back of the theatre to the stage is the so-called "flowery way." This is above the boxes and on a level with the stage. The actors use it for their exits and entrances, and throughout the performance it is treated as part of the stage itself. It gets its name from the fact that formerly a popular actor would have his path strewn with flowers as he proceeded to take his place on the

boards, advancing with slow steps and dignified gestures, turning this way and that to show his gorgeous costume. During one of the plays I saw, the "flowery way" was the road down which the villain fled pursued by the hero, sword in hand. In another it was the scene of a long-drawn-out farewell between a lover and his lady.

The "lady" in question was, however, a man. Though women are to-day acting in some of the theatres of Tokyo they are not allowed at the Kabukiza, which sticks to the old tradition of having the female rôles played by men. Two of the famous *onnagata*, as these male actors of female rôles are called, are Utayemon and his son Fukusuke, who sometimes act together as mother and daughter. The profession of an *onnagata* is extremely trying, I understand. For one thing, he must train himself to speak in a high falsetto voice. He must also be ever on the alert to keep to his part and never lapse from his portrayal of the sweetness and delicacy that make the charm of the Japanese woman. To get the pallor expected of those taking women's parts, he must use a dead-white makeup in sharp contrast with his brilliant scarlet lips, and I have heard this contains so much arsenic that at length it affects the actor with a numbness in his legs which interferes somewhat with his movements.

The audience seemed quite as pleased with the *onnagata* as if he were really a charming actress—as, indeed, to all appearances he was. The Japanese theatre-goer is accustomed to ignore a good many things which we would find it hard to pass over. There are the "invisible imps," for example. At first I thought certain black-garbed individuals moving on and off the stage but never speaking were actors in the drama. Not at all, explained my

Japanese guide. Their black suits were supposed to render them invisible and from the spectators' point of view they were non-existent, as they slipped about putting a prop under an actor who had to hold a pose longer than was comfortable, arranging the folds of a costume that had fallen into ugly lines, or holding torches before the hero to light his countenance when he had assumed a particularly effective expression.

Music played an important part in the performance. The musicians were concealed behind a screen in a box on the left of the stage, though for some plays they sit on a platform in front of the box. In the latter case, they wear the superb costumes of the old feudal days. Among them were singers, or chanters, as well as those who played on musical instruments. At times the performers acted in pantomime while the chanter told the tale of the play in a high-pitched, droning voice, accompanied by an occasional note from a *samisen*, the three-stringed instrument introduced from Manila three centuries ago. At others a lengthy speech of an actor was punctuated by the *samisen*. The music at the Kabukiza has been handed down, unwritten, from generation to generation.

Indeed, the Japanese stage is one of traditions. The same classical dramas are acted year in and year out, and apparently the audiences never tire of them. Certain poses and gestures have also become classical. An actor father passes on his mannerisms to his son, who reverently continues them. On my first visit to Japan, the idol of the stage was Danjuro, ninth of his line to hold the boards. His ancestor, Ichikawa Danjuro, who was in his prime toward the end of the seventeenth century when our forefathers were still clearing the woods of the New

World, was the first great figure in the development of the theatre in Japan. The Danjuro whom I saw is still called the "Great Danjuro" and his style and methods are to this day a living force in the theatrical world of Tokyo. He owned the Kabukiza, which was later burned, but was replaced by the present structure.

At the time I met him, Danjuro was giving a week of performances, the proceeds of which were turned over to the Red Cross. The huge theatre was filled day after day, and I venture that the receipts for those seven days ran into thousands of dollars. In one of the intervals between plays, which were then given from ten in the morning until ten at night, I was conducted behind the scenes. We made our way under the stage, and on through the wheels by which it was revolved, until we came to the dressing rooms. In some of these there were half-naked actors taking naps. In others, they were making up for the next act, and we had gone through about twenty, I judge, before we came into a little den looking out on a beautiful garden. It was a room about twelve feet square, and was carpeted with spotless white mats. The walls were lined with closets, and there were swords and parts of costumes lying about. Reclining on the floor in the middle of the room was a tall, thin, sallow man, with features as refined as any I have ever seen. He had bright eyes, an unusually high forehead, large ears, and a very long face. He had laid aside the splendid robes in which he had last appeared, and his dress, which consisted of a blue cotton kimono open almost to the waist, was about as near nothing as possible.

This was the great Danjuro. He rose to his knees as we entered and bowed gracefully in Japanese style. We

The theatre streets of every Japanese town and city are generally crowded with pleasure-seekers, who make their choice of motion pictures, story-tellers, or plays by reading the banners on which the rival attractions are advertised.

Until quite recently all the women's parts on the Japanese stage were taken by men. Even now most of the feminine rôles are played by actors who cultivate high, falsetto voices and sweet, womanly ways.

For the classical *No* drama the stage must be a bare platform of beautifully polished wood with a richly gilded back wall upon which a gnarled old pine tree is painted.

got down on our knees and bowed our heads to the matting, and then sat on the floor and chatted for a time about Japanese art and acting. A distinguished American artist was with me, and he and Danjuro had quite a discussion of art topics. Besides being the greatest Japanese actor of his day, Danjuro was a man of the highest culture and a poet of no mean ability. He made some remarks as to the difference between the Japanese and the American stage, declaring in favour of the former, and said that he was really sorry that he could not accept the generous offers he had had to come to America.

Leaving Danjuro, we made a call on a young comedian, one of his favourite pupils. As he had to go on the stage within a few moments, he made up for his part while he chatted with us. His gown was pulled down to his waist, leaving the upper part of his body entirely bare. He squatted on his knees before a little glass on the floor, as he turned himself from a modern Japanese gentleman into a bridegroom of the olden time. He had his servants to help him, but he did much of the work himself in the most artistic way, applying his makeup so that he looked like an old daimio. He finally put on a gorgeous suit of light blue silk, and then stood up before us as the hero of "The Knight of the One Pantaloon."

I happened to remark that I wished that I could have a picture of him, whereupon he replied: "Why don't you take it? There is my camera." And looking around, I saw one of the finest of cameras. He directed his servant to set it up for us, and my artist friend took the picture while he posed. As the button was pressed the call for the act came, and he left his dressing room for the stage. When we got back to our places the house was in roars of

laughter. The comedian was playing one of his big parts, and two thousand people were doubling themselves up in merriment over his acting.

To the uninitiated the Japanese appear to be a stolid and self-contained people. This appearance is the result of rigid training, for they are naturally extremely emotional. In everyday life they strive to conceal their real feelings, smiling even in the midst of the most terrible grief, but in the theatre they let themselves go. At the comedies and farces great gales of laughter sweep the house; while during the affecting scenes oceans of tears are shed. The men as well as the women weep unashamed, quietly wiping away their tears as they fall.

Most of the classical dramas deal with the happenings of feudal times, and the virtue of loyalty is strongly emphasized in them. One of the greatest favourites is the play of the "Forty-seven Ronin," a story loved by the people from one end of Japan to the other. A certain wicked daimio provoked another, Asano Takumi, to draw his dirk and stab a man while in the precincts of the shogun's palace. Such unseemly conduct was punishable by death, so Asano paid the extreme penalty. Then his forty-seven followers, become by their lord's death knights without a leader, or *ronin*, sought how they might avenge him. They waited until the enemy was off his guard, broke into his castle one snowy night, overcame his retainers, and offered him honourable death by harakiri. But for this the wicked lord had not sufficient courage, and so the forty-seven *ronin* killed him and cut off his head, which they placed upon the tomb of their master. Then, having burnt incense, they gave themselves up one by one to the supreme court at Yedo, know-

ing that they must inevitably be condemned to death. After the sentence they all committed hara-kiri and were buried on the hillside close to their lord. The burial place of these heroes, which lies on the outskirts of Tokyo, is one of the most visited shrines in the Empire.

At this play the audience gives itself up to woe, and sometimes some of the women are so overcome that they leave the theatre, not returning until a comedy relieves the tension. I understand that the quantity of stage gore which flows realistically throughout the bloody scenes of this performance makes even foreign visitors feel rather faint.

Between the plays there is a general air of relaxation. People are moving in and out. Many of the spectators retire to one of the restaurants with which the theatre is provided. Ice-cream vendors and boys from the tea houses pass along the barriers between the stalls, the latter calling out "cha! cha! cha!" as they offer their tea. Men and women light their tiny "three-puff" pipes at the little boxes of live coals in each loge, or take out their lunch boxes and make a meal. Mothers feed their infants at the breast without the slightest self-consciousness, children scamper unreproved up and down the length of the "flowery way," and now and then take a peep behind the curtain. But when the signal for the opening of a play is given by striking two blocks of cherry wood together, all scurry back to their places and are ready again to be harrowed or amused, as the case may be.

While the Kabukiza sticks to Japanese plays, the Imperial Theatre of Tokyo gives Japanese versions of Western dramas as well as the native classics. The plays of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, and other great foreign

dramatists have been presented there. Sometimes there are plays in English, though these are not performed by Japanese actors, but by a company from Calcutta which goes on tour between its seasons in India. Great artists on tour, such as Elman, Schumann-Heink, Heifetz, Pavlowa, and Kreisler, appear at the Imperial. Sometimes, too, it is rented for gala performances by the Tokyo Amateur Dramatic Club, which draws its talent from among the foreigners in the capital. The president of this club is the British Ambassador and the members are foreign residents.

The Imperial, which is built in the Western style with the regulation seats and boxes, is one of the finest playhouses in the world. Women are taking some of the feminine rôles there now, but the female chorus and ballet are still unknown on the Japanese stage. I have heard that a European teacher of dancing came to Tokyo and tried to form a class of chorus girls, but he had to give up in despair. Not in all Japan were there enough maidens with shapely legs. Perhaps it is the habit of squatting on the floor that gives the Japanese women such ugly legs. At any rate, a rainy day in Tokyo is full of disillusions for the foreign admirer of the ladies of the "Sunrise Kingdom," for as they go along the streets with their kimonos lifted out of the wet, they expose about the most unlovely limbs imaginable.

A great sensation was created a few years ago when the Prince Regent attended a performance at the Imperial. Up to that time no member of the royal family had ever been seen in a public playhouse. In Japan there still lingers among the upper classes a trace of the old feeling that the stage is somewhat beneath their notice; for at the

time of the Restoration actors were regarded by royalty and the nobility much as they were in England in Shakespeare's day. Such an unheard-of act of condescension on the part of His Majesty was, therefore, heralded as the promise of a new era for the stage. But the Regent went merely out of courtesy to his guest, the Prince of Wales, and has not gone again since then.

The Japanese aristocracy favours the *No* drama, plays given at stated intervals four or five times during the year and in only a few places in the Empire. They are based on a collection of more than two hundred episodes which were gathered together and given permanent form a century and a half before Shakespeare wrote his plays. The stage used is simply a bare platform of beautifully polished wood. It has a gilded back wall with a gnarled old pine tree painted upon it, but no scenery or properties are employed. The costumes, however, make a blaze of colour.

The chief performer's hands are always held rigid, with the fingers straight. Much of his acting is done by means of graceful postures, and a great deal depends on the way in which he uses the fan that is an inseparable part of every *No* actor's equipment. The men who take the women's parts wear masks, narrow white affairs without any expression whatever. The audiences, which are drawn from the ranks of the highly cultivated and intellectual Japanese, understand all the numerous allusions in the text of the dramas and know, too, the conventional gestures to be expected at every phase of the performances. The programmes are elaborate, being not unlike the librettos provided at our operas. It used to be that none save the aristocracy might view the *No* performances, and

in feudal times every daimio had a stage and a subsidized company of actors to give him this entertainment of the cultured.

Professional story-tellers have a great following among the Japanese. Going along the streets of the larger towns and cities one not infrequently comes across a sort of "barker," who stands outside the door of the story-teller's place of business and urges the passers-by to come in. He is often amusing, speaking to imaginary people, thanking them for coming, and assuring them that there is a treat in store for them. Inside, the visitor removes his shoes and takes his seat on the floor along with an audience that always listens with deep attention to the teller of tales. Strangely enough the best story-teller in Tokyo is a man named Black. He is the son of English parents, but a naturalized Japanese citizen and an authority on the folklore of his adopted country.

Though they are still popular, the professional story-tellers have been robbed of many of their audience by the motion pictures. But some of them have found employment in the photoplay theatres, for a feature of the Japanese movie is the man who tells the spectators what it is all about. When the picture is a comedy he keeps them roaring with laughter; when it is tragedy he feels that he has fallen short if he does not bring them to tears. He changes his voice to suit the different parts, now speaking in the deep, commanding tones of the man of the house, now in the squeaky voice of the meek wife. He also translates and explains the English titles of American or British films, often making explanations the absurdity of which is unrealized by both his audience and himself. For example, not long ago, one of these motion-picture inter-

preters was puzzled by a caption on an American film about one Mr. Henpecked. There being in Japan no such man as the husband at the mercy of his womenfolk, he finally translated the name as "Hen Peku o danna," or the "Honourable Master Henpecked."

There are Japanese motion-picture companies turning out films by the thousands of feet, not only for the home market but for exhibition abroad. Among the foreign films imported into Japan, those from America are far and away the most popular. During the recent anti-American agitation there was a concerted effort to ban our films. It fell absolutely flat, however, because the managers simply could not afford to refuse to supply the overwhelming demand of their patrons for pictures made in the studios of New York and California. The favourites are those showing hairbreadth escapes and exploits of the "wild western" variety. Our society dramas are increasing in popularity, too, though it is hard in some cases for the Japanese to understand them, so utterly different are many of our customs from theirs. As for the kisses and embraces that figure so largely in our films, they are often cut out by the hundreds of feet before the pictures are displayed in the Japanese houses. In six months of one year alone, I have been told, there were removed from the films shown in Tokyo no less than two thousand American kisses, to say nothing of the thousand or so of what the boys at home call "clinches." I have heard also that the man who had the job of deleting the osculations put them all together again in a film which he displayed to a favoured few. Their testimony was that one view of it was enough to make one decide forever in favour of the Japanese kissless cinema. All kisses used to be banned

from the films, but now some are allowed, though they must not last longer than thirty seconds.

But among all the entertainments of Japan none is so typical or so unique as that furnished by the geisha. She is an ancient Japanese institution, and supplies a distinct social need of this country. I have told you how young men and maidens do not go about together in Japan, and how, after marriage, a woman's lot is largely that of mother to her children and servant to her husband and her mother-in-law. Men and women seldom mingle together at country clubs and parties, as with us. The wife has not been brought up to be a companion to her husband, and he does not expect entertainment or the social graces from her. These he seeks among the geisha, who have been trained through years of study and application to furnish them. They are the most accomplished women of Japan. Furthermore, the majority of them are the souls of modesty. There could be no greater mistake than that of confusing them with the denizens of the underworld.

Usually the geisha's training begins at the age of seven. She learns to walk gracefully, to welcome a guest, to serve him, and to dance to the strains of the *samisen*. Year by year she is drilled in the intricate art of dress. She is taught, too, to keep her poise under the most trying circumstances, and any gift of wit or nimble repartee she may have is carefully cultivated. In short, the aim is to make her a finished entertainer of men.

The geisha wear the gayest of kimonos, arrange their shining black hair in the most elaborate of coils and puffs decorated with flowers and pins, and are in every respect the last word in what we call smartness and style. Just

The best-dressed and most entertaining women of Japan are the geishas, who are trained from early youth in all the arts of manner and attire that will make them attractive to men.

The gay colours of her kimono and the flaring bow of her sash are trade marks of the geisha. She usually wears her kimono pulled down so as to show the back of her neck, a pretty part of the Japanese woman's anatomy.

as the *obi* tied in front is the badge of the woman of the restricted quarter, so the kimono worn a trifle away from the back of the neck is the special sign of the geisha. This is generally an extremely pretty part of the Japanese woman's neck and the geisha makes the most of every charm she has.

When a Japanese gentleman wishes to give a fine entertainment to his friends, he does not invite their wives and ask them to his house. He names a restaurant, like the Tokiwa, or the Maple Club, of Tokyo, for example, and the guests come unencumbered by their womenfolk. Neither is the host's wife there to greet them, for the entertainers engaged through the geisha exchange will contribute the feminine element of the party. Each guest has a geisha assigned to him, and if any is known to have a favourite among those of the city the host tries to secure her.

In the beginning there is little talking. The guests, seated on the floor around three sides of the room, concentrate on the food and drink being served by the pretty entertainers. But, after a good deal of *saké* has been drunk from the tiny cups that are filled and refilled, conversation begins and things liven up. If the host is wealthy and giving a party with expensive geisha, they may now retire, coming in again with other and more beautiful kimonos and still lovelier *obis* than those in which they have first appeared. Some play games, some twang the *samisen*, some sing, and others dance with their slow, measured steps. I have never seen anything in the least suggestive in the geisha's dancing anywhere in Japan. They would probably be shocked to the very marrow of their bones by the turnings and

twistings that are commonplace in the ballrooms of the United States. Any familiarity on the part of the men is much resented. If a tipsy diner forgets himself and chucks a pretty little geisha under the chin, she is indignant at his roughness, and liberties such as some American men have been known to indulge in at these parties are considered the extreme of vulgarity.

The life of these human butterflies is not an easy one and she who makes a good marriage, as some of them do, is envied by her sisters. If a geisha stays in the profession, by the time she is twenty-five she is thought too old to dance and drops back among the *samisen* players. She may become the head of a geisha house of her own, or marry a wrestler and drift around in the sporting world with him, or perhaps a wealthy man will make her his mistress and keep her in every comfort. Or, if worst comes to worst, she may find herself driven to the life of the restricted quarter.

CHAPTER IX

A VISIT TO A JAPANESE FINISHING SCHOOL

WITHIN the past week I have gone through the great school established by the late Empress Dowager for the daughters of the peers and princes of Japan. It was opened about forty years ago, and it now has six hundred pupils. The school is under the direct supervision of the Imperial Household Department and the majority of its pupils are the daughters of the nobility and of the military classes. Included among them are several imperial princesses. Most of its girls may be said to belong to the topmost layer of the upper crust of Japan, but children of the humbler classes are admitted within a certain limit. About one hundred and fifty of the students are daughters of the so-called commoners. These girls pay fees for their education, while the young aristocrats come in free.

Three years after the Restoration, the Emperor Meiji asked ten of his leading nobles to confer with him concerning the founding of a school in which the children of the nobility might receive a suitable education. As a result of their conference there was established a few years later the Peers' School, which is often called the "Japanese Eton." Somewhat later the girls' department was given the name of the Peeresses' School, which, though located on a separate campus, is considered a branch of the boys' institution.

Suppose some of you American girls who are reading this come along with me on my visit to the school where young girls are put through the paces that will make them suitable wives for princes, lords, and diplomats. We shall take jinrikishas and, pulled by our human steeds in scanty trousers and butterbowl hats, go through the streets of Tokyo to the aristocratic quarter in which this institution stands. There are beautiful gardens about it, and its great buildings of brick and stone are surrounded by maples, pines trained in Japanese fashion, and the ferns, flowers, and little lakes for which the Japanese landscape gardeners are famous. We are met at the door by one of the professors, for we have a letter of introduction from the Foreign Office, and this exclusive school is thrown open to us. The professor, who speaks English, explains as we go.

We first visit some of the classrooms. As we pass along the halls we meet many students. They are of all ages, from kindergarten tots to young lady seniors, and all are wearing the becoming kimono. Though they may be the daughters of princes and nobles who are in most cases wealthy, these girls dress simply. No frills or furbelows are to be seen anywhere. The little girls have their hair bobbed. Many of the older students show their high lineage in the refinement of their long oval faces, and some of them are beautiful. How polite they are! They bend almost double as they pass the professor.

The classrooms are equipped with desks and chairs not unlike those of the United States, save that all of them are cushioned with green. We visit one class and listen to a lecture on physics. The fifty girls taking notes in Japanese script hardly look up as we enter. We go to the

Flower arrangement is an important course in the Japanese young ladies' school. In this art three sprays symbolize the universe; the tallest stands for heaven, the shortest for the earth, and the other for man.

Physical culture, long a part of the curriculum for the Japanese boy, is now making great headway in many of the girls' schools where already games and exercises are part of the routine.

Young girls of the upper classes spend many hours practising on the koto, the most aristocratic of Japanese musical instruments. Much of the music for it is unwritten and has to be memorized.

laboratories, where they are studying chemistry, and on into music rooms, in some of which the students are taught to play and sing foreign music and in others the music of Japan. In the latter the girls play upon the *koto*, a sort of harp, which rests on a low bench. The instrument, which is about five feet long and a foot wide, has a half dozen or more catgut strings. Playing it is considered a most aristocratic accomplishment.

In one room we hear the girls reciting in English, and in another see them studying French under a major of the Japanese army, who learned the language in Paris. Every pupil is required to study either French or English, and the professor tells us that most of them choose the latter. He says the school has a kindergarten, a primary department with a six years' course, a five-year high school, and a higher department offering three years' work. The girls in the primary school are required to study four or five hours a day. After graduating from the high school the students may enter the graduate section, which is a sort of liberal arts department with courses in Japanese literature and art as well as in science and languages. The average number of the graduates each year is not over twenty, for most of the girls do not remain for graduation, as they are withdrawn to be married.

We visit the gymnasium in which a hundred Japanese maidens are marching back and forth at the direction of a teacher. She raises her hands, and two hundred bare arms come up in the air. She makes a motion and they fall again. The girls have dumb-bells with which they practise setting-up exercises. They teeter up and down on their toes, and go through all the evolutions of the

drill as they march back and forth, a body of one hundred dainty almond-eyed little creatures. Observe them as they pass. Like soldiers, they walk erect and with their shoulders thrown well back.

As we go from the gymnasium through the yard to one of the other buildings we see a class of girls walking the log. This is an exercise common to every Japanese girls' school, and I am told it produces excellent results. The log is a foot thick and thirty feet long, so slung by means of two chains at each end that it hangs horizontally about a foot off the ground. The teacher starts the log swinging back and forth and the girls step on at one end and walk to the other. It takes skill to maintain one's balance and almost every muscle of the body is brought into play. I have tried it several times and ignominiously failed. These young women walk it with ease.

The Peeresses' School is by far the most fashionable and aristocratic institution for girls in the Empire. Its chief purpose is to fit its students to take their places in society both at court and at home. Many of them become the wives of generals, statesmen, and diplomats. Emphasis is laid on what might be called the polite accomplishments. All learn to draw and paint, and some of them do good work in sculpture. The Japanese are naturally artistic, and even the small girls sketch with facility. Fine sewing and embroidery are also taught.

A great deal of time is given to instruction in etiquette. The professor at the head of this department is a man of the samurai class, who is said to be the best authority on his subject in all Japan. I watched him drill about twenty young ladies in the forms required in the reception of a guest. The girls had to bend just so, keeping their

backs perfectly straight as they inclined, and then get down on their knees and spread their hands out on the mats while they bowed their heads to the floor. Their movements were wonderfully graceful, but the old gray-haired professor was not satisfied unless each was in exact accord with the rules and not a hair's breadth out of the way.

The drill I saw in this class illustrates how rigid is the training of Japanese boys and girls in doing things according to rules and regulations laid down and followed for generations. Foreigners here say this sort of training is responsible for a lack of initiative among the whole people which leaves them at a loss when an emergency arises. For example, I understand that Japanese aviators have not been especially successful, because they are not accustomed to think and act quickly when something unforeseen confronts them.

Quite as famous as the Peeresses' School is the Girls' English School of Tokyo. The principal is Miss Ume Tsuda, who was one of the first five girls sent by the Japanese government in 1871 to study abroad. I have heard that an older member of the Tsuda family was chosen for this distinction, but that she was afraid to face the unknown things awaiting her on foreign shores and so her younger sister, then but seven years of age, asked to go in her place. The little girl came to Washington, where she lived with the Lanman family and absorbed the ways of Western civilization. When, at the age of seventeen, she returned to Japan she had about forgotten the usages and customs of her native country, but she set herself to learn to be "as good a Japanese as she had become an American." She must have succeeded well, for she was a teacher in the conservative Peeresses' School for some

years before she returned to America for work at Bryn Mawr. After this she was appointed a lecturer in the Tokyo Girls' Higher Normal School, the most advanced government school for girls in Japan.

Finally, she was able to open an institution of her own. The school specializes in English language and literature, though it does not neglect the Japanese classics. Its aim is to train teachers of English who are also well grounded in Japanese culture. Graduates from Miss Tsuda's normal course are now granted certificates to teach English in government secondary and normal schools without examination. This is a privilege accorded no other private school for girls in Japan. One special feature of the training at Miss Tsuda's is its emphasis on the development of self-reliance. The girls read the papers, discuss the happenings in the world, and are encouraged to do their own thinking and to act on their own initiative. Many of the graduates are taking part in the woman movement in Japan to-day.

Even stronger on the teaching of initiative is Madame Hani's school, which is housed in a handsome building somewhat in the style of the Imperial Hotel. It is often called the "school of freedom." The students do all the work, cooking, tending fires, and cleaning, although many of them come from wealthy families and have never had to do anything of the sort before. The school is governed largely by a student council and a wonderful spirit pervades it. Two of the champion women tennis players of Japan were trained in athletics at Madame Hani's, where much attention is paid to physical development. Tennis, by the way, has become a great sport among the Japanese girls of to-day. Teams

of young women from different towns and cities challenge each other and play tournament matches. The Tokyo contestants are said to be particularly noted for their smart flannel tennis costumes.

Japan has also a university for women, though this is a private and not a government institution. It was founded about twenty-five years ago by Dr. Jinzo Naruse and has from its beginning been aided by the imperial family and by many of the leading men of the country. Including the pupils in its preparatory, elementary, and kindergarten departments, this institution has now some thirteen hundred students and there are about eight hundred in its dormitories. I have spent the greater part of to-day in going through it. Situated on the outskirts of Tokyo, it occupies fifteen or twenty acres of grounds. Its main buildings, some brick and some frame, are in foreign style. They are set around a campus filled with beautiful trees and commanding a fine outlook over hill and hollow.

The first building I entered was the hall for the alumnae, who call themselves the Cherry and Maple Club, and are doing a great deal to further the interests of this university. The association is well endowed, chiefly through a gift from the Mitsui family. Its newspaper, known as the *Home Weekly*, deals altogether with college subjects and school news. It runs a store, where the girls can buy anything they need, from pins and needles to candy, perfume, and soap, and where stationery, books, and other school supplies are for sale. It has organized a bank, where the students deposit their money, all buying in the store being done with bank tickets, which may be secured from the cashier next door. The bank does a business of about five hundred dollars a day.

The association has also a dairy, gardens, a chicken yard, and a cake-making establishment. It operates a grocery store, and in all of these institutions it employs students who are earning their way through school.

Of the university graduates, some have gone to China to teach and others are teaching in Japan. Still others are newspaper reporters and government clerks. Some are employed in the railway offices, some in the libraries, and some are studying social reform.

If I remember correctly, Bryn Mawr has something like five hundred students. Vassar has over a thousand, Wellesley fifteen hundred, and Smith College two thousand. In the college department of the Women's University at Tokyo there are more than six hundred students, which is an excellent showing for an institution so young. As for the ages of the young collegians, it was hard for me to guess. Japanese girls are so slight and childish looking that one is often mistaken as to their years. I have been told, however, that the average age of the college students in Japan is rather above that of our college girls at home, as the former spend more time in the preparatory grades.

I was taken through the buildings by the professor of ethics, a charming woman who spoke English perfectly. We went into classroom after classroom filled with bright-looking students, either reciting or listening to lectures. In one hall there were a hundred seniors taking notes of a lecture on sociology, and in others we observed classes in literature, psychology, and ethics. The Women's University offers courses along four main lines: Japanese literature, household arts, English literature, and science. It was Mr. Naruse's avowed aim to fit the Japanese girl

not only for her duties in the home but for her place in society as well.

The work done seems to me thorough. I spent some time in the chemical laboratories watching the girls analyzing substances of various kinds. This department occupies a half-dozen or more large rooms, well equipped with suitable apparatus, and I found the girls doing some original work. In one room, for instance, I was shown thousands of bottles comprising students' analyses of the foods of Japan, both vegetable and animal. Who knows? Perhaps the Madame Curie of the next generation will have a cream-coloured skin and almond eyes!

The dormitories of the university are especially interesting. There are more than twenty of these, divided into little rooms, each of which is occupied by from two to four students. Some of the dormitories are entirely in the Japanese style. In these the girls sleep on thick quilts spread on the floor, which they pack away in closets during the day-time. They lay their heads on Japanese pillows, mere blocks of wood about the size of a brick with a roll of soft tissue paper on top. The floors of all the dormitories are covered with mats an inch thick, and so white and clean that one would not fear to eat off them. Other dormitories have low shelves on which mattresses are laid. These are so arranged that the beds are covered with boards during the day-time, when they serve as tables and desks. Under the direction of the matron in charge, the girls take care of their own rooms and do all the housework, only one servant being employed in each dormitory.

When studying by themselves the Japanese boys and girls frequently kneel on the floor before a low table, but in the classrooms seats and desks are now generally used.

It is said that sitting at desks and on benches, with the legs hanging down, has already lengthened the limbs of the Japanese to an appreciable extent. The school athletic exercises have also had a share in making them a better-developed race physically than Commodore Perry found here in 1857.

So far I have spoken of private schools only. This does not mean that public education is neglected in Japan. Far from it. As I have said elsewhere, the Japanese are the most literate people in the world. Elementary education is compulsory and everybody can and does read. It is not uncommon to see rickshaw men reading newspapers or books as they wait for fares.

Indeed, all Tokyo seems to me to be going to school. The streets swarm with boys and girls on their way to classes. The boys wear a uniform of coat and trousers of gray denim with visored caps. Each cap has on its band the badge of the school to which its wearer belongs. The younger girls wear European clothes, as these are more practical than the native kimonos, which they resume, however, as they grow older. They go bareheaded. European shoes are well nigh universal among the Tokyo school children.

It takes longer to get an education in Japan than it does with us. The average age of the first-year students at the university here is twenty-four. The reason for this is the hard work involved in mastering the written language of Japan. Having borrowed their civilization from China and Korea, the Japanese had to adopt the ideographic system of writing practised in those countries. According to this system, each individual word has its own character, originally a kind of picture, or hieroglyphic.

Public school boys of the higher grades wear a western style uniform of gray denim, but those in the primary department have the old type of dress, with some modifications. The medallion on the cap indicates the school.

"As good as the rice," is a saying in crowded Japan, where less than one eighth of the land is cultivated, yet sixty per cent. of the people are farmers, and this grain is the chief food crop of the country.

The result is what an old Jesuit missionary to Japan described as the "invention of the demons to harass the faithful." The fairly well-educated Japanese must memorize two or three thousand characters, while he who aspires to the wide vocabulary of the highly cultivated must know several thousand more.

Forming these characters well is one of the fine arts of the Japanese. Their writing is done with a brush dipped in ink. Compared with the best specimens of this brushwork, the finest and boldest handwriting of an American or an Englishman is an ugly scrawl. Sometimes old men spend hour after hour perfecting their calligraphy, while samples of especially fine work, particularly if from the hand of some famous man, are not infrequently mounted on handsome mats and hung up as wall ornaments.

The Japanese are serious about their schooling. They seem to be possessed with a kind of frenzy to acquire knowledge. More particularly are they anxious to learn English, which is required in the higher schools. The entire upper floor of Maruzen's big bookstore in Tokyo is given over to foreign publications, most of them English and American. At all hours one finds there scores of readers, from schoolboys to elderly professors, browsing among these books. I must say I have never seen anything like such a number of Americans in the foreign department of Brentano's in Washington or New York. Moreover, the preference among these Japanese readers is for the more solid and substantial works, such as books of philosophy, history, and science.

Though it is hard to learn to read and write it, Japanese is an easy language to pronounce. Hence, when they come to speak English with its greater subtlety of sounds

the Japanese have a hard time. The letters "f" and "l" are generally too much for them. Their pronunciation of the word "platform," for example, is something like "prathormu" in which form it was taken into the language, where it has finally settled down to *hormu*. Another word adopted from us, though not easily recognizable, is *haikara*. This came in about the time when very high collars were being worn in New York and London and was the Japanese attempt at "high collar." It is now a part of the everyday lingo, being used, like the French word *chic*, to signify something particularly fashionable and smart.

The Japanese never lose a chance to practise their English, in season and out. Sitting on a street-car one is likely to have handed him a note from a polite young fellow requesting him to "obridge" by speaking "the Engris." Sometimes one passes a man on the street, from whom issues a stream of English words which he is planning to try out on the next Englishman or American he can get to listen to him.

We think the Japanese attempts at English exceedingly funny and do not hesitate to laugh at them. But I am quite sure that there would be just as hearty a laugh at our expense if the people of Japan were to cease being so wonderfully polite and point out some of the absurdities perpetrated by Anglo-Saxons in their struggles with Japanese.

CHAPTER X

ON THE WAY TO NIKKO

NIKKO, where I write this, is one of the most beautiful spots in all these thirty-eight hundred mountainous Japanese islands. It is a village nested among tree-covered hills. Through it rushes and foams a river of the purest mountain water, and from its slopes comes the sound of waterfalls. To-day the skies are the bluest of blue and the air has the sweet smell of April.

The great trees that tower above Nikko are cryptomerias, members of the pine family, which look somewhat like hemlocks. They are numbered by thousands and bear the evidences of having been planted long ago.

Nikko is four or five hours distant from Tokyo by rail. I left the train, however, before reaching Nikko station, that I might go by rickshaw along an avenue of these cryptomerias which is one of the wonders of Japan. The mountain road winds in and out, and in places trees, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height, form almost a wall on each side of it. Oftentimes they lean toward each other above the road and, interlocking their armlike branches, keep out the sun by their embrace. The trunks of some of the trees are twenty feet in circumference and they are broadened out at the base like the trailing dress of a giantess. Some are twins, growing out of the same bole, and I saw one cluster

of five, the trunks of which made a wall nearly one hundred feet long. Moss grew upon them, and they rose straight up sixty feet before they put forth their branches. The steep embankments along the highway were carpeted with wild flowers and ferns. At each side of the road ran streams of crystal-clear water.

Here and there the cryptomeria wall of the avenue is broken. Trees have been cut down and mean little thatched houses have been erected where once a monarch of the forest held up his head in the sunlight. I noticed, too, that at intervals in the line of the trees telephone poles had been set up. It seems strange that in artistic Japan such a thing should have been allowed, but it is in keeping with the complaints I have heard that the coming of Western civilization is doing much to destroy the beauty and charm of the country.

However that may be, I, at any rate, find Japan still full of both, and not the least of its wonders is this noble avenue of trees planted some two centuries ago. When Ieyasu, the first of the powerful shoguns of the Tokugawa line, came to die, he requested that there be erected in his honour a mausoleum more splendid than any in Japan. That was in 1616, the same year that Shakespeare made his exit from this world's stage. Ieyasu was succeeded by his son Hidetada, the shogun who excluded from the realm all foreigners, except Dutch, Koreans, and Chinese. He forbade Japanese to leave their country, drove out the Christian missionaries, and put a ban on their religion, and began for his land its two hundred and fifty years of isolation. Hidetada decided that Nikko was the most fitting spot for carrying out his father's dying wish, and accordingly let it be known to the daimio that contri-

The cyptomeria avenue at Nikko was planted by a daimio too poor to respond with money to the demand for contributions toward building the splendid mausoleum of the great shogun, Ieyasu. It was once twenty-seven miles long.

"We often had to stop to let heavy-laden packhorses go by. Their women riders rolled themselves off their mounts the instant they saw us coming."

butions for a suitable memorial were in order. Money and material poured in, the nobles vying with each other as to who should give the most for the shrine of the dead commander-in-chief and receive a corresponding amount of favour from the living ruler.

One baron, too poor to give money or timber, said that he would plant two rows of cryptomerias all the way from Utsonomiya to the mausoleum. And so there was once a time when the two lines of magnificent trees marched along for twenty-seven miles. To-day the ranks have been broken in places by storms and the axes of the peasantry, and the avenue does not now extend to the shrines, but ends abruptly where the mile-long street of the village begins. At Imaichi, four miles from Nikko, the main avenue is joined by another. This is the highway along which in the old days the special envoy of the Emperor came bearing gifts from his master to lay before the mausoleum of the great shogun.

As we proceeded along the avenue we often had to stop to let heavy-laden packhorses go by. These horses were ridden by women sitting almost on the necks of their mounts, in front of great baskets of grass or rice or wood. The instant they saw us coming up on the run, they rolled themselves off almost head first over the horses' necks. Their skins were as brown as well-roasted coffee, and their costumes would create a sensation on the bridle-paths frequented by the fashionables of Washington. Their blue cotton gowns were open at the neck and beneath them were tights which ended at the ankle. On their naked feet were bound sandals, or soles, of straw, and I noted that their horses, too, were shod in straw. The average cart or pack horse in Japan has shoes of straw

instead of iron, and once distances were measured by the number of straw shoes a man or a horse would wear out in going from one place to another. These straw horseshoes are made of rice straw braided so as to form soles for the hoofs and tied on by straw strings just below the fetlocks. Every driver has a stock of fresh shoes tied to the harness of his horse, and keeps an eye on the feet of his beast, changing the shoes as soon as they become worn. All along the country roads of Japan you will see the discarded straw shoes of men and horses. I am told that the average horseshoe will last for about an eight-mile walk.

At the wayside tea houses we generally saw one or more of the farm women resting, and they stared at me with the curiosity which is more characteristic of the Japanese than of any other people I know. In Japan tea houses are as common as hotels in Switzerland. I like sitting down on their clean floors and having the pretty Japanese girls hand me a cup of straw-coloured hot water. They kneel as they do it, and if I bow to them they respond by knocking their heads against the floor, and bow and bow and bow again. On this ride to Nikko I stopped for a meal at one of the roadside restaurants. It was quite a large place, and its two stories were covered with a sharp-ridged roof which overhung the walls by at least three feet. The floor was about eighteen inches from the ground. It had a groove an inch wide around its outer edge in which to slide in place at night the wooden outer walls. Two feet within this was the inner wall, consisting of a fine lattice screen with thin white rice paper pasted over it. This was made in sections that fitted in a groove just beyond the straw mats spread on the floor, and had

been pushed back so that the whole front of the house seemed to have vanished. As I sat down on the polished ledge outside the matting to take off my shoes, I could see myself in the mirror-like boards. Everything was as clean as though John Bunyan's precept, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," were the religion of the owner.

In my stocking-feet I was led inside. The paper walls of a room were pushed back by a maid, who, with many bows, pulled them shut again as she left me. There were no chairs and no tables in the room, and the only decoration was a scroll with a floral picture, which hung in the wall of an alcove. I squatted Japanese fashion on the floor and waited for food to be brought. First there was tea and cake and candy. The teapot was pretty and the tea excellent, but, to my taste, the sweets were too cloying. This course was laid in dishes on the floor beside me, and a moment later a little lacquered table, not quite six inches high and rather like an inverted box with holes cut in the sides, was placed before me.

As I sipped my tea a stout and friendly Japanese whom I had seen on the road, and who was lunching in another room, waddled in to look me over. He bowed deeply again and again to show his respect for me, smiled, and said "good-morning" in Japanese. As this greeting sounds exactly like "Ohio," the name of my native state, it makes me feel at home to hear it. I replied "Ohio," which is about all the Japanese I know, and smiled in return. After a dozen smiles and two or three more bows my visitor had the servant bring his lunch to my room so that he might eat it beside me. Once he got started, he devoted himself entirely to his meal, sucking in his soup with a loud

noise to show his appreciation and stowing away his food with great speed. I was soon far behind him, for I was wrestling with chopsticks. As there was nothing else to eat with, I had to make out with them as best I could. If you will take two big wooden knitting needles and eat your oatmeal or rice with them, holding them both between the thumb and first two fingers of your right hand, you will understand how well I succeeded.

The food was brought in little dishes that looked like small saucers. One item was a plate of raw fish on ice. Another consisted of half-cooked beans, and a third was a saucer of what looked like molasses, but was really soy, the sauce the Japanese use with everything. It is quite good, and the export trade in it is now large, for it forms the basis of some of our favourite sauces and relishes, among them Worcestershire. We had also pickles and green fruit. At the end came rice, brought in a little round cheese-box containing about three quarts. Rice is the Japanese bread, and at the close of every meal it is served again and again. As for me, this was about the only part of my lunch I could eat.

Feeling at least temporarily satisfied with my meal of rice, I stepped into my rickshaw once more and in a short time the muscular brown legs of my coolie were trotting into Nikko. The town is scarcely a town at all, but rather two villages straggling along the banks of a rushing river crossed by two bridges. The one long street of the first village is lined with small shops, and the keepers of some of them smiled ingratiatingly at me as I passed.

After a steady climb of some minutes my rickshaw stopped at one of the best hotels in the country. It is conducted in Western style, so that I do not have to eat Japa-

Elaborate gates mark the terraces leading up to the mausoleum of Ieyasu, the shogun who ruled Japan when Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne of England. This one is called the "Sunrise-till-dark" gate, because one can spend a day studying its wonderful details.

According to the legends, the gods, in answer to saintly prayers, sent from heaven the original bridge at Nikko. Therefore, none save the Emperor himself may pass over its sacred red lacquer span.

"Tea-houses are as common in Japan as are hotels in Switzerland. I like sitting on their clean, mat-covered floors and taking cups of straw-coloured hot water from kneeling and smiling maids."

nese food or bother with chopsticks. What is more, I have a real bed. When I looked at it I was reminded of the story I had heard on my first visit to Japan about how General and Mrs. Grant were accommodated in Nikko. They were here only about ten years after the Restoration and European-style beds and hotels were still unknown in this mountain retreat. Their host, the abbot presiding over all the Buddhist temples here, had two beds made especially for his guests. They were of generous proportions and in place of springs, the bedsteads were fitted with bands of iron plaited back and forth. However, so many soft silk sleeping cushions were piled upon this durable framework that I daresay the distinguished visitors passed a comfortable night.

From my hotel on its hilltop I can look down upon the Sacred Red Bridge across the Daiya River. It spans the stream in a sweeping curve eighty feet long. At the other end of it is the pilgrim way leading up steep slopes to the shrines and mausoleums hidden away in groves of tall cryptomerias. It is of a rich Indian red lacquer with the shine of yellow metal and the black of iron here and there. Closing it at each end are splendid gates of red, black, and gold. They are locked, for none save the Emperor himself is supposed to pass over this bridge, though small boys, of course, climb the gates and steal across after dark. The original bridge was built nearly three hundred years ago and for a long time afterward was never opened to any one except the shoguns, imperial representatives, and, twice a year, for pilgrims on their way to the shrines above it. I have heard that when the present Emperor was only the Crown Prince, even he refused to cross it, and every American is told how General Grant declined the honour

of using it, though he was invited to do so when he was at Nikko. He went over the bridge lower down the river reserved for ordinary mortals.

The Red Bridge was constructed in memory of a miracle which occurred on its site. About twelve hundred years ago Shodo Shonin, the Buddhist saint and sage, came hither in his search for the sacred mountain of Nantai-zan, the highest of the Nikko range, which he had seen in his dreams. When he was not many miles from the end of his quest, he was halted by a river in raging flood. Dropping on his knees, he prayed earnestly for help from the gods. There soon appeared on the opposite bank a divine being of enormous size. He was dressed in blue and black robes and wore a necklace of skulls. In each hand he carried a great serpent, one of them green and the other blue. These he flung out across the torrent and immediately they became a splendid bridge, upon which the saint went safely over. As soon as he had passed the snake bridge disappeared.

The bridge of to-day is not the one I saw on my first visit here. That was destroyed some twenty years ago in one of those disasters that seem always to be hanging over this volcano-born island empire. The name Nikko means "sunny splendour." In this beautiful spot, with its greenness and its waterfalls and its temples and shrines, it is easy to see the appropriateness of the "splendour," but certainly during the summer months "sunny" does not seem to apply. "For the rain it raineth every day," and by early autumn the countryside is soaked through, the streams are in flood, and landslides sometimes occur.

About eight miles up the Daiya River above Nikko and more than two thousand feet higher in the hills

lies Lake Chuzenji, one of the finest gems of natural beauty in all Japan. Mirrored in its deep blue waters are the forest-clad slopes of an extinct volcano, the sacred mountain of Nantai-zan. In the year of which I write the summer rains had been unusually heavy and landslides had occurred in several places in the Nikko region. Finally, in late September, a huge mass of volcanic soil, thickly covered with forest trees and underbrush, broke away from the sides of Nantai-zan and came rushing down into Chuzenji. As it plunged five hundred feet to the bottom of the lake, a great body of water rose and went roaring down the narrow channel of the Daiya River toward Nikko. Fortunately, there were few houses or people in the way of the onrushing wall of water, but when it reached Nikko it picked up a whole temple and a dozen or more stone Buddhas on the banks of the Daiya as if they were toys, and hurled them against the Red Bridge. The sacred structure flew into a thousand pieces and shot downstream. The two bridges below were also carried away, and for a distance of one hundred miles the river banks were strewn with wreckage.

CHAPTER XI

TEMPLE BELLS AND BUDDHAS

THIS morning I crossed the Daiya River and climbed the hillside until I stood on the spot where rises the simple tomb of Ieyasu, the greatest of the shoguns. In the days when England's red-haired queen was leading her country out of the Middle Ages, this shogun on the other side of the world was perfecting the feudal system of Japan and laying the foundations of power for his line, which ruled for more than two and a half centuries.

His tomb is simplicity itself. It is pagoda-shaped and built of bronze of a light brown colour said to have been obtained by a considerable admixture of gold. Enclosing it is a stone balustrade with bronze gates. Ieyasu's life was full of strife and action, but nothing could be quieter than his resting place. About it tower ancient cryptomerias whose thick, wide-spreading branches shut out all save thin shafts of sunlight. The silence is broken only by the murmur of a stream, by the sighing of the wind in the trees, and now and then by the sound of a bell in one of the temples below.

The tomb is at the top of a series of terraces extending up the hillside. Below it are the numerous shrines and temples and priests' quarters that compose the Ieyasu group. About half a mile away on another terraced slope is the mausoleum of Iemitsu, the grandson of Ieyasu,

who had much to do with erecting at Nikko what many consider the most perfect collection of shrines in Japan. Connected with his mausoleum, too, there are fountains and stone lanterns, towers and temples, though these are not so fine as those of his illustrious grandfather's tomb.

Altogether, the shrines of Nikko in their setting of dark green, fragrant trees are wonderfully impressive. They are rich in colour—red and gold and brass, and the copper-green hues of the roofs. The carvings with which the buildings are decorated are many and marvellously wrought. There are golden doors and gorgeous ceilings. There are white dragons and gilt dragons. There are strange-looking idols of wood and metal, and fences lacquered in vermilion. After a time one feels lost in a maze from which only a few things emerge clearly. One of these is the great hall of the Three Buddhas, before the entrance to which stands a century-old cherry tree. Within the red-and-gilt structure sit three colossal Buddhas on wide lotus flower bases which rest on lacquered platforms. At the back of the hall is a row of small blue images, among them the scowling Fudo, the god who fights devils. The eaves of the structure are hung with bronze wind bells, which give out a pleasant tinkle when a breeze swings them back and forth.

Close to the temple is a copper shaft, set up about the middle of the seventeenth century to keep away ill luck and known as the Evil-Averting column. Like the shrines and gateways, this column is decorated with the crest of the Tokugawas. Not far off are two tall bronze lanterns of the same period, which were presented by a guild of wealthy merchants. They requested that their gift be placed beside the Holy of Holies of Ieyasu's

mausoleum, but so low was the social status of merchants in those feudal days that their request was not granted. Within the temple compound is an old bronze bell, noted for its fine tenor tones. At every hour throughout the day a priest draws back the light log suspended near it and lets it strike the bell.

Japan, like all the Buddhist countries I have visited, is full of the chime of bells from its thousands of temples, but none sounds sweeter to me than does this one of Nikko, as its music is borne down the slope to me at my hotel.

In the group about the mausoleum of Iemitsu there are two threatening-looking images on guard, one on each side of a gateway. One of them is painted red and on his back is a large hoop with nine drums attached to it. The other, painted green, has a big sack on his shoulders. The red image represents the god of thunder, while the green one is the likeness of the god of the winds, which he carries in the sack across his shoulders. These idols are enclosed in wire cages and I noticed that they were blotched and spotted as if they had broken out with some kind of rash. But the spots, I found, were spitballs. Worshippers at the shrines had written their wishes on bits of paper, which they had chewed and tossed through the cages. If these stuck to the gods luck was sure to follow.

The shrines at Nikko reflect the religions of Japan, for here one sees Shinto and Buddhist temples, and others that are not entirely either Shinto or Buddhist but a mixture of both. One also catches glimpses of the ancient nature worship which the other two cults replaced. The Ieyasu shrines, which started out all Buddhist, are now under Shinto control, and those of the Iemitsu mausoleum are looked after by a Buddhist abbot.

Shinto, which means "the way of the gods," has existed in Japan since the beginning of her history. It is a mixture of nature worship and ancestor worship, and has gods and goddesses of the sun, wind, fire, food, and pestilence, of mountains and rivers and trees. Chief among all the many deities is the Sun Goddess, supposed to be the ancestress of the imperial family. Her shrine at Ise is the Mecca of Japan. Shintoism includes a belief in the immortality of the soul, but not in any system of reward and punishment after death. It teaches cleanliness of soul and body, and its chief precepts of conduct are honesty and straightforwardness. It especially inculcates reverence for the Emperor. One Shinto sect makes a specialty of reverence for the imperial family, in another the Sun Goddess is the principal object of worship, and the members of a third sect, the Jikko, whose adherents hold that Mount Fuji is the soul of the globe, vow to pray for the eternal existence of the imperial family and the nation.

The special sign of the Shinto temple or shrine is the *torii*, a kind of gateway formed by two uprights with a projecting crosspiece. One comes upon these structures at every turn and I saw many on my progress from terrace to terrace of the Ieyasu mausoleum this morning. The pure Shinto *torii*, like the pure Shinto temples, are of unpainted wood. But the Buddhists construct theirs of bronze, stone, iron, or wood painted red. Sometimes groups of these gateways, made of massive granite, are set up by people who wish to show their gratitude to the gods, while hundreds of red ones are to be seen near the shrines of Inari, the Goddess of Rice. The one that marks the entrance to a Shinto temple usually stands at the end of a

flagged stone walk which leads to the shrine. Passing beneath it, one goes on up to the temple stairs. At the right is a great stone trough of holy water under a shelter with strips of blue or white linen about a foot wide and a yard long hanging near. The worshippers wash their hands before prayer and these are the towels on which they dry them.

In a Shinto temple all is severe simplicity. At the altar are certain emblems—a round metal mirror, the symbol of truth; a rock crystal, or a precious stone, supposed to typify the purity, depth, and power of the gods; wooden wands with strips of notched paper attached to them as offerings to the gods worshipped there; and two vases filled with sacred evergreens on the branches of which are slips of paper, hung there to invoke the aid of the Unseen.

Shintoism was the religion of the Japanese when Buddhism was introduced from Korea in the sixth century, about eleven hundred years after Buddha lived and taught in India. Gautama's faith offered so much more inspiration than Shinto that its converts were soon numbered by hundreds of thousands and finally it seemed that the new doctrine would swallow up the older faith of the country. At the time of the Restoration an effort was made to suppress Buddhism entirely and to get the people to go back to pure Shinto, with its stress on emperor-worship, but the rites and beliefs of the imported religion had taken such hold and become so mixed up with those of Shintoism that the authorities finally gave up the attempt. To-day, Shintoism is regarded as a cult rather than a religion. It puts its chief emphasis on ancestor and emperor worship, and there seems to be nothing in its

Attached to some Shinto temples are young girls who fill the office of priestesses. Their duties consist principally in the performance of occasional sacred dances and they are bound by no vows of any sort.

Many of the shrines and temples of Japan are in the midst of great parks, where ancient trees have been carefully preserved. There are usually also numerous shops to tempt the pilgrim visitors to spend money.

tenets to keep one from being a Buddhist even though he may perform Shinto rites. Many homes have both Buddhist and Shinto altars. In the sense of his obligation and devotion to his Emperor, every Japanese may be said to be a Shintoist.

Again and again I have heard comments on the supposed lack of any religious faith among the Japanese. And yet no one can stay long in Japan and look upon the native religions as entirely dead. It seems to me that these people are naturally religious, and they spend enormous sums in support of their faith. While there is great liberality of thought among the upper classes, the masses are temple worshippers and every house has at least one shrine, and often two. There are in all Japan, I venture, more places of worship than in any area of like size in the United States. The religious statistics give the number of Shinto shrines as one hundred and sixteen thousand, and the number of Buddhist shrines as more than one hundred thousand. The city of Kyoto alone has almost one thousand temples. The Shinto priests are said to number nearly fifteen thousand, while there are more than fifty thousand Buddhist priests and priestesses. Certainly this population of nearly sixty millions does not lack either spiritual leaders or houses of worship. Moreover, on every trip I have made in Japan I have seen pilgrims bound for this shrine or that, or on their way to one or another of the sacred mountains.

Furthermore, the Japanese make sacrifices for the sake of their religion. Take, for example, the great Higashi Hongwanji temple at Kyoto. This was erected by one of the strongest of the twelve or fourteen different Bud-

dhist sects of Japan with voluntary contributions from the people. It cost eight million dollars, and was sixteen years in building. It covers about as much ground as the Capitol at Washington, and nine hundred and fifty yards of matting are needed to carpet its floor.

The Higashi Hongwanji has an income of about two hundred thousand dollars a year. At one time the temple needed a loan of eighty thousand dollars for a term of six months, and it is said that one of the Japanese banks advanced the money, taking the key of the contribution box as security. At the end of every week the bank sent an official to the temple, and long before the loan was due, the collections had more than equalled the amount of principal and interest combined.

When the priests sent forth their requests for contributions to build the great edifice, gifts poured in. Those who had no money contributed timber, silk, grain, stone, or their services. On my first visit to Japan the building of the temple was just getting well under way and I remember that there were at Kyoto not only carpenters but wood carvers and other artists who had come from all parts of the country to give their best workmanship to the glory of "Lord Buddha."

Even more remarkable were the contributions of the women, although Buddhism as a religion has but little esteem for their sex. One of the Buddhist sects has a saying that the sins of the so-called good woman are greater than those of the thousand worst men who have ever lived. Nevertheless, Buddhism is supported largely by women. I see them tramping in crowds on pilgrimages to the various shrines. I find them praying by the roadsides, and they are in evidence in every temple. To the

Higashi Hongwanji the women of Japan not only gave their work, but two hundred thousand of them cut off their hair as an offering to Buddha. From these tresses there were twisted and braided twenty-nine immense cables, one of which was two hundred feet long and measured sixteen inches around. On my first visit I actually saw these strange hawsers being used to drag the big pillars and beams to their places.

Several of the hair ropes are still preserved in the temple, and I have had a chance to examine them carefully. Some were so large that when I tried to clasp them with my hands my thumbs and fingers would not meet. They looked as dry as ropes of Manila hemp; for all the oil has long ago gone out of the hair. They were made of the locks of women of all ages and conditions in life, and the silky black hair of maidens was twined in and out with the whitened locks of old women. When it is remembered that the hair of the Japanese girl is her chief vanity and that she prizes it far more highly than our maidens do theirs it will be seen what this offering meant. Moreover, in those days it was the custom for widows to cut off their hair, so that the sacrifice made all those thousands of women appear to be widows. The young men were superstitious about marrying short-haired girls, and thus those who had shorn their locks had to wait a year or two before they could hope to get husbands.

Other evidences of the piety of the Japanese are the statues of Buddha of all sizes which are to be found everywhere in the country. Some were set up by individuals in gratitude for good fortune, some were erected by popular contributions, and others were made for the greater glory of some shogun. I remember seeing at Hyogo a Bud-

dha erected in 1891 by a paper manufacturer who had made a lot of money and wished to show the gods that he was appreciative of their help.

The three largest and most famous Buddhas in Japan are the ones at Nara, at Kyoto, and at Kamakura, which are much older than the Hyogo Buddha. I have seen them all. That of Kyoto is made of wood covered with gilt and gaudy paint, and is all head and shoulders. Its ugly face is thirty feet wide, its eyes are each five feet long, and it measures forty-three feet across the shoulders. It weighs sixty-three tons and is about the size of a haystack. The bronze Buddha of Nara is the biggest in Japan. It stands in a building filling a space larger than the dome of the Capitol at Washington. It sits upon a lotus flower of solid bronze against a background of carved gold. The flower is big enough for the foundation of a good sized house, and each of the lotus petals would carpet a large room. The statue is symmetrical and the face expresses contentment and repose. This figure was set up along about the time that little Mohammed, the founder of the great religion that bears his name, was a half-naked boy playing in the sands of Arabia.

Everyone has heard of the Buddha at Kamakura, a town two hours' ride from Tokyo. This is one of the great art works of the world. I have spent a week in its shadow. It is an immense sitting figure made of bronze plates so fitted together that it looks as though it had been chiselled out by a sculptor. The image is as high as a five-story house, and from knee to knee it measures thirty-five feet. Its eyes, which are of gold, are more than three feet in length; while the ears are so long that if you stood in the hole of one of the lobes you could

not reach to the top. This Buddha has a mouth a yard wide and its face is eight feet long.

The beautiful head is covered with what look like curls, but what the Japanese tell us represent snails. Tradition says that Buddha was so kind to all animal creation that the snails showed their gratitude by crawling upon his head to shield him from the sun. There are more than eight hundred such snails on the Kamakura Buddha's head, and each of them is nine inches high. In the centre of the forehead is the bump representing Buddha's wisdom shedding radiance over the world. It is a solid lump of silver weighing thirty pounds. The wonderful peace and benignity of its expression make this one of the most celebrated Buddhas on earth. To reproduce this huge figure to-day would tax the skill of our greatest artists and metal workers, yet it was made by the Japanese two hundred years before Columbus started across the Atlantic on the quest that brought him to the New World.

The Kamakura image has no roof above it save the blue sky. Once it was protected by a huge temple, which was the religious centre of a city of a million souls. But two years after Columbus sighted land in the West Indies, a tidal wave swept over the city, killing thousands of people and taking with it the abode of the great statue. The earthquake of 1923 jolted the image itself a few feet out of place and months of labour were required to restore it to its former position on its lotus flower pedestal.

The disestablishment of Buddhism as the state religion at the time of the restoration of the Emperor led to the loss of many priceless art treasures. The priests, cut off from government revenues, resorted to all sorts of means for gaining a livelihood. Some of them began to sell

the beautiful things from the temples, and costly carvings, bronze bells, and embroideries that had been noted in Japan for centuries were sold for whatever they would bring. Some of the bronzes and bells had gold and silver in their composition, having been cast out of the offerings of the people, and when these failed to bring the value of the precious metals they contained, they were melted down by the priests. The government, however, collected as many of the temple treasures as possible, and in some cases fine works that had been taken to Europe were bought back at extravagant prices.

Nowadays the priests eke out a living in all kinds of ways. They rent quarters to tourists, sell good-luck charms, and tell fortunes. The other day, for instance, the cupboard of a friend of mine was attacked by ants. For weeks they came in legions and the food was covered with them. Though the cook took them out by the handful and drowned them, still other hordes swarmed in. Then paper was pasted over the inside of the cupboard; but they ate through this, and doubled their numbers. My friend's maid said: "Master, I drive ants away! I know how fix them." The next day she appeared with a half-dozen strips of paper on which were written lines of Japanese characters. She said they were from the priest, and that the words warned the ants to go away. She pasted them up in the closet, and my friend assures me that, strange to say, he has not seen an ant there since. I took a look at the cupboard yesterday and saw the priest's papers; but there were no ants.

It is astonishing what faith the Japanese have in fortune telling. Many of them, even among the upper classes, will not undertake a marriage or a journey, build a house,

or cut a gateway without consulting a fortune teller. I heard recently of a Japanese woman of means and position who wanted to build a new wall around her house. In talking of this project to an American friend she lamented that the priest had said that it would be bad luck to begin it in the summer as she had planned, and advised her to wait until early winter. As the wall was to be of stone, following this advice would mean that the cement might freeze and the work would be retarded in every way. When urged by her friend to pay no attention to mere superstition, the Japanese replied, "No, I feel that I must do as he says. I have consulted still another fortune teller and he told me to begin the wall at a different time, but I have decided to go by the first one." And as it fell out, the great earthquake occurred soon after this conversation so that if the wall had been built in the summer it would have been destroyed.

Three centuries ago there was a big Christian element in the Empire. The Jesuits, following the lead of the Portuguese missionaries, Saint Francis Xavier and Kasper, who came to the country in 1549, converted the people by thousands, and at one time there were said to be six hundred thousand professing Christians here. But later the tide turned, Christianity was wiped out, and the converts were massacred by the thousands.

As a result of the modern missionary movement there are to-day about two hundred thousand native Christians in Japan, who number less than one half of one per cent. of the entire population. Nevertheless, the Christian influence is much stronger here than one would gather from the statistics. The Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A., the Christian colleges and schools, and

the temperance societies are doing a great deal of social service work. Furthermore, the missionaries have been so active that they have stirred the Buddhists to imitation. There are now Buddhist societies modelled after the Christian organizations, and the zeal of the Buddhist priests in trying to gain new recruits to their faith is having a good effect in turning people's minds to the consideration of questions of morals and conduct.

One of the famous Buddhas of the world is the huge bronze image of Kamakura. The "curls" on its head represent the snails, which, according to tradition, once gathered upon Gautama's head, shielding it from the broiling sun.

Both the inner and outer walls of the Japanese house are built in sections and slide in grooves, so that they can be pushed back or removed altogether. Those shown here consist of a framework covered with translucent paper.

CHAPTER XII

TWO AMERICANS IN A JAPANESE HOUSE

IT WAS in the Irimachi section of Nikko, across the Red Bridge from the Kanaya Hotel, that I once lived for a time in a real Japanese house. My wife was travelling with me, and, since in those days hotel accommodations at Nikko were poor, this seemed the most comfortable way to enjoy the beauties of the spot. As the house was absolutely typical of the average Japanese home of to-day, I can tell you just what it is like to live in the style of Japan.

Ours was the prettiest cottage in the village. It belonged to one of the town's wealthiest men, who had made a fortune selling the delicious candy of crushed beans jellied with sugar which is a specialty of Nikko. At the time of our stay his confectionery kitchen was turning out three hundred pounds a day. The house we occupied had been put up for the manufacturer's bald-headed father, but the old man had refused to live there alone, and so it was for rent at a moderate figure. Its seven rooms were all on one floor, and it was situated not far from the rushing waters of the Daiya River in full view of the Red Bridge.

Of course, there was a garden; for every Japanese house, even though it may have but a few feet of earth about it, has some kind of garden. Our little plot was threaded by a brook, crossed here and there by small rustic bridges. There was no grass, but in places there was a

mossy growth, through which ran well-trodden paths. When we went into the garden we were supposed to put on the special clogs provided for us as part of the house furnishings. They were without the usual crosspieces underneath, which would have cut up the ground. As for wearing heeled shoes in the cherished spot, that would have been almost a sacrilege. The space was small, yet so skilfully had it been treated that it looked much larger than it actually was. The trees had been dwarfed and their limbs had been gnarled and twisted into all sorts of picturesque shapes. An old cedar stump had the shoots growing from it trained so that they looked almost like a hat-rack. Big rocks had been clothed with moss, and ferns feathered the tree trunks. One upright boulder had been turned into a stone lantern by the carved cap and ball placed on top. In the holes and cracks of another grew a clump of bushes. At the right of the pathway from the house was a shrine in which were two stone foxes, symbols of the Rice Goddess such as are to be found in many gardens of Japan.

The Japanese are far ahead of the rest of the world in landscape gardening. The art has been practised here for hundreds of years, but especially since the fifteenth century, when it received great stimulus from a learned Buddhist monk. Every effect of trees, shrubs, water, and stones has careful planning back of it. The ideal is usually the reproduction of some famous landscape. Flowers do not play so prominent a part as with us, and indeed are often wholly lacking. When they are used they are transplanted as soon as they are through blooming, and replaced by others. Stones of different shapes and sizes are of great importance in the general scheme. Sometimes

a rock of special beauty or peculiar formation is bought for as much as two hundred dollars, and it may be transported for hundreds of miles before it is set in exactly the spot in some rich man's garden where it will give the desired effect. I have heard of a master gardener who had in a walled space a collection of stones, ranging in size from rounded pebbles picked up on river banks to great jagged masses thrown out by some distant volcano. For hours every day he studied his collection, deciding on the specimens that would fit best into the garden he happened to be making. Perhaps, like the banished Duke in "As You Like It," he found "sermons in stones."

Because they have so often to get the effect of spaciousness in small compass, the Japanese have brought to perfection the art of dwarfing trees and plants. From the earliest days they have possessed the secret of growing tiny trees in pots, and nowadays this industry is the secondary occupation of many a Japanese farmer. It is hard to believe that the foot-high, gnarly pine rooted in a crack in a rock in some householder's garden may be one hundred years old or more. Such trees are kept back by various means, and may have been lovingly tended by the owner's father and grandfather before him. During the various flower festivals throughout the year dwarf trees and plants, such as miniature plum trees in full blossom, are to be had at the florist shops and on the streets. Particularly fine specimens often bring from eighty to one hundred dollars. Some of the famous Japanese collections contain hundreds of old dwarf trees.

The garden of our Nikko home lay on the south side of the house and the best rooms faced it, while the kitchen was at the front. I remember that whenever we came

home in a rickshaw, our coolie would call out as we rolled up to the door, "Honourably returned!" Then the servants would come out to bow and smile and help us with our things. The cottage had an overhanging roof of tiles, which was heavy in comparison with the rest of the structure, but which would not, we were assured, be a source of danger in case of an earthquake. These Japanese architects know exactly what they are about, for they have worked out the details of their house-building with a careful regard to such disturbances. Beneath the overhanging roof and between the outer wooden walls and the inner screens of lattice-work and paper was the veranda. Its boards shone as brightly as any lacquer and it was kept in this state during our whole stay. The maid would wring out her cloth in the bath water, wipe the boards, and polish them again and again by skating over them in her foot-mittens.

The outer walls were wooden shutters which moved in grooves and were put away in a box at the corner of the house during the day. At night they were fitted into place and we were shut up tight against both fresh air and burglars. If we tried to slip one aside, the village watchman was sure to come along soon afterward and close it with a bang. In Japan, where, as I have said, burglary is severely punished, the thief takes no chances but goes armed to kill and does not hesitate to make deadly use of his weapon. On the other hand, the law does not excuse the householder who kills a robber on his premises; so that if a thief enters your house, the best thing to do is to keep perfectly quiet and feign sleep while he takes what he wants.

We lived within the interior walls of paper, called the

shoji. They, too, moved in grooves so that we could slide them back and gain a view of the beautiful surroundings of mountain and valley, of rushing water and evergreen hills. These *shoji* were beauties in their way. A frieze of wooden fretwork two feet wide and lined with paper extended round the house. Beneath this were the sliding latticed screens of white-wood. They were about three feet wide and six feet high, and each of them contained one hundred and fifteen panes of paper about two inches wide by four inches long. The frames in which they stood were so well made that they seemed to be in one piece, and in fact the whole house was as neatly put together as the product of a cabinet maker. When the screens were closed a soft light came in through them.

As one can well imagine, in houses where there are children the paper panes are often broken. It is interesting to notice how the Japanese patch the breaks too small to necessitate pasting in a whole new pane. Instead of sticking on an ugly square bit of paper as we might do, they will cut a piece in the form of a flower petal or some other pleasing shape and place it over the puncture, or "punc," as they call it, having adopted half of our word. Sometimes a curious child or even a grown-up, for that matter, will moisten a finger and with it work a tiny peephole in the paper so as to get a look at the person on the other side of a closed *shoji*. More than once when I have been staying at a native inn out in the country, I have looked up to catch sight of a pink finger coming through the paper wall of my apartment.

The sliding screens between the rooms of our house were of paper also, but they were much thicker than the *shoji* and not translucent. In some of the old Japanese castles

and in the homes of the wealthy these partition walls are decorated with wonderful paintings by Japan's best artists. The side walls of our cottage were of plain white, broken by the strips of unpainted wood; the panelled ceilings were of beautifully grained pine.

The floors of the house were covered with mats, each of which was three feet wide and six feet long. They were two inches thick and were bound with black. So closely were they fitted together that the effect was of ivory-white panels separated from each other by black lines. Such mats are the carpets of all Japan. They are always of the three-by-six dimensions, and the size of a room is estimated by the number of mats required to cover it. Thus an apartment measuring twelve by fifteen feet is a ten-mat room. The mats are made of rice straw bound together and sewed. Over one side of this foundation is placed a closely woven white matting of rushes fastened on with a strip of brown, black, or white material which forms a border an inch wide. In the homes of the well-to-do the mats are covered twice a year, or they may be turned so as to bring the clean underside uppermost. As the mats are expensive, costing from one to two dollars each, the poor use theirs until they are worn out. Sometimes, too, they cannot afford to have those with tape bindings. Landlords of rented houses are required by law to renew the floor coverings at stated intervals. The mat business is one of the characteristic industries of Japan. Along the streets one sees men sewing away on them with huge needles, doing by hand all the work on the stiff, heavy articles.

Twice a year every householder is compelled to have a thorough cleaning up. Then the mats are taken out and

beaten, with resulting clouds of dust that must be responsible for many bad colds and other ills, though I believe the primary object of the law is plague prevention. In the big cities these periodical house-cleanings are carried on by sections at a time. The household furnishings are set out in the street and the police go about inspecting, to see that a thorough job has been done. In the old days the shogun's overseers went through the towns armed with dusters on long poles which they thrust into corners to see that no dust had been left undisturbed.

The entrance hall of our house at Nikko was a little vestibule with a resting-seat of highly polished wood resembling mahogany, where our visitors took off their shoes before they came in. We had there also little closets for keeping the shoes or wooden clogs of callers. Among our visitors were many Japanese, including the family of our host, who sometimes came to see us barefooted. Standing in the vestibule one could look clear through the house, and the partitions were so arranged that all the rooms could be thrown into one. Nearly every room contained large closets, which were opened by pushing back sliding doors of the most beautiful paper set in frames of black lacquer.

Just as a fine mantel or window may be the special feature of one of our rooms at home, the alcove is the principal thing about the chief room of a Japanese house. Upon it are lavished much thought and care. The wood for it is the best the house-owner can afford and is often a source of real delight on account of the beauty of its graining, fitting, and finish. In this recess is hung a single picture on a scroll, and beneath it is placed some object of art, such as a bronze vase with a spray of

flowers, an exquisite piece of porcelain, a fine bit of carving, or perhaps a dwarf tree in a pot. In Japan the caller is seated where he can look into the alcove, and since praises of its contents and effect are quite in order, and are even expected of him, he does not have to fall back upon the weather to start his conversation.

From time to time the decorations of the alcove are changed, others being brought out from the owner's store of possessions. Many Japanese homes have attached to them supposedly fireproof storehouses, or godowns, where the art objects accumulated through generations are kept. The priceless treasures in the godowns of such wealthy families as the Mitsuis are, I imagine, enough to drive a collector to despair. Among the irreparable losses in the great fire in Tokyo was that of the millions of dollars' worth of beautiful things destroyed in such warerooms.

The grouping of the flowers in the vase beneath the scroll in the alcove is not the result of accident but represents an artistic achievement, for flower arrangement is one of the arts of Japan. Many books have been written about it, and it is regularly taught by masters. They give instructions in such matters as the symbolism of flowers, why the narcissus and the iris should not be put together, why sprays of red berries should never be placed in the room of a guest, how to force water into the stems of lotuses with a syringe so that they will stand upright, and many far more abstruse matters. The professional flower arranger cares more for line than for colour, and will bend and snip until the twigs and stems conform to the plan he has in mind. We nip off the brown dead leaves from our cut flowers, but the Japanese sometimes singe a leaf so that a spray may look more natural. Japan has flowers in

The kitchen of a Japanese house is often at the front, so that with outer and inner walls rolled back the housewife works away on the veranda under the gaze of passersby.

Few Americans can get used to sleeping Japanese fashion on a thick quilt on the floor, without sheets, and with the pillow of wood padded with paper which keeps the Japanese lady's coiffure from getting mussed.

bloom almost all the year round, from the opening of the plum blossoms in the light snows of late February to the unfolding of the chrysanthemums in November. Thus there is usually some flower in season and perhaps this is why the Japanese do not like forced blossoms.

Except for the alcove and its decorations the Japanese room is just about bare. In our house at Nikko there were no chairs, no tables, and no stoves. We had no pictures, and we looked in vain for a bed. The kitchen had no range, but our dinners were cooked on little square boxes of charcoal, each of which was only large enough for a single dish. There was running water in the kitchen, and this served as a refrigerator for the cooling of our drinks and fruit.

After a time we became used to the bareness of our Japanese home and began to think of an American house with its furniture, its pictures, and its accumulation of things, as being a rather cluttery place. Numbers of Japanese now recognize the usefulness of Western furniture, and many of the well-to-do homes have European rooms, but Western and Japanese furnishings are never put together in one room.

We had a maid servant and a man cook. The maid was a character; tall and straight, she evidently thought herself a very bright Japanese. She bumped her head upon the matting whenever we entered the house, and got down on all-fours when she brought anything to us. She prepared the bath, kept the house clean, and served as ladies' maid to my wife. The cook knew how to prepare European food and was so good at his job that we had few housekeeping cares. Each day he presented a list of what he needed, and at the end of the week

he turned in his accounts. Neither the cook nor the maid knew much English, but we managed very well. Indeed, I have seldom been better served than I was by these two.

In their own country Japanese servants add greatly to the comfort of their employers. The cook does not mind how much company one has and none of the servants thinks he must have a day off every week, though all of them require time to make several visits weekly to the public baths, and the maids must be allowed to go to the hairdresser now and then. But one must know how to get along with these native servants. They will not endure being scolded and want to be treated as friends of the family, which they usually are. When it comes to tips, delicacy is required, for they do not like to accept money unless it is clear that it is a present. In tipping the servants at a house where one has been entertained, the proper thing is to get for each a special envelope marked to indicate that the contents is a gift and convey the money in this. Otherwise their feelings will be hurt and they may refuse it.

As to our sleeping arrangements at Nikko, we had to provide our own sheets. The Japanese have but one kind of bedding, comforts about two inches thick and six feet square. They lie on one or more of these flat on the floor, and pull another over them. As a rule they use no sheets We found about ten of these quilts in our house, and we spread one on top of the other until the bed would have satisfied even that princess whose flesh was so sensitive that she could detect the presence of a pea under five feather beds. Then we rolled up others and used them for pillows instead of the blocks of wood padded with layers of paper on which the Japanese rest their

heads. There are fleas by the millions in Japan, but on the tops of our sheets we sprinkled insect powder, and thus protected from intruders, we slept soundly, lulled to rest by the music of the brook in our garden.

In the morning we would find our bath ready for us. The bathroom had running water and contained a deep wooden tub in the back of which ran a great pipe filled with burning charcoal. This heated the water almost to boiling. We had trouble in persuading our maid that we preferred to bathe alone. She appeared to think it her duty to assist us both in dressing and undressing. In a Japanese bath one does his soaping and scrubbing first, rinsing off with warm water in a pail before stepping into the steaming tub. Then he soaks and soaks, enjoying the deep hot water and the satiny feel of the wood. On chilly days this is about the only time he is comfortably warm.

Our stay at Nikko was during the autumn, and one cold morning gave us a foretaste of Japan in the winter. The sole heating arrangements of the house were the native charcoal braziers around which we shivered. These are large boxes, about the size of a soap box, lined with copper and filled with ashes, in the centre of which burns a little pile of charcoal. Hugging these on that cold morning we longed for the bright blaze of an American fireplace. When it is chilly in Japan one is reminded of Pierre Loti's saying that this is a tropical land that has moved north but has not yet realized what has happened to it. Throughout the country its wood and paper houses are heated only by these charcoal braziers, and though in cold weather the people put on heavy wadded kimonos, they are still, I should think, far from knowing what real comfort in winter is like.

Our house was not without its religious features. In the wall of the principal room was a shrine lined with gilt paper, in which sat a fat gilt god with his hands on his knees. The names of the ancestors of the family were painted on the wooden sticks ranged around him, and before him were little cups of rice and tiny saucers of candy. During our stay, we did not attend to the nourishment of the image; the rice grew mouldy, the candy turned stale, and neither was replenished. Still, the landlord and his family seemed not to bear any ill will toward us for our neglect of the shrine, for when we left they sent us on our way with presents and enough bows to have satisfied the Emperor himself.

CHAPTER XIII

BY RAIL THROUGH THE RICE-FIELDS

I AM flying along on a train from Tokyo to Nagoya, the fifth largest city in Japan. Coming down to the capital from the heights and the coolness of Nikko, I caught the express that makes the two-hundred-and-thirty-mile run in about seven hours.

I am travelling on the Tokaido line, which was named for the Tokaido, or "Eastern Sea Road," the highway between Kyoto and Tokyo. In the days when the shoguns ruled at Yedo and the Emperor lived at the old capital, the main stream of the life of Japan flowed over this road. Twice a year many daimio came over it, attended by their splendid retinues, to pay their respects to the shogun. Between Tokyo and Kozu the railway crosses the thoroughfare now and then, and as my train steamed along I could see that to-day, where once the lordly barons were borne in their palanquins, their descendants were being driven in luxurious motor cars.

Sometimes, as we follow the windings of the track, we come upon views of the sunlit Pacific, while at the right is majestic Fuji rising from a plain to a height of more than twelve thousand feet above the level of the ocean. On a clear day it is visible for a hundred miles out at sea. At Gotemba numbers of Japanese pilgrims left the train to begin the ascent to that sacred height which, I have been told, every native of Japan feels it is his duty to reach at

least once during his lifetime. There is a proverb to the effect that "There are two kinds of fools in Japan: those who have never climbed Fuji and those who have climbed it twice." Nearly all the pilgrims were clad in white and wore mushroom hats of bamboo. Each carried on his back a piece of matting, to serve as bed and protection from the weather, and across his shoulders were slung extra pairs of straw sandals, for those on his feet will wear out quickly on the sharp volcanic clinkers. All had staffs, and tiny bells tinkled at their belts.

Now we have left behind the city of Shizuoka, where the great shogun Ieyasu lived before he founded Yedo and where he spent his latter years in peace. Here, too, the last of all the shoguns, having surrendered his power to the Emperor Meiji, went into retirement.

Tea shrubs clothe the hillsides, for Shizuoka prefecture is the great tea district of Japan. I notice girls with heads tied up in blue-and-white cloths picking the leaves. From the pipes sticking up from the farmhouses smoke curls toward the blue sky. Hereabouts every cottage is a tea factory.

Like nearly all of the six thousand miles of railways in Japan, the Tokaido is owned and operated by the government. The track is narrow gauge, being but three and a half feet wide, so that even on this express the speed does not average above twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. The coaches are smaller than those to which we are accustomed in America.

I have travelled both first and second class in Japan, but have never felt that I could stand third class. Those coaches are crowded to suffocation, and are without toilet facilities. Everyone smokes, as is done in many of the

better cars as well. As for that, second-class, and in some cases first-class coaches, become far from attractive at the end of a few hours of travelling. While the Japanese are the souls of neatness in their homes, they are extremely careless on the trains. Banana skins, lunch boxes, orange peels, and bottles are thrown on the floor; the passengers spread themselves out in all sorts of attitudes and go to sleep on the seats, which run the length of the cars; babies are nursed frequently and unblushingly by their mothers. In railway cars here I have more than once seen a Japanese man change from European clothes to kimono in the presence of ladies, utterly undisturbed as he undressed down to his scanty underwear and made himself comfortable for the journey. Sometimes his wife would assist in the process with the most solicitous attention.

To-day I have taken a seat in a parlour car. It has long green sofas under the windows, with an aisle through the centre. Overhead are upper berths like those of our Pullman cars. There are eight lowers on these sofas and an equal number of uppers above them. In the middle of the aisle are three brass spittoons which are cleaned every hour by the train boy. At one end is the lavatory and at the other is a little airy compartment where meals may be had. I may, however, buy my food at a station, for in Japan peddlers come to the cars at every stop with hot tea and cold lunches. The tea is served fresh, the green leaves being dropped into a pot and hot water poured on while you look. It is then covered and a cup turned upside down on the top. You can take it into the car with you and carry pot and all home if you like. The lunches are put up in little pine boxes an inch thick, four inches

wide, and six inches long. Two such boxes contain one lunch. The upper one may have several slices of omelet, some vegetables, and seaweed dried and cooked. On the top are chopsticks made of fresh pine wood. You have to split them apart before you use them, thus proving that they have not been left over from some previous meal. In the lower box there is about a pint of the whitest Japanese rice, well steamed but cold. As to the dining-car meals, they are all foreign style, with plates, knives, and forks and the usual accompaniments of an American restaurant car.

On this car slippers are furnished the passengers. It is funny to see a Japanese man stride in dressed in European style, change to a kimono, and then clap his hands sharply, calling out "Srippa" at the top of his voice. The train attendant, who has the English word "Boy" on his collar, brings them at once. He wears a cap, a blue uniform with bright buttons, and white gloves—even the engineers on Japanese locomotives wear white gloves. The train boy is at the beck and call of everybody, yet he never seems to lose his patience. He wipes our shoes, brings us fans with hotel advertisements on them, buys us papers, or fruit, or tea, or boxes of lunch from the green-capped vendors, and, in short, makes himself generally useful. Our guard, who speaks English, wears a red band on his sleeve. He is most polite and looks out for our comfort in every way.

For some time now we have been slipping along through the rice-fields. In places women in enormous bamboo hats are bent double setting out the shoots in the mud. Someone has said that our poetic expression "knee-deep in June," has another meaning in Japan; for early summer is

Fujiyama, one of the world's most beautiful mountains, and perhaps the finest sight in all Japan, is girdled by a series of lakes in which its snow-white form is reflected.

In summer all Japan is full of whiteclad pilgrims going with beads, staff, and bell from shrine to shrine. Every year thousands ascend the steeps of Fuji, for every Japanese wishes to reach its sacred heights at least once in his lifetime.

the time for rice planting and the countryside is full of people knee-deep in the muddy fields. The odour from the land comes in through the car windows and, for reasons I shall mention later, it is far from pleasant. There are flowers everywhere and even along the ridge poles of the straw-thatched huts of the peasants are rows of purple iris in full bloom.

The rice-fields are among Japan's greatest beauties. In summer they are as green as the emerald shores of Ireland in springtime, and they are divided into little crazy patchwork garden-beds surrounded by low mud walls to keep the water on them. On the walls grow rows of peanuts or beans, for no inch of soil can be wasted in this overcrowded land. Here and there in spots unsuited to the cultivation of the precious rice are small clusters of water-lilies, whose roots are prized for their delicate flavour, which is said to be not unlike that of chestnuts. Among the green blades of the rice plants sparkles the water about their roots. As the rice crop comes to maturity toward the end of the summer it turns to the rich golden yellow of an American wheatfield and at such times I have seen the fields fringed with a border of blood-red wild lilies. The whole looks like a flower-garden made by design, rather than the fields of the farmer.

In preparing the land for rice growing the ground is first turned with a Japanese mattock, a piece of iron set in a wooden handle. The space must be levelled for irrigation, so that the water will not be too deep here or too shallow there. Sometimes the top soil is taken off, the ground underneath is tamped down, and then the soil removed is spread on once more. The seeds are sowed in watery beds and are carefully protected from insect pests.

While the seedlings are growing the farmer and his family are getting ready the larger fields in which they will be set out. Within two months after sowing the young sprouts have grown from four to six inches high, and are ready to be transplanted.

It is considered best at harvest time to turn the water off the fields, and then the drained area is planted to some other crop, such as wheat or barley. More than half the rice land of Japan can be dried off and made to produce second crops of such grains. In the spring the water is let in again and after the big clods have had a chance to soak they are broken up, sometimes by the tread of a cow or horse, but more often by human labour. Finally they are in a porridgy state, though never porridge smelled or looked like a Japanese paddy field. The sludge is black and has been heavily fertilized not only with vegetable matter and chemical fertilizers but with human waste as well. Though considerable quantities of so-called "artificial" fertilizers are used, they are expensive and there is little manure from animals, because there are few domestic beasts in this country. The night soil is carried daily from the farmer's house to the covered hogshead or concrete tank sunk in the field for its collection, whence it is scattered over the fields as needed.

This kind of fertilizer is sometimes fetched as much as ten miles from the towns. The Japanese cities, including Tokyo, know not sewage disposal such as is common even in our villages. Formerly the waste was removed from the houses in the capital by men bearing tubs slung at the ends of shoulder yokes. Now the tubs, four to six at once, are rolled to the homes on two-wheeled handcarts. In some instances ox-drawn vehicles carrying

more than a dozen tubs are used. At any hour of the day an army of labourers may be seen going about Tokyo to empty the private reservoirs of the city, which smells for the time worse than the slums of Naples. This night soil is carted to the field tanks, in which it is left to ferment until it is ready for use. Not only the rice crop but all Japanese agriculture depends largely upon the application of this kind of fertilizer. Its effectiveness is shown by the fact that with its help the soil continues to return big yields though it has been planted to exhausting crops for centuries.

I can think of no more disagreeable task than that of the farm girls and women of Japan when they set out the young rice plants in muck such as I have described. They stand in the water over their ankles planting from four to eight sprouts in a bunch. Thirty-six bunches are put down in every six square feet of land, and I have heard that a woman who has the sprouts handed to her can put in as many as one thousand an hour. Everybody helps, including the neighbours whose plants are not yet ready to be set out. Children too young to be at school are often neglected while their mothers are at work in the fields, and during planting time there are frequent cases of the little ones falling into the irrigation ditches and being drowned. Someone has suggested the advisability of central day nurseries for farmers' children in this season.

Japan is so well watered that much of the land can be easily irrigated. There are reservoirs which catch the flow of mountain streams, and from them the water is taken from one level to another through winding ditches until it is spread over a great area. It is raised from one field to another, in many cases by human labour, and one of the

common sights out in the country is the bare-legged coolie walking up a wheel, which, by its continuous turning, raises the water a few feet and pours it into a spout that empties into an adjoining field. The coolie will go on with this dog-churn motion for days at a time, and will thus wear out the soles of his feet for a wage of less than a dollar a day.

Every process of rice culture in Japan is laborious in the extreme. There must be four weedings in the hottest part of summer, and while sometimes the farmer uses a hoe for this work, more often the weeds are pulled up out of the sludge by hand and then laid back in the mud so that they will rot and help to enrich the soil.

Harvest time extends from the middle of September in the north of Japan to the end of October in the south. The grain is cut with hand sickles and the sheaves are hung heads down on racks set up in the fields. In threshing the ears are pulled first one way and then another through a horizontal row of steel teeth, or the straw is beaten over a table or a barrel. Winnowing is usually done in the old way—that is, one person pours the threshed rice out of a big basket held high while another fans the falling grains to blow away the chaff; sometimes this blowing is left to the winds. It is pretty to see two Japanese maidens at this work; their movements are so graceful and exact. The grain is husked in a hand mill, often made of hardened clay with numbers of wooden teeth that rub against the kernels and take off the hard outer coat. This process yields the unpolished rice, which is more wholesome than the more popular kind, from which the gray outer coat has been pounded off in a mortar hollowed out of a log, or removed in small power-driven polishing mills.

In Japan "As good as the rice" is an expression synonymous with our phrase "as good as the wheat" and full rice bags are the sign of wealth. On the back of national bank-notes there is a picture of a jolly old man seated on two rice bags and with a bag on his back. This is Daikoku, god of fortune, more worshipped by the Japanese than almost any other. You will find an image of him in the dwelling of every poor man, and in almost every store.

In the landscape flying past my car window I miss the sight of cows and sheep and horses, so familiar in the American countryside. In all Japan there are not more than a million and a half head of cattle, sheep, hogs, and goats. Compare this, for example, with the forty million head of livestock in Great Britain, which has approximately the same area as Japan proper. For one thing, since Buddhism, with its teachings regarding the sacredness of life, became the religion of so many of the Japanese, they have not been a meat-eating people. For another, it takes more land to support stock than the farmers feel they can spare. Even near the towns and cities, where dairy cattle are kept to supply milk and butter, the cows are never seen grazing in the fields, but are kept in barns and fed. Again, the average holdings of the country are too small to need work animals in their cultivation. Only three persons in a hundred cultivate as much as eight acres, and while, as I have said, the average farm is but two and one half acres, at least four million farmers have less than this amount of land.

About one third of the farmers own the land they till, another third rent some land to supplement their tiny holdings, while the rest are exclusively renters. The

tenant farmer on irrigated land pays more than half of his best rice in rent. If he rents dry land, he must pay cash to the landlord. There is great dissatisfaction among the tenant farmers over the high rentals charged, and the fact that they have actually put their protests into words is significant of the rise of the Japanese tiller of the soil in recent years from his former extremely low estate.

So well has human muscle developed the land of Japan that the most amazing yields are wrested from the little plots. The average crop of rice per acre is thirty-three bushels. Where they can get two crops a year, as is the case in the south, some growers raise forty bushels, or even sixty. For barley, the yield averages thirty bushels, and for wheat the average is twenty bushels. The national rice crop comes to about two hundred and fifty millions of bushels, but consumption runs ahead of this, so that some six or seven million bushels are imported annually, most of it from Indo-China. The Japanese dislike Burma rice, which lacks the fatty flavour of the home-grown varieties. At the time of the Tokyo earthquake, when we sent over tons of our own rice, the people could hardly be induced to eat it. It had been grown on land drier than that of their own paddy fields, and the Japanese consider dry-land rice much inferior to their own.

One reason that Japan, despite her intensive farming, is thus dependent on imports for part of her food supply is the fact that so small a proportion of her area is cultivable. Three fifths of her people live on the land, yet they must get their livelihood from but one eighth of the total area of the country. The mountain-sides will not even support sheep, for there is no edible grass upon them. They are often covered with a thick growth of bamboo

grass which looks pretty and green but will cut the intestines of animals grazing on it.

In most of Japan it seems as if the people have done all they could in reclaiming the last inch of soil capable of producing crops. In the island of Hokkaido, however, there is cultivable land still unoccupied and the government is encouraging colonists to go there and settle. Except in the low interior, rice does not do well in this northland, which has a climate similar to that of New England or Wisconsin. Beans, peas, and potatoes, which are grown as secondary crops on the uplands of southern Japan, are the mainstays of the Hokkaido farmers. Stock-raising and fruit-growing are also being developed.

Hokkaido, which is about six times the size of Connecticut, now has some two million people, and it is estimated that the island could support three million more. Since 1880, when the government employed American educators to establish experimental farms and introduce agricultural methods and crops adapted to the island, immigration from the south has proceeded slowly. These Americans were responsible for the appearance of Sapporo, the capital of Hokkaido, which has many reminders of our own northern towns. Its streets are laid out at right angles and there are substantially built and heated houses with windows and window-panes in them. It was the Americans, too, who laid the foundations of the present University of Hokkaido, where nearly one thousand students, many of them from the south, are studying the best agricultural methods.

Throughout the Empire the government is doing a great deal along the lines of agricultural education, and, while the farmer may use the most primitive of tools, he is fre-

quently quite up to date on such a thing as the chemical content of fertilizers. Japan has a number of agricultural colleges and a network of experimental stations. There are colleges devoted to the art of silk culture, and instruction is also given in tea raising and in the other specialties of Japan.

Travelling lecturers go from town to town and from district to district preaching advanced agriculture to the farmers and instructing them in the best methods of exterminating insects, using fertilizers, and handling the various crops. Some of these men are always in attendance at every agricultural show.

So small are the Japanese farms and so crowded is the cultivable area, that many of the farmers help to make both ends meet by hiring out on alternate days, and by working at home industries in the evenings or during the winter. It is estimated that, on the average, a Japanese farmer can till his land only about two hundred days in the year. One of the best paying of the home industries is silk culture, which is carried on largely by the women and girls of the household. Then, too, there are such manufacturing enterprises as making straw rope or straw sandals, weaving, hat- and basket-making, and fruit drying and preserving, which may add a few dollars a month to the family income. In going about the country I have often seen whole roofs covered with drying apricots.

Now my train is running into Atsuta, a suburb of Nagoya in which is a famous Shinto shrine where there has just been held the annual festival, when the forthcoming crop of cereals is forecast. At Atsuta, too, I catch glimpses of many tall factory chimneys, for Nagoya is one of the big manufacturing centres of Japan. Here are turned

The $9,000,000 worth of Japanese tea consumed in the United States every year is picked from the shrubs by women, each with a blue and white towel about her head, and often with a baby slung on her back.

For winnowing the threshed rice is thrown into the air and as it comes down it receives the blast from a pair of bellows, which separates chaff from grain.

out clocks, fans, and lacquered wares, and there are cotton-spinning, silk-weaving, and other mills. Nagoya is most famous, however, for its beautiful porcelain and cloisonné.

We are sliding into the station. The ever-helpful train boy has made ready my luggage and acknowledged with a deep bow of thanks my tip of ten cents. I lean out of the car window, clap my hands and shout "Akabo," or "Red cap." Immediately a porter comes running up to take my impedimenta out through the window, the usual procedure on the Japanese railways. I wonder how any one of such small stature can manage all the pieces, but he cheerfully staggers off and has soon secured a rickshaw, in which he piles all my baggage. In a moment I shall be seated in the midst of it, and trotted off to my lodgings at Nagoya.

CHAPTER XIV

AT A NATIVE INN

THERE is a good European hotel at Nagoya, but I have chosen to put up at one of the native inns. I have learned from experience that when I am making only a short stay I can be quite comfortable at one of these Japanese establishments, which the guide books carefully call inns and never hotels.

As I rolled up to the door, my rickshaw coolie roared out "Honourable visitor!" and immediately the landlord and a small troop of servants came out to greet me with smiles and bows. In a few moments I had disembarked and was seated on the veranda in front while a servant removed my shoes. Since I had brought along comfortable slippers of my own, I declined the heelless affairs offered by the management. These have a way of deserting one when he is bound for the bath or moving along the inn corridors.

I arranged for a room on the second floor with certain special features. For one thing, when I slide back the paper screens at the front I can look out upon a pretty garden. I can also gaze across the open space right into the rooms of other lodgers who are similarly enjoying the view. They do not seem in the least disturbed at being observed. For another, at one side of the alcove, with its scroll picture and its bronze vase of flowers, there is a shelf on which I can lay my clothes, for this room has

neither peg nor hook. Moreover, there is a kind of ventilator in the shape of a heart latticed with strips of bamboo. When the wooden outer shutters are closed at ten o'clock to-night this will let in at least a few breaths of the fresh air, for which the Japanese appear to have so little relish.

The maid who conducted me up the polished stairs and let me into this apartment soon returned, and, without knocking, came in and set down a tray with tea and small sweet cakes upon it. As the evening is chilly I made signs to her that I would like some heat. She smiled and nodded and it was not long before I had the comfort of a charcoal stove. She brought me also a clean cotton kimono, which I was glad to put on, for my European clothing was not adapted to sitting on the floor and there was no sign of a chair about. She helped me change and laid away my discarded garments in a long wicker tray.

Towels, two strips of thin cotton, had come with the kimono, and I was glad when the maid let me know that the bath was ready. Hoping that I would be the first to patronize it, I followed her along the veranda to the bathroom, which, sure enough, I found empty save for clouds of steam. In this inn the bathroom for men is separated from that for women, and so I was at least safe from being interrupted by the arrival of a lady. After I had declined the backscrubbing service offered me by the small attendant, she posted herself outside the door, which had no lock, and I could hear her whispering and giggling to someone else in the corridor. I luxuriated in hot water up to my armpits until much of the fatigue and, I hope, all of the dirt of my journey had been soaked out of me.

Feeling greatly refreshed, I returned to my room and asked that my dinner be brought to me. One does not

have to pay extra for this service in Japanese inns. They have no central dining halls. Bedroom, parlour, and dining room are one and the same apartment, and all guests eat in their own quarters. I was waited upon by two girls, who slipped almost noiselessly in and out on their white mittened feet and showed great earnestness in their efforts to supply my wants. Every time they came in and every time a new course was set on the foot-high lacquered table before which I knelt on my silk cushion, they dropped on their knees and almost bumped their heads on the floor. They made me feel like an oriental potentate. The table ware was the daintiest of porcelain and my chopsticks came wrapped in a paper covering and as usual were not quite split apart. Still, I decided to employ the knife, fork, and spoon that I have in my baggage, though I knew their use would make me more or less absurd in the eyes of my handmaidens. Indeed, I saw them smother a few giggles in their kimono sleeves.

One of them sat beside the tub of rice which is a part of every Japanese meal. I knew it would be a serious breach of etiquette if I did not finish my first bowl and ask for more. The Japanese do not prepare their rice as we do. In the first place, they wash it again and again before putting it over the fire. One of the prettiest things I know of is the sight of a Japanese woman cleaning her rice. All her motions are so graceful and her dainty little hands so deft. Each grain is so cooked that it is separated from every other grain. The rice is not stirred while it is cooking, and comes out as white as snow and as soft as butter. In Japan the natives often pour hot tea over it, and half eat and half drink the mixture. It is served in little bowls of lacquer holding about a half pint, which

The new arrival at a Japanese inn is received by bowing maids and treated with great courtesy. Before entering he removes his footgear, putting on the heelless slippers provided by the management.

Seaweed of various kinds is an important Japanese food. Some varieties are eaten fresh, some are dried on racks in the sun for soup, and still others are pickled in vinegar or made into jelly.

they raise close to their mouths, poking the kernels in with chopsticks. They do not do this kernel by kernel, but by half handfuls, and the fuller one's mouth gets the more in accordance with good form he seems to be eating.

Japanese rice is of a sticky variety and has not the dry, flaky taste of the rice of India. At the big European-style hotels it is served with curry, a fashion not native to Japan, but borrowed from India. "Curry and rice" is on every dinner menu in the East. The curry, the hottest of its kind, is added to a gravy mixed with fish or meat. The rice is passed around first, and you help yourself to as much as you wish. Then comes the curry in another dish, and you dip out a spoonful or so and pour it over your rice.

At the big hotels, especially in India, you will see under "curry and rice" the item "Bombay duck," and visions of fat young fowls float before your mind as you give your order. What the waiter actually brings in is nothing more than two little pieces of smoked fish about two inches long and as wide and as thick as the blade of a table knife. As you nibble at them it strikes you that they are decidedly old, and you wonder if they came from the coffin of a mummy. You look to see if others are eating as you are, and to your horror you find they are not. They have taken their "Bombay duck" in their fingers and crumbled it into a powder with which they are seasoning their curry. As you watch, a waiter puts before your plate a pot of what look like pickles of citron. It is labelled "Chutney," and is made by some Englishman who styles himself "Purveyor to the King." You grasp it with relief, and think, "Ah, here is something that will take away from my palate the flavour of this mummy-dust." You swallow a mouthful of it. It tastes like

liquid fire. The tears come to your eyes, and you do well if you can remain at the table. This chutney is probably the hottest food that ever burnt a human mouth, but the foreigners who have lived long in the Orient seem to dote on it as they do on red peppers.

The natives of Japan, however, eat their rice without curry or chutney, and, like the Chinese, they want it only plain and in plenty. I am told by the captains of the Pacific steamers that there is no danger of mutiny among Chinese sailors so long as their rice is not cut down in quantity or quality.

My rice at dinner this evening was served without foreign innovations, though I made an addition of my own. I asked for some milk and this I poured into my second bowl and found it made the contents more appetizing. The milk, by the way, came in a sealed bottle as sanitary as any you will see in America. In adopting Western ways, the Japanese have in some instances started even with us. For example, they omitted the stage of the milkman's can, and began to deliver milk in sterilized bottles. In the matter of lighting, the towns and cities and even some of the villages of this country have skipped from candles and lamps to electric lights, without taking up gas along the way.

In spite of all my visits to Japan I cannot say I have ever acquired any great taste for the native cooking. The fact is, to a foreign palate it lacks both flavour and substance. Though there is great variety in the dishes, little meat is eaten. This is largely due to Buddhism, which introduced vegetarianism, though it permitted the eating of fish. Sea food bulks large in the popular dietary. I have eaten all kinds, from baby octopuses to lobsters,

from seaweed in various forms to raw fish. Indeed, raw fish is one of the greatest of the native delicacies. It is served in small slices laid on top of the rice. Another article supposed to add relish to the rice is pickled *daikon*, the long white radishes one sees hung to dry in the trees out in the country. It is no wonder pickled *daikon* is called the "Japanese Limburger," though I think even that is but mildly descriptive of its overwhelming odour. I have never been brave enough to taste it.

Eels cooked in Japanese style at one of the eel houses of Tokyo make a meal fit for the gods. There is great ceremony attending an eel banquet. You go in and are led downstairs to a tank of water in which the live fish are wriggling about. You point out the one that you think will make the most succulent meal, whereupon the attendant spears it before your eyes, picks it up on a knife, and marches off kitchenward. The eels are split along the back, cut into chunks, and dressed with soy sauce as they are cooked over a hot charcoal fire. I have tasted few dishes more delicious than this. Sometimes foreign patrons try to dispense with the ceremony of selecting the eels for their dinner, but at the best places they never succeed. Even if they order ahead and say they would like to have the management choose the eels and have them ready on their arrival, such directions are seldom carried out. And so the patrons submit and go upstairs to wait for an hour while their meal is prepared.

Of late years the Buddhist priests have been much less strict about meat-eating, so that beef appears more frequently on native bills of fare. The fact is, the Japanese are finding out that their ordinary diet is not particularly nutritious. Rice is filling for the time but not satisfying

for long. Among the well-to-do and those earning fair salaries, meat is taking a larger and larger place. City men downtown in their offices, where they are in contact with foreigners, have adopted the habit of eating it with their lunches, and their wives are learning to cook it for them at home.

I heard the other day of a Hungarian business man at the head of a large office in Tokyo where a number of Japanese clerks are employed. In one of these helpers, in particular, he was greatly interested, for the boy was unusually quick, clever, and ambitious. And yet the employer noticed that soon after lunch the young fellow would grow tired and drowsy and, no matter how much he pushed himself, could get little accomplished throughout the afternoon. Finally, having a shrewd suspicion as to what was wrong, he told the boy that his lunch would be furnished him each day at a certain restaurant where meat would be served him and that he must always go there for his noon meal. Almost at once, with the better and more sustaining food, the young fellow picked up and soon he was doing quite as well in the afternoon as in the morning.

Saké, the national drink of Japan, does not greatly appeal to me. It is distilled from common rice and is said to contain about twelve per cent. alcohol. The flavour is mildly reminiscent of the taste of sherry. It is always drunk warm so that it mounts rather quickly to the head and soon flushes the face. I think it takes a good deal to make one drunk. *Shochu*, distilled from the dregs of *saké*, contains from two to four times as high a percentage of alcohol. It is extremely intoxicating and has the effect of making one who takes too much of it become absolutely limp from top to toe. The Japanese have taken up whisky

Even baby octopuses figure on the national menu of the Japanese, and eels are among the favourite delicacies.

In Japan old age is so greatly respected that it is not much dreaded. In some communities the old people have clubs to which the young are not admitted. The queue for men is now quite rare.

drinking to some extent and even make a kind of whisky of their own, but this tipple is not popular with them. Indeed, I think that as a people they are temperate drinkers.

Judging from the sounds coming in from one of the rooms next mine, *saké* is being enjoyed by some of the guests to-night. Above the partition walls of heavy paper there are wooden grilles carved out in artistic designs. They are pleasing to the eye, but do not add to my material comfort; for every noise comes in through them. I judge that my neighbour on the right is being entertained with geisha, for I have heard the tinkle of the *samisen* and the shuffling sound of dancing. Now and then there are bursts of laughter and song. On the other side of my room there appears to be a staid Japanese couple. They have kept their voices low and now their electric lights are turned out. Perhaps they are even asleep, being more accustomed than I to the native inns, which are like sound boxes. The paper walls keep out few noises, and the rooms and corridors echo with hand claps as the guests summon the inn servants. In response to the clapping there is a far-off answer of "Aiee!" which is soon followed by footsteps.

Just here I heard the whistle of a masseur. That gave me an idea and I clapped my hands for a maid to order a masseur for myself. In this high-class inn I felt I was safe in assuming that a reliable man would be sent and not he whose whistle I had heard outside. Those advertising themselves in the streets in this way are not of the best and there is even danger of contracting diseases from them.

A first-class masseur must go through nine years of strenuous training under a master before he is considered proficient. A Japanese massage is a kneading of the whole body not unlike the treatment following a Turkish

bath. In Japan it is much more common and considered less of a luxury than with us. Wives massage their husbands, children their parents, and the blind man massages all. Here massaging is the business of the blind, whose name is legion in the Empire. Nowhere else that I know of have the blind a profession all their own, and nowhere, I may add, are they so highly respected.

Undressing, I lay full length on the pile of excellent sleeping cushions which had been brought out of the closet and spread down for me. It was not long before the blind masseur was led in. He was a clean-limbed, æsthetic-looking Japanese, dressed in a long blue gown with wide sleeves. His head was bald on top and his face was as sombre as that of the Sphinx. He rolled his sightless eyes toward me as I spoke, then he moved quietly to me and knelt down by my side. Folding back his sleeves he began to pass his hands over my body. First he sought out two spots at my shoulders, and into these plunged his thumbs almost to the joints, it seemed to me. The places he touched were evidently nerve centres; for, as he gouged them, my whole frame quivered. He worked over my back and down my arm, stretched each of my fingers until they cracked, and then took a jump to my shins. I made the acquaintance of any number of muscles and bones hitherto unknown. Finally he stopped kneading, and snapped my bones so that they made a noise like those shaken by the end man in a minstrel troupe. He went on until I was certain he had every molecule of my frame in violent motion, yet with all his pounding I was surprised to see that he had not even reddened the skin. At the end of half an hour all the tired feeling had gone out of me, and I was ready to drop off into a doze.

CHAPTER XV

KYOTO

WHAT Paris is to France, what Rome is to all Europe, this and more is Kyoto to Japan. Here for close to a thousand years seventy-seven successive emperors held their august court. From time to time it was a hotbed of intrigue and violence as this or that pretender tried to seize and hold the power. Again and again it was swept by pestilence and fire and shaken by war and earthquake. Yet as the years passed it survived and grew. Stately palaces and castles rose as evidences of the majesty and might of emperor and shogun, and beautiful temples were erected in proof of the religious devotion of the people. Buddhist priests told their beads in the monastery gardens laid out amid the tall trees of the surrounding hills. Its Shinto shrines were places of festivals and holiday-making. It became the centre for artists and poets and craftsmen.

Here I am in a different world from that of Nagoya, with its busy factories, which is less than a hundred miles away. Although Kyoto to-day has more street-cars than the thriving port of Kobe and is the best laid-out and best-lighted city of Japan; although its excellent water supply is distributed by a fine system of engineering works beginning at a lake some ten miles away; although there are up-to-date buildings and motion-picture houses galore—

despite these and other signs of the modern, go-ahead city, the spirit of an older day still lingers. One finds it in the Mikado's Palace, in the shogun's castle, in the thousand temples and shrines, in the most beautiful old gardens in the Empire, in the shops of its art workers, in the reverence of the people of the present for the traditions and customs of the past.

Kyoto lies in a great basin enclosed on three sides by a horseshoe of green hills, which slope up from it like the seats of an amphitheatre. Above the ridged roofs of the plain of one- and two-story houses rise here and there the mightest of the temples. The shrines of the Buddhists and the great *torii* of the Shinto places of worship peep out of the trees on every hillside. Jolly fat priests in long gowns mix with the people on its streets, and the temple bells make the air reverberate as they ring out the hours in all parts of the city. Kyoto is still the home of art and music as well as of religion, and its people are the votaries of pleasure as well as of the gods. Dancing girls abound, and the geisha is seen in many a tea house. From my room at the hotel I hear nightly the songs of these accomplished entertainers and the music of their *samisens*. The people here dress in brighter colours than do those of Tokyo, and the gorgeousness of the costumes of the Kyoto beauties is celebrated all over Japan. I saw a girl on the street last night in a red silk crêpe gown covered with white storks, each of which was ten inches long. The brightest of reds and the richest of blues make the thoroughfares kaleidoscopes of ever-changing colours. The ugly innovations of foreign fashions have never invaded this sacred city. The belles of Kyoto appear today much as they did when the Emperor held his court

here and their long oval faces and highly arched eyebrows are indications of the blue blood of the old capital.

Through the city flows the Kamogawa, or "Duck River," which is crossed by many bridges, each of them with some historical association. Distances are measured from the Sanjo, or Great Third Avenue Bridge, from which the annual procession of daimio and their retainers used to start on the trip along the Tokaido to make their obeisance before the shogun at Yedo. When I crossed it this morning on my way to visit the Mikado's Palace, there were vegetable men washing their great white radishes along the banks of the river, while here and there streaks of bright colour were flowing off down the stream. The pure, clear waters of the Kamogawa have a peculiar efficacy in setting dyes, and so the fabric workers are constantly dipping and rinsing their materials in them.

Although the present building of the Mikado's Palace dates only from 1854, when it was erected to replace an older structure that had been destroyed by fire, I felt in going through it that I had stepped back into ancient history. The original palace, built by the Emperor Kwammu in the eighth century, was surrounded by the detached houses of the court nobles, but successive fires have long since swept away all traces of the first structures. Yet the tradition of the sacredness and power of the long line of emperors who lived here lingers in the stately halls of the modern edifice. The palace grounds, which cover about twenty-six acres, are enclosed in a wall of stucco topped with heavy tile. The gates are as tall as a good-sized house, and the thatch upon them is about two feet thick and curves down and out in the style of old

Japan. Within the gates the massive doors, carved by master artists, swing on heavy hinges. No paint hides the delicate colour of the wood, though the ends of the beams have been covered with gold leaf.

From the outside, the palace appears far different from the regal castles at Windsor, Versailles, or Potsdam, for the Shinto tradition of severe simplicity has been strictly observed. If it were dropped down on an American plain, and its exterior gates were not so gorgeously carved, and its thatched roof were not so thick and so beautifully curved, its mass of buildings might be taken for a group of stables. It comprises many long, wide one-story structures under overhanging roofs. Though the effects are not elaborate, the workmanship everywhere is exquisite. Beautiful woods are used throughout. No nails are visible and the joinings of the beams are ornamented with the finest of metal carvings in which the sixteen-petal chrysanthemum crest is repeated again and again.

I entered through the Gate of the August Kitchen. A porter came out of his lodge in gown and sandals and, after I had signed my name in the palace book, he led me inside. I passed first through antechambers with walls decorated in sepia drawings of cherry trees, cranes, and tigers. The floor of one great hall creaked rather like the twittering of birds beneath my tread, and my guide informed me that this was a "nightingale floor" and that its boards had been skilfully laid so that they would "sing" whenever any one walked across them. Such floors are found in a number of the old temples of Kyoto.

I came at length to a huge raftered hall in which there was the tinkling sound of running water. This is called the "Pure, Cool Hall," from the rill that flows down a

sluiceway near by. The sliding screens of the walls are painted with birds in blue and brown and green. In the centre I beheld the throne on which the Emperor sat when he received his ministers of state. All about it is a canopy of filmy silk curtains of red, white, and black. In the old days when the Emperor gave audience to the shogun here he sat on a cushion with curtains drawn so that none might see his face and he spoke in the quavering, long-drawn-out tones still used in the *No* dramas.

With my sacrilegious hands I parted the curtains and looked in upon this holy of holies. It contained only a simple throne chair of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl. In one corner of the room a space about eight feet square was paved with cement. Here the Emperor worshipped the spirits of his ancestors. According to the Shinto rites he must stand upon the earth to do this, but his imperial feet were considered too sacred to touch the ground, so every morning attendants brought fresh earth and spread it on the cement, and upon this His Majesty stood or knelt at his devotions.

At the right of the throne-room was the royal bed-chamber, and I took a look at the luxurious couch on which the descendants of the Sun Goddess used to recline. It was a platform raised two inches from the floor and covered with fine white matting bound with red silk. The Emperor's bedroom had no opening save into the throne-room, and his private apartments were accessible to none save his chief ministers and his wives.

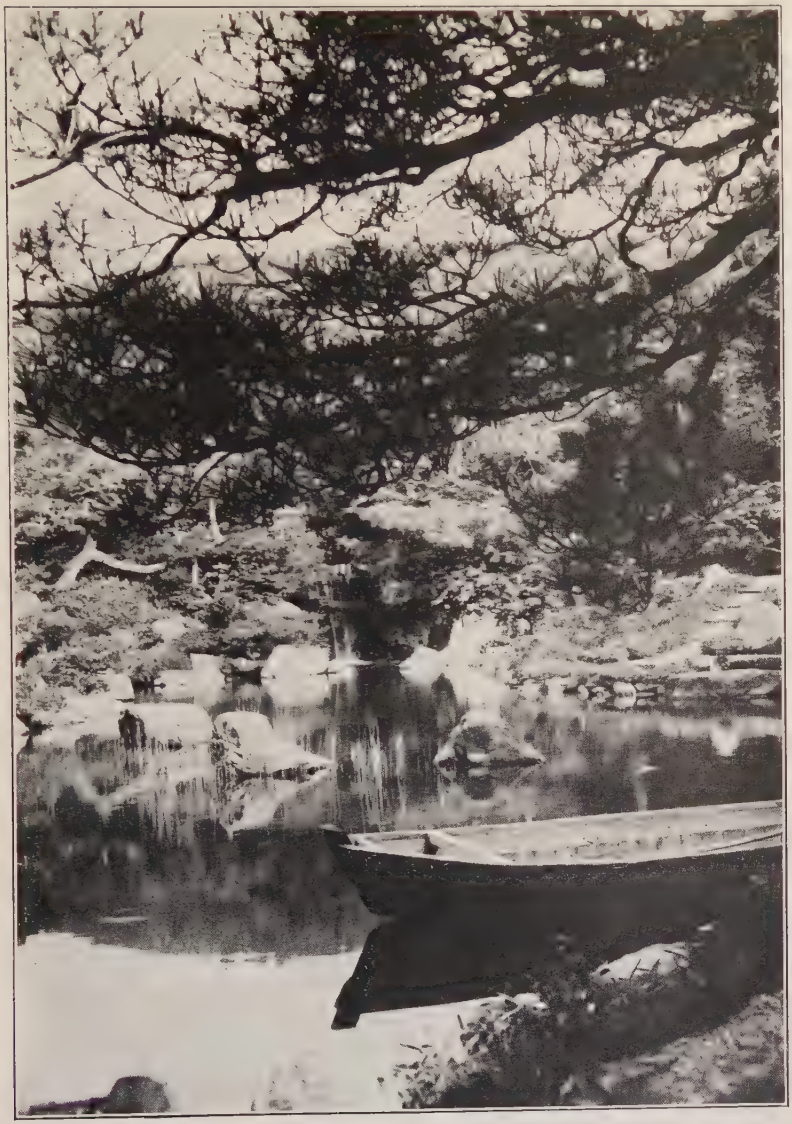
I went next to the grand audience room, known as the "Mysterious Purple Hall." It is more than one hundred feet long and is raftered with wonderful wooden beams. The walls are painted in panels representing Chinese sages,

the present paintings being reproductions of those executed in the ninth century and later destroyed by fire. In the centre of the polished floor is a throne not unlike that in the other throne hall. The chair has a wide seat upon which is a square mat bound with silk. On each side are stools for the imperial insignia, one for the sword and the other for the jewel, while guarding it are a lion and a unicorn. The canopy is of fawn-coloured brocade with outer drapings of purple and red. This priceless silk is renewed twice a year from the choicest products of the looms of Kyoto.

As the Emperor sat enthroned in state he looked out upon a court reached by passing down a flight of eighteen steps, the number corresponding to the different ranks and grades of government officials. Those not even entitled to stand on the lowest stair were called *Jige* or "down on the earth," and the highest of all were the *Denjobito*, or "persons who ascend into the hall." Since time immemorial a cherry tree has stood on one side of the steps and a wild orange tree on the other.

Far more beautiful than anything in the palace is its old garden, which has been copied in gardens large and small all over the Empire. In its wide area are lakes and streams and dells and bridges. Forest trees far older than the present buildings send out their serpentine roots along the ground and raise their crowns into the sunlight. In spring there are bowers of pale purple wistaria and in autumn the walks and paths are strewn with the golden and scarlet leaves of maple and *icho* trees.

Leaving the palace I took a rickshaw and went over Nijo Castle. It was built by Ieyasu at the beginning of the seventeenth century and here during two hundred and



The Japanese lead the world as gardeners. Flowers are not much used, but stones are of great importance, and sometimes a rich man pays two or three hundred dollars for a rock of special beauty or peculiar formation.

Although Kyoto preserves the traditions and much of the atmosphere of old Japan, it has more street-cars than the thriving port of Kobe and is the best laid out and best lighted city of Japan.

fifty years shoguns came now and then to live in a style that cast the modest state of the Emperor in the shade. The castle is much finer than the palace and the most skilled of Japanese carvers and artists were employed to beautify the mansion of the commander-in-chief of the army. Ieyasu evidently thought the Emperor well clad in his robe of righteousness and reverence and too holy to need the luxurious things of this world. Yet in 1863 the shogun Iemochi had to come hither at the command of the Emperor Meiji, who ordered him to expel from the Empire the foreigners whose entrance had been forced by Commodore Perry. And it was here a few years later that the last of the Tokugawas handed in his resignation and the Emperor came into his own.

The castle is surrounded by a massive, fortress-like wall with white turrets at the angles, but it is not itself the stronghold one would expect after seeing the fortifications. Instead, it is a wooden structure, gray with age, and looks rather like a temple. Inside it is gorgeous with gold and metal work and carvings fit for the boudoir of a Cleopatra. Cryptomerias, mulberries, and Japanese cypresses have yielded their finest for the woodwork. The copper bosses used to hide nails and bolts are plated with gold and handsomely carved. The tough native paper of the wall screens has been overlaid with gold foil on which are paintings by Japan's foremost artists. One apartment is decorated with tigers crouching on a golden background; in the coffered ceiling of another are two golden phœnixes with outspread wings; while around the wooden grilles above the side walls of a third parade life-like peacocks done by the left-handed Jingoro, the most famous of Japanese woodcarvers. The Hall of Audience where the shogun

received his prostrate daimio sparkles with gold, and painted all around it are pine trees of great size.

In this room are two levels, one for the commander and another for his vassals. Opening upon it, too, is a secret apartment where guards were posted, ready to rush out at the first hint of danger to the shogun. Here and there are traces of the time when this castle was turned over to the local government as an office building. Then vandalism was rife and some of its beauties were defaced. But later on it was made an imperial summer palace and restored as far as possible to its original splendour. In most cases the imperial crest replaced the insignia of the Tokugawas.

Some of Kyoto's temples, too, reflect the power and magnificence of the shoguns. There is, for example, the Golden Pavilion erected by Yoshimitsu in the fourteenth century, when he voluntarily retired from the shogunate, shaved his head, and donned the robe of a Buddhist monk. In this pavilion, the upper part of which was covered over with gold leaf, he entertained poets, artists, and writers. It was he who fostered the arts of landscape gardening and flower arrangement, and it was he who invented the tea ceremony with its elaborate ritual. In the courtyard is one of the triumphs of Japanese arboriculture—a great two-hundred-year-old pine tree trimmed and trained on bamboo frames until it closely resembles a junk under sail.

It was by order of the great Hideyoshi that the Nishi Honwanji was erected in the sixteenth century. This is one of the finest of Kyoto's temples and is considered by the critics the most perfect example of Buddhist art existing in Japan. I visited it in the company of a scholarly

priest. We walked through corridor after corridor in our stocking feet and inspected room after room carpeted with mats and walled with gold leaf. On the screens were paintings by the old masters. The friezes of some of the rooms were priceless carvings by Jingoro, portraying life-size birds and animals so accurately that they seemed about to move. We visited the audience room of the temple, the roof of which is upheld by immense pillars. It is so large that it takes nine hundred and fifty-four yards of matting to cover the floor. From the richly painted ceiling hang huge brass lanterns, each of which would have filled a good-sized hogshead.

We walked through the beautiful temple garden and watched fat five-pound gold-fish swimming by the hundreds in the lake in its centre. We chatted the while of Christianity and Buddhism, and as we went out we saw a service being conducted in one of the anterooms by a Buddhist priest. From five hundred to a thousand bare-headed men, women, and children sat on their heels on the floor and listened to the monk, who read from manuscript. His reading was a sing-song drawl, but the audience was attentive. We then went past the treasury of the temple, where priests sat behind little cage-like desks a foot high and the crowds thronged around with their gifts like depositors in a bank on a busy day. In the court an ancient tree was pointed out to me. This is the Icho Tree, which the credulous believe will protect the temple by pouring out showers of tears if the building is threatened by fire.

But there are so many temples in Kyoto that whole books might be written about them. There is the Kyomizu-dera, or "Clear Water Temple," dedicated to

Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, who has eleven faces and a thousand hands. An ancient and very sacred image of the goddess is contained in a shrine which is opened only three times in a century. At one of the other shrines there are always men and women clad in white standing beneath rills of water, washing away their sins.

It was at the Kyomizu-dera that I saw a bent old woman hobble up to a dilapidated idol near the temple entrance. She first rubbed her back, then the back of the idol. Next she stroked her head and then the head of the image. Meanwhile she muttered a prayer. She was trying to get rid of her aches and pains, for this was Binzuru, upon whom, according to tradition, Buddha bestowed the power to cure all human ills. He was highly esteemed as one of the sixteen original disciples of the sage until one day he remarked on the beauty of a woman who was passing, and thus lost his standing. For this reason his likeness is always put outside the sanctum, though those of the other disciples have places within. So much has this image at the Kyomizu-dera been rubbed that its nose is about gone and its body is worn into hollows.

The Chion-in temple, at the head of a succession of terraces and surrounded by lofty pines, cryptomerias, and maples, reminds one of the temples at Nikko. It is dedicated to the shogun Iemitsu, who is responsible for the richness of its decorations. Its great bell, which has a diameter of nine feet and weighs seventy-four tons, is one of the largest in the world. Its deep, booming note reverberates over the whole eastern quarter of Kyoto.

Most important of the Shinto shrines of the city is that of Inari, the Rice Goddess. In its ample grounds are thousands of red *torii* and any number of images of foxes. All

The huge bronze bell of the Chion-in Temple at Kyoto was cast when the Pilgrim Fathers were still making little home clearings in the forests of the New World. It weighs seventy-four tons.

Many of the beams of the Higashi Hongwanji Temple were raised by great cables made of the hair of thousands of women. Too poor to give money, they contributed their much-prized tresses.

The shrine of Inari, the Rice Goddess, fairly swarms with fortune-tellers. They do a thriving business, for the Japanese masses extremely superstitious.

day long its precincts resound to the ringing of bells and the clapping of hands, for thus do the worshippers call attention to themselves and their wants. Inari is supposed to be the dispenser of wealth, so that most of the worshippers pray aloud for money as they drop their fourth-of-a-cent pieces into the contribution box.

The place fairly swarms with fortune tellers, cripples, and toy sellers hawking little dolls and miniature red *torii* as souvenirs. Stopping at the booth of an old woman who had small birds in cages, I gave her two or three cents and for this at my bidding she opened a cage and let the captive inside fly away into the sunlight. At another place I saw pilgrims sprinkling upon an altar the rice they had bought as an offering to the gods. Yet, as I turned away, I noticed that some pigeons had swooped down and were gobbling it up.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MASTER CRAFTSMEN OF KYOTO

And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!

THESE lines of Kipling's "L'Envoi" have come into my mind again and again during the past week as I have gone about Kyoto among its silk-weavers and embroiderers, and its workers in porcelain, cloisonné, and lacquer. While even in this old city there are commercial shops turning out shoddy goods without much regard for workmanship, there still remain men devoted to their craft, contented to labour slowly and painstakingly for a wage small in comparison with their satisfaction in work well done. As industrialism based on quantity production gains headway in Japan, such a spirit grows rarer, but it is at its best, I think, among the artist craftsmen of Kyoto.

Though most of the silk woven in Japan nowadays is turned out by mechanical looms, one may still see in this ancient city hand looms just like those used long ago. I have stood in a little shop where six of these old-style looms were being managed by twice as many workmen and watched them as they wove patterns of exquisite imperial brocades. All the silks for the royal family are produced in the old capital according to designs that have been handed down and guarded for generations. None

but the royal family may use them. I saw in progress in one shop a wonderful piece of heavy crimson silk on which was a phœnix in gold thread. This, I was told, was for draperies in one of the palaces. On another loom I saw the softest of white silk being woven for under-garments for the Emperor.

I heard a story recently that illustrates the way in which the royal silks are regarded. Not long ago an imperial princess decided to sell the hangings in her palace and had directed her major domo to place them with the dealers. An American traveller in Japan, learning of this, managed to buy one curtain. The day after his purchase his length of silk was worth many times what he had paid for it; for the imperial family had heard of what had been done and had gone into the market and bought up every inch of the brocade save that in the hands of the American. In this connection, it is interesting to know that the government now forbids the exportation of any really old masterpieces, of which the Japanese have a great appreciation. In fact, Japanese connoisseurs will not infrequently offer thousands of dollars for objects of art for which foreigners, less familiar with their value, have offered only hundreds.

Silk-weaving is one of the oldest arts of Japan and is said to have been introduced at the end of the third century. In that ancient time the Empress Jingo dispatched an embassy to wait upon the Chinese Emperor Ming-ti, who sent the representative home with a present of five rolls of silk decorated with a gorgeous design of a dragon on a crimson background. Her Majesty was interested and sent some Koreans from Japan to China to learn how to produce the lustrous stuff. They brought back four Chinese girls, who instructed the court and the people in the

arts of sericulture and silk-weaving. Beautiful brocades were woven on the looms of Nara, the capital of Japan for about seventy-five years before Kyoto became the imperial seat, and I have seen there specimens of the handiwork of the ancient weavers. They are worn and faded priestly vestments, not beautiful in my eyes, but cherished with reverence by the people.

The interest of the imperial family in silk-weaving goes back to the earliest times, and at Kyoto the weavers were assigned to a special quarter where are now the looms of to-day. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries marvellous silks were produced. Many of the lordly daimio had looms and weavers of their own, who wove rich stuffs in exclusive patterns. Much of the material was stiff with gold, though the Japanese did not use the expensive wire gold of the Russians. Instead, sheets of fine, tough paper were spread with a preparation of lacquer, upon which thin gold leaf was laid. The sheet was then burnished by hand and cut into strips about one sixteenth of an inch wide. Some of the old families of Japan have among their choicest treasures wonderful ceremonial robes of these old brocades, which have been handed down for generations. At length the competition between the daimio grew so keen and their extravagance so great that in 1665 the shogun ordered that no brocades be woven for them longer than fourteen yards or wider than fifteen inches. And, finally, just before the arrival of Commodore Perry, there went into effect laws regulating expenditure so strictly that no silk brocades could be sold.

It was twenty years later, at an exhibition in Vienna in 1873, that Europe first saw the best products of the silk

Kyoto has more of Japan's best craftsmen than any other one city, and produces much of the finest of silks, bronzes, gold-lacquer work, porcelain, and cloisonné. Teapot Lane is famous for its porcelain shops.

The Japanese craftsman has four hands, since he uses his feet as an extra pair. On account of their delicate, flexible hands these people are about twice as deft as we are.

The cloisonné worker cements on his vase little strips of metal which follow the outline traced on the foundation of bronze, copper, or silver. Into the tiny spaces enclosed by the strips he carefully packs enamel paste of various colours.

looms of Japan. The Westerners were amazed at the display, and one of the prize commissioners, after commenting on the beauty of texture, design, and colour of the Japanese exhibits, added that all the specimens were "ennobled by one common feature—pleasure and perseverance in work."

Closely allied with silk-weaving is the embroidery for which for generations the Japanese have been famous. Some of the work on ceremonial garments, priestly vestments, theatre costumes, and silken squares for wrapping up gifts cannot be equalled anywhere else on the globe. The greatest of the early Japanese artists in embroidery was a Buddhist nun, who, according to tradition, was the incarnation of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. Persecuted by a cruel stepmother, she retired to a temple where she embroidered a marvellous picture of the Buddhist heaven with its many mansions, which it was said the gods themselves aided her to produce.

To-day in this topsy-turvy land it is men, and not women, who are the embroiderers. In walking along certain streets in Kyoto I have often seen men and boys at work stitching away in front of their houses. The material is stretched over a frame, before which the embroiderer kneels on the ground or the floor and makes, with the finest of stitches and the brightest of silks, pictures of flowers, animals, birds, or dragons. Even in Kyoto I have noticed, however, that commercialism is creeping in and the embroiderers are working from photographic rather than free-hand designs, and are not so careful of their stitches as in the days of my first visit to Japan. Yet this week I saw displayed at one of the big silk establishments here embroideries so wonderfully executed that

it was hard to believe that they were products of the needle rather than the brush.

At Kyoto is produced some of the finest cloisonné of the world. I have seen in one workroom a pair of vases about sixteen inches high which were two years in the making and were worth more than a thousand dollars. Twice as much time was given to producing a pair for the Imperial Palace at Tokyo. This shop looks from the outside like a private house. On the gateway is a small placard bearing the proprietor's name, followed by the word "Cloisonné." Sales are made only to the discriminating and the owner does not like to sell to curio dealers.

The visitor is conducted into a room in which there are no evidences of trade. After tea has been drunk, the cloisonné artist selects from a cabinet certain wooden boxes which he ranges before him. Inside them, wrapped in cheesecloth and silk, are jars and caskets and vases of yellow and red and peacock-blue and olive-green, decorated with the choicest of designs. In buying such pieces one pays not only for his purchase but also for the dozens of others that fell short of perfection and were destroyed. The output is small, being much below the demand from connoisseurs and collectors, but the proprietor of the shop does not choose to enlarge his force of ten or twelve master craftsmen who sit at tiny tables in an airy, light studio some twenty feet long. Here they work, not for any fixed number of hours a day, but only when inspiration moves them to do so. Another shop in Kyoto caters to the enormous demand from Europe and America for cheap ware. There young girls and children lay on the enamel paste with spoons, turning out in a day more pieces than the artists of the place I visited complete in a year.

The centres for cloisonné ware are Tokyo, Kyoto, and Nagoya. In a workshop in Nagoya I saw all the processes involved. The article is first shaped in thin bronze, copper, or silver, upon which is sketched with brush and ink or white lead varnish a design, which may be original, or a copy of a pattern. Strips of gold or copper or silver about one sixteenth of an inch in width are then curved with pincers into the outline of the design and fastened on the metal foundation with liquid cement. The places enclosed by the strips are the *cloisons* and into these tiny cells is packed enamel paste made of mineral powders of various colours. In the finest work the cells are only partially filled at first; next the pieces are fired so that the enamel is vitrified, and then more paste is applied before another firing. The process may be repeated six or seven times before the final coating.

In this stage cloisonné pieces are not at all beautiful. They have rough, dull surfaces and must be smoothed and polished again and again with pumice stone and water. Handwork and great care are required so that the enamel shall not be rubbed thinner in one place than another, for thus the light would not be evenly reflected and the piece would be ruined. As the surface becomes finer day by day, softer and softer pumice is used, until the last is as smooth as silk. More rubbing with stone and horn and with oxide of iron and rouge produces the finished product, with its surface polished to an exquisite lustre. These slow, almost loving processes are those of the real artist craftsman, not of the manufacturer producing in quantity for the cheap trade.

There is a saying that "if the Japanese have invented nothing, they have yet improved upon everything that

has come before their notice." This seems to be true of the art of lacquering, which Japan borrowed some fourteen hundred years ago from China and has brought to its highest perfection. In the Tokugawa mausoleums at Nikko I saw the great casket which is the finest and largest piece of gold lacquer work in the world, and here at Kyoto I have visited a workshop where some of the best modern gold lacquer is produced.

The material used is the sap of the lac tree, which is tapped in the spring by gatherers who are hired by the lac dealers and who continue collecting until into the fall. As lacquer is poisonous to the skin, the workers protect their hands and arms while taking the sap. The lac-disease which attacks one new to the work, whether he be gatherer, dealer, or lacquerer, is caused by a volatile element given off by the gum and produces effects much like those of ivy-poisoning. The hands, face, ears, and other parts of the body become red and swollen, and a violent itching causes sleepless nights for a short time. When I went to the lacquer shop this morning I was warned not to go too close to the workers lest I get a touch of the unpleasant complaint.

Metal is sometimes employed as the foundation to be lacquered, but wood of a light, non-resinous character is more usual. After the seasoned wood has been fashioned by a joiner into a box, bowl, or other article, every joint and crack is smoothed over with a filler, and then a thin coat of lacquer is applied. Next strong linen, or sometimes silk, is glued over it, and a second coat of lacquer is spread on. Numerous coats follow, with a drying period and a rubbing down after each one, and then, after a final polishing with a powder of deer's horn, the article

is ready to pass from the hands of the artisan to those of the artist lacquerer. He makes and applies the design, which is brought out with gold powder and coloured lacquers. Finally a coating of transparent lacquer is applied and polished to an even and metallic lustre.

One of the tests of a well-made piece is that when breathed upon the moisture of the breath must disappear quickly and evenly from the outside toward the centre, as on burnished steel. The best pieces must be dusted with soft silk, as the ordinary dustcloth will scratch and spoil them. Good Japanese lacquer has a practical as well as an artistic value; it is not injured by boiling water or hot cigar ashes and withstands alcoholic liquors as well as cold acids. There are all kinds, from the plain, undecorated sort of a single colour to rich gold lacquer, carved lacquer, and lacquer in which designs have been wrought in embedded mother-of-pearl, gold, or silver. These more ornate varieties are popular in Europe but are not considered in good taste by the Japanese connoisseurs.

Appreciation for the best ware is not readily acquired, so that newcomers to Japan usually know little of real values in lacquer. Showing a masterpiece to such a person, says a Japanese proverb, is "like giving guineas to a cat." Most foreigners do not know the difference between the gimcrack ornament made of common resins and worth a dollar or so and the product of months of toil worth several hundred times as much.

An incident illustrating the feeling of the Japanese craftsman for fine work was related to me by an American friend living here. Among the treasures of the household was an especially beautiful piece of lacquer, a wonderful ball made by one of the best artists of the country and

presented to my friend by a titled Japanese of much wealth. In the great earthquake the ball was broken into dozens of pieces, but the maid, knowing the value of the precious object, picked up every single bit and wrapped them in a cloth. After things had settled down once more my friend took the fragments to a lacquer worker to ask if he knew any one who could put the ball together again. "Oh," said he, "that is so beautiful! Please let *me* have the honour of repairing it!" And repair it he did, so skilfully that scarcely a crack could be seen anywhere on its shining surface.

In their own little houses or in small shops employing a few workmen, the potters of Kyoto are making the beautifully decorated, cream-coloured crackled ware, the blue and white porcelain, and the glazed and unglazed pottery for which this city has been known for three centuries. The long slope from the Kamogawa to the Kyomizu-dera temple is lined with porcelain shops, many of which sell pieces manufactured by men in their employ. At two of the establishments of Kyoto, artists working in little houses in the gardens may spend weeks or months painting exquisite designs on the pottery and porcelain, yet these same concerns have daubers doing gaudy and careless work to be sold to the foreigner.

One great asset of the Japanese craftsmen and artisans is their delicate hands. I should say that these people are about twice as deft at handling things as we are, and I have heard that for this reason they make wonderful surgeons. Furthermore, the Japanese handicraftsman seems to have four hands, for he uses his feet as an extra pair. I saw a cooper this morning mending a bucket. As he sat at work he held the pail between his feet while he used his hands

in driving on the hoops with a hammer and wedge. After ten minutes of pounding he would lay down his tools and take a smoke, and during the hour that I sat near him he smoked four times. The Japanese pipe holds only a pinch of tobacco, so he could do this cheaply, but the time consumed was at least twenty minutes and apparently it did not occur to him that he could keep on working while he smoked, as our workmen do. The custom of frequent stops to rest and smoke is one of the features of Japanese labour. I am told by old American residents that a Japanese artisan will accomplish but one third as much in a day as an American workman.

The Japanese seem, from our standpoint, to do everything in the hardest fashion. The carpenters, for instance, work their planes the opposite way from ours, and when they use the drawing knife they push it from them instead of pulling it toward them. In sawing, as a rule, they stand a board at an angle of forty-five degrees against something, rather than lay it on a sawhorse or bench as we do. When they wish to saw in a straight line, they do their marking not with chalk but with a reel and an inked string. The saw used in cutting logs into boards is not at all like the powerful cross-cut saw of America, but a wide, short instrument, which has a handle about two feet long and looks like a butcher's cleaver with teeth filed in the blade.

Still, you will find no better artisans in the world than the carpenters of Japan. Their work is done with the use of few nails and they have to be expert joiners as well as carpenters. The walls of every Japanese house must slide easily in grooves, and the ordinary home is as finely put together as our best cabinet-work in America. All joints

are dovetailed. Indeed, the Japanese could teach our best woodworkers much about fine craftsmanship.

I heard the other day of an American who wanted a garage for his automobile. The car was a cheap one and he wished merely to have an inexpensive shelter for it, such as one of our carpenters would knock up for a comparatively small sum. He was rather put out at the workman's estimate, which he thought too high, but he could get no one else, so told the man to go ahead. When the garage was completed, it was more like a fine cabinet than a house for a cheap car. Every board was planed to the finest finish, every joint was closely fitted, and the door was exactly the right size and moved without a hitch in its groove. It was not at all the shed he had had in mind, but it was the only sort of structure that the Japanese carpenter could put up, for good workmanship was the only kind he knew.

Another lesson we can profitably learn from the Japanese is the art of packing, which is one of their finest accomplishments. They use few nails in fastening boxes or crates, rope almost always taking their place. I have heard of families who have moved from Japan back to America without a single breakage, but the story of those coming out here from the States is quite the reverse.

As to the use of string in tying up packages, this is rare in Japan. A strip of rice paper is sometimes twisted about a parcel, but woollen or cotton string is seldom seen. Even the smallest shop has its own paper bearing the name of the proprietor. And that reminds me of the *furoshiki*, the universal carryall of the country. It is a large, strong square of silk or cotton. Everybody uses these squares, rich and poor, Japanese and foreigners. Books, maga-

The saw the Japanese use for cutting logs into boards is a wide, short instrument like a butcher's cleaver with teeth filed in the blade.

In many Japanese funeral processions there are borne large cages, from which birds are released, in token of the flight of the soul to its Maker.

zines, bottles, cigars, and every sort of thing are wrapped up in them and two of the corners are neatly tied in a knot. They are often given as presents. Think how convenient it is to have in your pocket a big handkerchief that may be used as needed to carry home the day's purchases.

Every time I come to Japan I find myself constantly buying things, and indeed, one of the most interesting ways of spending time in a Japanese city is to wander about from shop to shop. This is particularly true in Kyoto. The stores seem to be jumbled together without regard to order. A carpenter shop is next to a shoe store, and a bath house bumps up against a hardware store. There are some big modern establishments, but for the most part the shops are small affairs, selling wares of local manufacture. The stocks of many of them would scarcely bring fifty dollars at auction.

The merchant sits like the Turk in his bazaar surrounded by his goods. The floor is his counter, and his stock hangs on the walls or is piled about within easy reach of his hands. He has altogether a space little larger than a small bedroom, the whole front of which is open. The floor is raised about two feet from the ground and the customers sit on the narrow veranda as they haggle over the prices. As a rule, the shopkeeper seems indifferent to whether you buy or not. He calculates on an abacus, a framework holding wooden beads strung on wires. By moving these up and down he adds and subtracts quite as quickly as we do with pencil and paper, and rarely makes a mistake. The girl ticket-sellers at the railway stations use these same devices. They seem never to rely on mental arithmetic, but, even when it is only a matter of adding six and six, make the beads of the abacus fly to get the sum.

If you are visiting a Kyoto art dealer you will be invited inside, for the purchase of an antique or an object of art is expected to take time. After tea has been served, the merchant will direct his clerk to bring such and such a piece. This will be unwrapped and set out for you to judge and admire. There will be little talk of money, though if you ask the price the dealer will usually put it a good bit above what he expects to have to accept. If he thinks you are a connoisseur he will have articles of greater and greater beauty displayed one after the other; but if he has reason to doubt your taste, he may never show the choicest things he has. There is no hurry. You are never urged to buy, and if you go away without having made a purchase, his bow and smile and "*Sayonara*," or "Farewell," are as courteous as if you had given a princely order. He makes you feel that you have done him a favour in sharing his pleasure in the beautiful things he has in his shop.

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE REALM OF GODS AND SPIRITS

THIS afternoon I visited a crematory situated on a mountain some distance from Kyoto. Passing over the many bridges of this former stronghold of the sacred Emperor, I drove through streets of china shops filled with beautiful blue Kyoto ware, on by poorer houses than any I had yet seen in Japan, and out into the fields of rice and tea. The road was narrow, and my jinrikisha had to stop several times to let pass parties of four stalwart men, dressed in the blue gowns and mushroom hats of the coolie, and bearing upon their shoulders wooden boxes slung on gaily painted poles. I asked my guide what these might be, and he told me they were hearses, and that these men had taken the remains of the dead to the crematory and were now returning. I saw one quartet of hearse-bearers sitting in a tea house and making merry over *saké*.

These Japanese hearses are much like the chairs used for carrying passengers over mountainous parts of the country. Though the Western style coffin is gradually replacing it, the typical coffin of the Buddhists of Japan is a box about four feet long, two feet wide, and four feet high. It is made of thin white pine, unpainted and unvarnished, and looks for all the world like a toy house. It has a ridge roof and the openings in the sides are curtained with bamboo splints. The dead are

put inside in a sitting posture, which, some say, symbolizes the habit of the devout of sitting rapt in religious meditation. They are dressed in white clothes of as fine a material as the circumstances of the family allow, and in the coffins are placed a number of the things that the deceased liked best when in this world. In a child's casket are laid its favourite playthings, and I have heard of one destitute old reprobate in whose coffin was put the half-consumed bottle of *saké* he was drinking when death interrupted him.

As we neared the crematory, I could see thin spirals of blue smoke rising from its chimneys. The place might have passed for the waterworks of an American town of ten thousand inhabitants. In front of it was a house of one large room, in which the last ceremonies for the dead are held. A red temple chair for the use of the priests stood before a table on which were brass urns for the burning of incense by the mourners. Looking through this room, I could see beyond it the red brick walls of the furnaces with their black iron doors. I passed on to these and chatted with the ghoul-like cremator. He was a wrinkled, coffee-coloured Japanese, whose blue gown, open over his hollow chest, was short enough to expose a length of lean, bare shanks. His head was as bald as that of Cæsar.

I then took a look at the crematory, a series of brick furnaces in which wood is used as fuel. I remained for some time to watch the whole process of incinerating the dead, but found it a decidedly unpleasant spectacle, the details of which I need not describe. The attendant in charge explained to me that the ashes of the Japanese dead are not scattered after cremation. Instead, the

bones that remain are taken by the relatives and buried in their family vaults, or in the cemeteries.

In a land so crowded as Japan one would think it the sensible thing to make cremation as universal as it is among the Hindus, but it has never entirely replaced the older Shinto method of interment. It was not practised at all in Japan until about twelve hundred years ago, when it was introduced by Buddhist priests. At one time, when the craze for the imitation of Western ways first came on in full force, cremation was actually forbidden by the Japanese government, which evidently acted on some mistaken notion that it was frowned upon in Europe and America. But the officials soon found out that, on the contrary, it was advocated by reformers in Western countries, and the law was repealed in 1875, after it had been in effect less than two years. Now all the large cities of Japan have one or more crematories, and cremation, while not so invariable a custom as with the Hindus, is nevertheless far more common than with us. During epidemics it is compulsory.

The cemeteries of Japan are interesting, because they are so alive. Driving in the country I have often passed little graveyards by the roadside, though, as a general thing, the cities of the dead are near temples. Seldom have I seen one entirely deserted. The people make frequent visits to the last resting places of the departed, and more than once I have seen families bring offerings of incense and food to place upon the graves. At Irimachi I remember watching a father, mother, and half a dozen children thus honouring their dead. The lot was dotted with tombstones, and a little image of Buddha with its head broken off stood in the middle of it. As the father

came up he lifted the round head and put it in its place on the broken neck. He then knelt and prayed. All of the family, even to the toddling baby of two, had burning sticks of incense, which they set in the ground before the various tombstones. They decorated the stones with flowers and set before them bowls of rice and beans and pieces of cooked fish. At almost every tombstone I have noted little bamboo vases full of flowers, while near many graves are small boxes for receiving the cards of those visiting them. Some of the graves have mounds of sand upon them in which green twigs are stuck, and once I saw propped against a child's headstone a small clay doll and bowls of food.

Among the pathetic and yet comical sights in Japanese cemeteries are the stone images of Jizo, the Buddhist god of compassion and helpfulness who is the special patron of travellers, children, and pregnant women. Throughout the Empire his statues are seen more frequently than those of any other god. Sometimes they look most absurd because of the baby bibs tied about their stone necks, or the baby caps set on their heads. These have been placed there as thank offerings by mothers whose sick children have recovered, or in the hope that the god will look after their little ones who have died. In the temple of Jizo near Kamakura thousands of baby dresses are hung on wires above the head of his statue.

Another feature of Jizo's statue, whether in temple, in cemetery, or by the roadside, is the number of pebbles in its lap and piled about its base. According to the belief of many of the Japanese Buddhists, when children die their souls go to a place on the Sai-no-kawara, the Buddhist Styx. Here an old hag robs them of their clothes

and sets them a task of piling up stones on the bank of the river. At night the devils come and scatter the piles, so that the work is all undone. Then the children in their discouragement run to Jizo, who hides them in the folds of his wide sleeves and comforts them. Whenever a worshipper on earth lays a pebble on the knees or at the feet of Jizo's image, he helps lighten the toil of one of these children.

The Japanese love big funerals and on such occasions will spend all the money they can possibly get together to make a great show. Among the lower classes much *saké* is drunk by those who sit up with the dead the night before the ceremonies, and the result is a good deal like an old-time Irish "wake." At Tokyo I once attended the funeral of the father of one of the most noted lawyers of the capital. It took place at a great temple in the Tsukiji district, and about one thousand people were present. In the long procession were men on foot and in jinrikishas. At the head were fifty men in blue gowns, each of whom carried a tree made of flowers and as large as the average family Christmas tree in America. At the shrine they formed two lines with these trees, between which the white, cage-like coffin was borne up the stairs and into the great audience hall. It was placed on a table, and the mourners sat around it, squatting on their heels. Each had before him a cup of tea, which he sipped as the ten priests made the funeral music and preached the funeral sermon.

The priests were shaven-headed Buddhists dressed in gorgeous gowns of silk and gold. Five of them formed the orchestra, keeping up an incessant hammering upon bells and gongs during the intervals of the service, while the

others prayed to Buddha. At the end of the services, which lasted about an hour, the mourners came up one by one and dropped some incense into a brazier burning back of the coffin. At length the body was taken off to be cremated. As the mourners filed out, each was given a neatly wrapped parcel, a funeral present of cake and sweets from the son of the deceased. The bereaved son smiled and bowed as if this were one of the pleasantest of occasions, but in so doing he was following the Japanese code of good manners, which forbids one to impose on others the burden of his own sadness. I have heard the story of a man who came to an American missionary to announce the death of his only son. He smiled and chuckled as if he felt no sense of loss whatever, yet next morning he was found dead by his own hand. He could not face life without his boy.

In a funeral conducted according to the Shinto rites, the coffin-bearers are robed in white, the priests wear curved gauze caps on their unshaven heads, and flags and branches of trees are borne in the procession. At the end of the ceremony at the shrine, when the mourners file past the coffin, each drops a twig upon it. In both Buddhist and Shinto funerals great bouquets of flowers figure largely. Many processions are headed by a score or more black-clad bearers carrying tall clusters of the sacred lotus made of gold and silver paper or gilded metal. Often, too, there are cages filled with birds, which are released, in token, I suppose, of the flight of the soul to its Maker.

Most impressive of all, of course, are the funerals of members of the imperial family, and perhaps the greatest spectacle ever witnessed in Japan was that afforded by the

Mothers, thankful for the recovery of their little ones or anxious about the fate of those who have died, often tie bibs on the images of Jizo, the god of children.

The Kegon waterfall above Nikko is a favourite place for suicides and is almost a shrine since a Japanese youth jumped to his death there because "he could not solve the riddle of the Universe."

"sending away" of the Emperor Meiji. The body was conveyed from the Imperial Palace in Tokyo to Aoyama Cemetery, where a splendid shrine had been erected for the occasion.

At eight o'clock on a September night a cannon boomed out over the capital, announcing that the procession was starting from the palace. Since noon the throngs had been gathering along the route, which had been closed to traffic for many hours. Upon it had been spread a layer of fresh earth to make a "new road" for the imperial dead. As the procession wound its slow way along, there was absolute silence from the hundreds of thousands of mourners. When the vanguard reached the cemetery the rear end was still at the palace, three miles distant. There were hosts of funeral commissioners and guards of honour, there were musicians and chamberlains, priests, soldiers, and sailors. Some bore torches; some carried funeral trees or white satin banners upon which were great red suns; others came with ancient arms, quivers, bows, shields, and halberds. Many were in black; the priests wore their most magnificent ceremonial robes; officials of the imperial household marched in flowing white, one of them carrying the royal sandals in a white box. The uniforms of the officers of the Imperial Guard were rich with gold lace.

At length a wailing noise broke the silence. The funeral car was approaching. It was drawn by white oxen and escorted by men in the garb of the cowherds of olden times. The noise was the loud creaking of the wheels, which had been so constructed as to give off these sounds of woe.

The whole night was consumed by the passing of the procession and the ceremonies at the shrine. In the morning the coffin, fashioned of creamy white wood from the

imperial forests and draped in spotless white silk, was put aboard a special train drawn by the latest-type locomotive built in the United States. Thus, for the first time, an Emperor of Japan was borne by steam to his long rest. A pilot train went ahead to safeguard the way for the funeral coaches, one of which was the Emperor's special car, made of the finest wood and decorated with panels of marvellous cloisonné from the Kyoto workshops. All that day the train passed through the land once ruled by Meiji, and that night his body was laid away at Momoyama, near Kyoto, where it now reposes in one of the most impressive mausoleums in the world.

The watchers had noticed that in the file of those attending the funeral ceremonies, among the nation's greatest and most honoured one figure was missing. General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur and the close friend of the Emperor, was not present. As one of the guard of honour, he had taken his turn with the other peers who, during forty days and forty nights, had watched at the imperial bier. On the day of the funeral he had shown one of his colleagues a poem of his own writing in which he had declared in effect, "I shall follow in the footsteps of Your Majesty." And so, it was found, he had done; for at the moment when the gun announced the departure of the body of his ruler from the palace, Nogi had committed hara-kiri. At the same time that he ripped open his abdomen with his short sword, his devoted wife cut the arteries of her neck.

Nogi, old and bowed with grief over the loss of his two sons and the slaughter of thirty thousand of his soldiers at Port Arthur, had long contemplated suicide. The Emperor, however, suspecting his intention, had said to him,

"Nogi, I shall have need of you. I want your life." But with the passing of his lord, the old man felt free to follow him into the next world, after the manner of the samurai of feudal days. His grave in Aoyama Cemetery is kept green with branches of the sacred shrine tree, laid there by the thousands of pilgrims who visit the spot every year.

For centuries suicide by hara-kiri, or slashing the abdomen, has been considered a most honourable manner of death in Japan. The Japanese seldom use the word so familiar all over the world but say, instead, *seppuku*, which came from the Chinese and is thought more elegant, just as we use the Latin word "abdomen" in place of the flat Anglo-Saxon term that rhymes with "jelly." In feudal times there were two kinds of hara-kiri—obligatory and voluntary. The first was a favour granted to disgraced members of the samurai class, who instead of being executed were allowed to take their lives with dignity and courage according to an elaborate ritual and in the presence of their peers. This custom was given up many years ago. Involved with the privilege was a property right; for he who was put to death by the executioner had his property confiscated, while he who committed hara-kiri might leave his estate to his family.

Voluntary hara-kiri was practised by men in hopeless trouble, or out of loyalty to a dead superior, and also as a protest when all other protests had proved vain. Though it is dying out with the adoption of Western ideas, it is not yet entirely a thing of the past. Not long ago an old man came to the American Embassy at Tokyo asking to see the Ambassador. This he was not allowed to do and a few hours later his body was found on a hillside near by. He had slashed himself open, as he had doubtless planned

to do before the eyes of the Ambassador. He left a note giving his reason. He could not, he said, bear the disgrace that had been put upon his country by our law excluding Japanese immigrants and he wished, through his death, to rouse others to indignation. In a few days he became the hero of Japan.

Not only hara-kiri, but any form of suicide, seems to win high regard from the Japanese. Self-murder is so common here that one scarcely ever picks up a paper that does not record some incident of the kind. People throw themselves into the sea or prostrate themselves before oncoming locomotives, take poison or hang themselves, and always their action is acclaimed, not as with us, as a piece of cowardice, but as a heroic deed. The waterfall from Lake Chuzenji in the mountains above Nikko has become not only a shrine for pilgrims but a favourite place for suicides since, a year or two ago, a young Japanese jumped to his death there. The note he left behind stated that he had decided to take his life because he could not solve the riddle of the universe.

One of the most beautiful of all the many feasts of Japan is the Bon, or Festival of Souls. In some places this is held in the middle of July, in others a month later. Kyoto, which is famous for its observance, celebrates it in mid-August. For three days then the spirits of the departed, it is thought, return to the homes they had on earth, and their families do all in their power to entertain them as honoured guests. The night before, the festival market stalls are set up in the streets for the sale of the various things needed for the celebration. There are lanterns of all shapes, from stars to flowers. These are suspended in front of the houses to light the spirits home,

or hung from bamboo tripods above the graves. There are sold also white peeled flax stalks to be burned as welcoming fires; lotus flowers for the decoration of the household shrines; shallow red earthenware dishes to hold food for the ghostly guests; sticks of incense; and even miniature horses or oxen to make easy the journey from another world.

During the festival an air of gaiety and happiness pervades everyone. The third night, that on which the souls go back to the place whence they came, is the gayest of all. Throughout Japan the spirits are guided all the way to the cemeteries. The streets are thronged with people, each one carrying a lighted lantern, and hillsides, dwellings, and temples are illuminated in honour of the departing guests. Formerly it was the custom of the people along the coast to set adrift tiny illuminated boats made of straw and loaded with food, which were supposed to guide the dead on their voyage over the ocean. But on account of the resulting fires among the junks and other craft the government has latterly forbidden this practice.

CHAPTER XVIII

YOUNG JAPAN

EVERY year there are in Japan between seven and eight hundred thousand more births than deaths. These hundreds of thousands of little newcomers find a world already full to overflowing with others of their kind. I know of no country where children are so much in evidence as in this land of the Heavenly Emperor. There are children in bright-hued kimonos of gay figured cotton running up and down the middle of the streets, children with other children strapped on their backs joining in all sorts of games, children in visored caps on their way to school, children buying ice-cream cones of the hokey-pokey man, children laughing in their sleeves at some odd-looking foreigner as he passes by. The trains, the street-cars, the temple grounds, the open houses, the pavements teem with them. They do not seem to mind the rickshaw man, nor do they take to their heels before the automobile. It is for others to keep out of *their* way.

What jolly youngsters they are! As I go along the streets of Kyoto I hear their laughter sounding out on the air, and sometimes when they see me they bend half double in Japanese fashion, and call out, "Ohayo!" their word for "Good day." Others, who are ruder, may say in Japanese, "You furry-headed foreigner, your mother was a cat!"

I think the foreigner's hair is always a source of interest to these children. They are unused to seeing any except black locks, and I fancy they do not particularly like the light browns and blonds and auburns of alien heads. I know that sometimes even grown-ups mistake the baby-gold hair of the pretty English or American blonde, which we so greatly admire, for the white hair of age. As for me, with my sorrel top, again and again in the interior I have been followed by a crowd of children. Many times I have noticed them pointing to my hair and calling out "*Saké!*" and sometimes imitating the rolling gait of the drunken man, amid shouts of laughter from the whole crew. While I am not a total abstainer, I am always as sober as a judge, and so I was at a loss to understand the connection between my red poll and the whisky of Japan until I learned that, according to tradition, the drinking of *saké* will produce red hair. The Bacchus of Japan is always represented as a red-haired god. One of the folk tales of the country is about two little boys who were playing around a jar of rice wine. One got too near the edge and fell in. He stayed in the jar for days, but when his mother found him at last he was unhurt, save that his black head had been turned red by the *saké* he had consumed.

Frequent baths are a regular part of the Japanese child's life, and one knows that the children's bodies are as clean as can be. Why, then, I have wondered, are the little ones allowed to go about with such dirty noses? It is impossible to be here long without noticing that most of them ought to use handkerchiefs and that apparently few of them do. I have heard the story of an American living here who liked to picnic in the country. Foreigners

quickly draw a ring of staring country children and so he used to provide himself with a pile of paper handkerchiefs. As soon as the damp-nosed little spectators gathered around him he would pass out the handkerchiefs, saying, "Here, you may look at us all you want, but you must first turn your backs and use these." Being Japanese children, and therefore used to obeying their elders, they would straightway follow his directions.

The children of Japan love to play soldier, and the little boys go about with guns and flags, marching in step while their trumpeters blow. The toy shops are full of lead soldiers and miniature guns and drums. The older boys are real soldiers, for every school has its military drill under officers of the army. Boys of twelve and fourteen go into camp and take part in mock battles. In every Japanese school there is a drill hall, where the guns are stacked up against the walls when not in use. Each school has its gymnasium, and the boys and girls go through all sorts of exercises to make them strong and able to fight and work for their Emperor should a war come.

Indeed, from earliest childhood the Japanese boy imbibes a military tradition. This is strongly exemplified in the Boys' Festival which is held on the fifth of May. In Kyoto it is observed with all the old rites and ceremonies, although in Tokyo and other cities some of the ancient customs are being allowed to lapse. The Japanese boy is usually king of the household, and on that day, more than any other, he holds the centre of the stage. The alcove of the chief room is specially decorated for him. In it is hung a scroll picturing a fierce warrior in full panoply of battle. Before this picture may be a handsome stand of black lacquer on which is the armour of one

Most important to the Japanese youngster is the purchase of the cloth or paper fish which will float from a pole in front of his home during the Boys' Festival in May.

The little Japanese girl often carries her doll tied on her back, just as her mother, her older sister, and even her young brothers perhaps carried her about in her babyhood.

of his soldier ancestors. About it are grouped the bows, the arrows, and the side-arms which have been handed down in the family and carefully preserved from generation to generation. Near the alcove are other heirlooms—spears, silken banners bearing the family crest, and warrior dolls and toys ordinarily kept in the fireproof godowns of the home to be brought out only for this occasion. To these are added other toys bought from the shops and toy-stands which about this time of year blossom with wares for the festival.

Among the other dolls will be one representing Nanko, or Prince Masashige, a national hero because of his loyalty to the fourteenth-century Emperor Go-Daigo. When his lord was defeated and Nanko's army had been almost annihilated by a greatly superior force, he and his band of personal followers all committed hara-kiri rather than surrender.

Strangely enough, another figure among the military dolls is that of a woman. This represents the Empress Jingo, a war-like lady of the third century, who went with her husband, the Emperor Chuai, to put down a revolt in the island of Kyushu. When he was wounded to the death, she donned his armour, headed the loyal troops, and defeated the revolutionists. Later, she conquered Korea, to which country she crossed over with a splendid fleet and many armed men. She lived to be one hundred years old.

The favourite of all the dolls, however, is one in full armour, with fierce face and flashing eyes. This is Hideyoshi, sometimes called the Napoleon of Japan. He lived in the sixteenth century and, though he seized the power and ruled the country, he was not called shogun but had the more exalted appellation of Taiko, from which we got

Tycoon, the title by which we knew the shogun who in 1854 signed the treaty with Commodore Perry. Born the son of a poor farmer and so ugly that he had the nickname of "Monkey-Face," he took service with a neighbouring daimio and rose by hard fighting and ability until he was practically monarch of Japan. His life is pointed out to boys as a model of ambition and personal bravery.

The extensiveness of the display of dolls and toys depends, of course, upon the wealth and also upon the social position of a boy's family. Few are so poor, however, that they cannot afford to hang out the gay cloth or paper fish that are other features of the festival of May 5th. On that day every house in Kyoto in which there is a boy has before it a pole of bamboo from which float one or more gaudy fish made of tough paper. The mouths of the great fish are stiffened with bamboo and open so that the wind blows in and inflates the bodies, which seem to swim about through the air. Sometimes there will be a half-dozen fish on one pole, a big one at the top and smaller ones below, until the one at the bottom may be only three feet long. Each fish stands for a son of the family. They represent the carp, which is noted for its strength and daring. It seems a shame that in Tokyo and other cities this custom of flying the carp is dying out, so that nowadays one does not see nearly so many as formerly at the Boys' Festival.

There are even special dainties for the noon meal on this day. Freshly caught fish is served with a particular kind of rice dumpling wrapped in iris leaves, for the iris grows deeply rooted in the soil, thus setting an example of perseverance and endurance. Furthermore, its leaf is in the shape of a sword. Although the custom is now nearly

obsolete, some of the Kyoto descendants of old daimio families on this day always serve their sons *saké* in which chopped-up iris leaves have been soaked. Another delicacy is rice wrapped in the leaves of the oak, a symbol of strength.

The girls are not neglected, but have a festival all their own on the third of March when the plum blossoms are out. This is known as the Feast of the Dolls. On this day the boys have to stay in the background. Their parents pay little attention to them and for the time being the girls are the chief members of the family. It is the one day in the year when they are more important than the boys. Every girl gets a new doll, and all the dolls of the family, including those of mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother, are brought out and displayed with as much ceremony as are the warriors at the Boys' Festival.

The dolls represent some favourite prince or princess, some hero or heroine, the empresses and emperors, and their court ladies. There is a little throne of steps made for them in the alcove and they are placed upon this in rows. The children then sit down in front of them and talk to them. They put food and drink before them in tiny dishes, and listen to stories about them. They give them doll toys, which are as fine as the home can afford. In rich families the toy dishes are sometimes of silver with little toy chopsticks of silver for the emperor and empress dolls to eat with. Wine, made especially for this feast, is served to them in toy cups. Some families have a collection of dolls, which date back for a hundred years or more. Sometimes days are spent in preparing for the festival, to which friends of the family are invited.

By the end of February the stores, particularly those of

Kyoto, are filled with dolls for the feast, and the little creamy-skinned girls trot around on their wooden clogs, admiring them and pointing out to their mothers the ones they would like to have for the celebration.

Among the queerest playthings I have seen in Japan are what I call "puppycats." They are in reality a sort of cross between a dog and a cat, made of *papier mâché* and painted in gorgeous colours. The Japanese call them *ino harico*, and even the boys do not consider it beneath their dignity to play with them. They would, I doubt not, be popular with our children if introduced into the United States. I have sometimes seen a grandmother or a nurse being pulled through the streets with an infant in her arms and a bunch of these "puppycats" tied on to the back of her rickshaw. She is on her way to show the new-born baby to its relatives and it is the custom to have the vehicle thus decorated. I believe the idea underlying the custom is that of the dog as the faithful protector of children.

The boys here are great kite flyers. I have counted a hundred kites in the air at one time over a Japanese village. The kites are often made with wings like birds, and sometimes in the form of fish. Now and then pieces of bamboo are tied to their tails so that they whistle as they ride the wind. A favourite amusement is fighting kites. In this sport a section of the string is first soaked in glue and then dusted with powdered glass, making it a sort of flexible file. When two boys fight their kites they try to make the strings cross as the kites are flying and by a sawing motion of one string cut the other in two. The kite that breaks away first becomes the property of the owner of the one still flying.

During the summer one of the chief sports of the boys is catching *semi*, or cicadas, for pets. The Japanese enjoy the so-called "songs" of these insects and also admire their quick movements. "Semi" is a favourite nickname for a chirpy, quick little daughter. The boys capture the cicadas and put them in minute bamboo cages. They are often sold at the stands of wayside peddlers. The tiny songsters live a month or more in captivity if they are fed with slices of cucumber or eggplant, with an occasional bit of lettuce and sugar. They die quickly if left in a strong light or in a place where there is much noise and excitement.

The toys of Japan are an evidence of the love these people have for their children. Every family spends money in amusing its little ones and a great toy-making industry is carried on. Any village large enough to hold a shop has one or more toy stores. They are to be found in the poorest parts of the towns, especially near the temples, where the streets are lined with them. Some of the favourite toys are made of dough, and there are peddler cooks who go around selling them. There are men who carry toy stoves through the streets and rent them out to the children at so much per hour. They furnish cakes and other things for the little ones to cook, so that for two or three cents a party of girls can have a stove for an hour and cook a meal for their dolls.

Parents are well-nigh the slaves of their children and on the trains I have observed again and again how attentive were the fathers, in particular, to the wants of the little ones. Yet they bring up the youngsters to be obedient and polite. Japanese children never think of being pert or rude to their elders and even with each other they

are extremely courteous. It is funny to see how formally school children bow when they meet, and interesting to notice that when, for example, two sisters are entering a room, the younger always lets the elder go first. At school, the pupils are docile and anxious to learn. Corporal punishment is seldom or never inflicted, either in the school or in the home. At one time, parents punished naughty children by burning them with a bit of dried moxa weed rolled into a tiny cone and set afire, but this custom has about died out. If you see a coolie with old scars of burns on his legs or a woman with such scars on her shoulders, it is likely that these were come by not through parental discipline, but because the moxa had been used to relieve the ache of a back weary with carrying a child or of legs strained with trotting between the shafts of a rickshaw. Japanese babies scarcely ever cry, and I have been told that the chief reason for this is the fact that their little stomachs are kept warm and comfortable against the backs of their mothers or brothers or sisters and so they do not get colic easily.

Japan is often called the "children's paradise." But someone has put it another way by saying that here children are so good that they make Japan a paradise for adults.

CHAPTER XIX

A CUP OF TEA

I WRITE this letter at Uji, where the first tea seeds brought from foreign lands were sown in Japan. According to a Buddhist legend the origin of the tea plant was miraculous. This was the way it came into being: When Daruma, an Indian saint, had spent long years in ceaseless prayer and meditation, his flesh finally rebelled. He grew so sleepy that first he nodded, then he napped, and at last he slept a whole night through. When he awoke he was enraged with his lazy eyelids, and cutting them both off he flung them on the ground. Then, lo and behold, there sprang from each of the offending lids a plant, the dried leaves of which infused in water proved a powerful aid in keeping holy men awake at their pious vigils. However that may be, tea was brought from China to Japan in the ninth century and some three hundred years later tea growing was started at this village nine miles from Kyoto, where it has flourished ever since.

The United States is Japan's best tea customer. Every year we import from the Empire enough tea to give a third of a pound to each man, woman, and child in our country, and last year we used more than nine million dollars' worth. The English, the greatest tea-drinkers of all Christendom, take very little from Japan, for the black teas of India and Ceylon sell best in Great Britain. Most

of the tea consumed in the United States, a noted Japanese tea merchant tells me, is drunk by the people of our northern and western states; the sections that take the higher grades are New England and the cities of Boston, New York, and Chicago.

In Japan everyone, from Emperor to coolie, drinks tea. At every turn a little maid-servant, who trots about in her stocking feet, kneels and hands one a drink of the straw-coloured liquid without cream or sugar. The blue cup in which she serves it is not larger than an egg-cup, and the saucer upon which it is set is of metal. In visiting a friend's house one is first treated to tea, and along the country roads are pretty tea houses decorated with lanterns and having for sale fried fish, sweet cakes, and tea. The beverage at such places is often made of leaves not long since gathered from the fields. It tastes delicious when first made, but after standing a few minutes becomes as bitter as gall. It is a stimulating drink and many cups will murder sleep. In this respect Japanese tea is much more potent than that of China.

In other volumes of these travels I have described the big tea plantations of Java and India, which are scientifically managed by experts. In Japan, tea is produced chiefly by small landowners, and in some parts of the country each farmer has his tea garden as our general farmer has his orchard. The third year after the planting of the seed the shrub bears leaves. The bushes may last forty, fifty, or even a hundred years, though their average productive life is between twenty and thirty. As a rule a bush is cut back once in ten years, while after each picking it is gone over with shears, much as we trim our hedges of privet or box. Tea cannot be grown in

In summer caged cicadas, whose "songs" are enjoyed by the Japanese, are sold at wayside stalls. Fed with bits of cucumber, lettuce, and sugar, the tiny insects may live several weeks in captivity.

Tea-picking is considered "polite" labour, so that even daughters of well-to-do farmers do not scorn such work. Besides, the farmers' sons visit the tea terraces during the harvesting and wives as well as leaves are picked.

regions in which the temperature falls below zero during two months of the year and the northern limit for its culture in Japan is Niigata, in which province the bushes have to be protected from snow.

There are three pickings in a year, but the best tea is gathered in the first of these, which comes in April or May. For about a month then the tea fields are dotted with the head towels of the girls and women whose nimble fingers are twinkling in and out among the shrubs. Some of them pick as much as fifty, eighty, or even one hundred pounds in their long day of twelve or fourteen hours. Tea picking is considered "polite labour" and daughters of higher middle-class farmers do not think it beneath them to work in the fields. Moreover, the farmers' sons have a habit of visiting the tea terraces about this time of year, and often wives as well as tea leaves are picked. The last picking comes in August, and in November the plants bear their seeds. These are about three fourths of an inch in diameter, and sell for half a cent or so a pound.

Four pounds of green tea leaves will make one pound of the finished product. After they have been softened by steam a considerable portion of the Japanese leaves are rolled by hand instead of by machinery as in India, Ceylon, and Java. Most of the farmers have tea factories in their own cottages in which they cure their tea on the day it is picked. The buyers for the city merchants and exporters set up their booths in the tea districts and handle a large part of the crop each year. In the buying season the roads are full of small horse-drawn wagons piled with bales of manufactured tea done up in pink paper and neatly tied, on their way to the railroads for shipment. Most of the tea exported from Japan goes out through the port

of Kobe whence it finds its way to the tables of Canada and the United States.

In Shizuoka, the principal tea-growing region of Japan, there is a provincial experimental station for studying and teaching the best methods of production. Every grower and dealer in this district must belong to a guild, the rules of which have the force of law. The guild confiscates the tea from any grower who tries to pass a product not up to the standard, and dealers who do not carry their guild cards are fined. Some years ago there was a good deal of talk about the artificially coloured tea we were importing. I think little of this can now be coming from Japan; for one of the things against which the provincial and local guilds, as well as the central association at Tokyo, have made a determined fight is the adulteration of tea by adding during steaming a tiny bit of Prussian blue and gypsum to heighten the green colour of the dried leaf. Colouring matter is easily discovered, for it will come off if the leaves are rubbed on paper. The government has done its part toward stopping this practice by seizing dyestuffs that might be used for colouring tea.

Here at Uji are grown the finest of Japan teas, those that sell for from twenty to thirty dollars a pound. In May many of the fields are covered over with creamy mats to keep the temperature and the amount of moisture exactly right for the choice product growing beneath them. It is pretty to watch the girls picking the precious leaves in the yellow twilight under the mats. As they work they sing the songs of old Japan in what I am obliged to confess are not to me very melodious voices, and not at all like the mellow tones of the Negro cotton-pickers in our South, for example.

At Uji also is grown all the tea for the Emperor and the Empress of Japan. Two centuries or more ago the Emperor's tea was picked under the supervision of an officer known as the Chief Purveyor of Tea. For two weeks before the picking began, the gatherers were prohibited from eating fish or any other strong-smelling food, lest their breath should spoil the bouquet of the tea. They were required to wash themselves two or three times a day, and they touched the leaves only with gloved hands.

Much of the superfine tea raised at Uji is reduced to a powder to be used for the emerald-green concoction served in the elaborate tea ceremony which is, so far as I know, peculiar to Japan. During the six or seven centuries of its existence the ceremony has passed through three distinct phases. First came the religious phase. The ceremony originated with certain priests of the Zen sect of Buddhists, who, like the ancient sage Daruma, found tea useful in keeping them awake during their midnight devotions. It became more significant when, along about the year 1215 when the barons made King John sign the Magna Charta at Runnymede, the destinies of Japan were more or less in the hands of a dissipated shogun by the name of Minamoto-no-Sanetomo. So hard a drinker was this shogun that a certain Buddhist abbot, Eisai, tried to divert him from intoxicating liquor by substituting tea instead. The abbot composed and presented to the ruler a tract on the virtues of tea, which, he said, would "regulate the five viscera and expel evil spirits." The treatise contained a ritual for the drinking of the infusion, the main feature of which was a Buddhist service in which the participants worshipped their ancestors with incense-burning and drum-beating.

By the middle of the next century ceremonial tea-drinking had come out of this medical and religious phase and was characterized by extreme luxury. The lordly daimio assembled daily in spacious apartments hung with damask and brocade and decorated with gold and silver vessels and swords in wonderful sheaths, art objects whose fabrication had tested all the powers of the Japanese craftsmen of that day. There, reclining on couches draped with the skins of tigers and leopards, the nobles partook of costly banquets and sipped their tea. They played a sort of game, each one guessing from whence came the various brands served, whether from the Toga-no-o plantations, from Uji, or elsewhere. A correct guess procured for its maker one of the treasures that hung about the room; but he was expected to pass it over to one of the singing or dancing girls who enlivened these entertainments.

Even warriors, such as the great Hideyoshi, who reaped so much glory for his military exploits during the sixteenth century, were enthusiasts for the tea ceremonies, rules for which had been gradually evolving year by year. This Napoleon of Japan gave what was probably the largest tea party ever held; for in the autumn of 1587 he sent out an official edict, which is still preserved, wherein he invited all tea lovers within the Empire to come to a certain pine grove near Kyoto. They were to bring with them whatever they possessed in the way of curios connected with ceremonial tea-drinking. Thus equipped, a large crowd gathered at just about the same time when, on the other side of the world, the Spanish Armada was being outfitted to wreck the fleets of England's queen. The party lasted for ten days, during which Hideyoshi made good his promise to take tea at every booth in the grounds.

Not long afterward the great Tycoon called together the heads of the several schools of tea-drinking ceremonies. Chief among them was Sen-no-Rikyu, an authority on antiques. He collated and codified the rules, eliminating from the ritual all features of extravagance and luxury. Since his day the tea ceremony has been characterized by extreme simplicity and by devotion to the antique in the vessels and utensils used. It is governed by a rigid code of etiquette. In the words of a Japanese writer:

> The knowledge of the tea ceremony is imported to high-bred Japanese ladies and gentlemen. It is not only of great interest from the æsthetic point of view, but also of great utility in making both men and women gentle, cautious, and calm of mind.

The ceremony must be held in a special room of the house, or in a small house in the garden, not more than nine feet square. The choicest woods are used for this room and, though severe simplicity is observed, the workmanship upon it is of the finest. The narrow doorway is so low that those who enter must stoop. The only decorations are a single picture, an incense-burner, and a vase of flowers. These the guests are expected to admire as soon as they have entered the room.

But, to start at the beginning of my story—before the actual tea drinking, the guests are served a preliminary banquet in another room, at which, to show their appreciation, they are supposed to eat everything that is offered. Since this is usually impossible, it is customary for them to carry away in a bag brought for the purpose all that they cannot stow inside of themselves. At the end of the dinner they are supplied by the host or the hostess with sweets to take home and then, after a short recess, are invited to the tea room. They seat themselves

on the floor, and the tea is passed in a bowl from one to another of the company.

No matter how wealthy he or she may be, the host or hostess is expected to do everything without the help of servants, and according to rules of etiquette which it takes years to learn. The silken napkin with which the tea bowl is wiped must be creased just so, the stipulated number of spoonfuls of powdered tea must be stirred in a prescribed fashion with a bamboo stirrer of a certain design. The compliments of the guests for the tea-set and the beautiful manner of the host must follow lines laid down by the ceremonial code, and even the number of sips to be taken is set forth in the rules. At one phase the guests examine the bowl, spoon, jar, bags, and all the utensils, express their admiration and interest, and inquire about their age and the places whence they came. Often these ceremonial tea things are heirlooms of great antiquity, and collecting them is a hobby with Japanese connoisseurs. Toward the end, individual tea cups are substituted for the bowl, the affair becomes less formal, and chatting, gossip, and every-day talk, such as are strictly prohibited earlier in the ceremonial, are allowed. Throughout, visitors and hosts must sustain the greatest serenity and cheerfulness.

According to one of the chief authorities on Japanese etiquette, in addition to the best of tea, the finest of cups, and the most proper manners, the essentials of the perfect ceremony are: purity, peacefulness, reverence, and detachment from all worldly cares. "Without these," says this man, "we cannot have a tea-party."

CHAPTER XX

A WRESTLING BOUT AT OSAKA

WHEN I took a train from Kyoto I left behind me old Mikado land, and within less than an hour came in sight of the smoke from dozens of the factory chimneys of the new Japan. They advertised the busy city of Osaka, which has more than a million inhabitants and is the leading industrial centre of the country.

Half a century ago there was not a piece of modern machinery in Osaka; now there are more than six thousand industrial establishments of all sorts, among them many big cotton spinning mills. Its factories are turning out soap, matches, machinery, lacquer, canned goods, candles, umbrellas, paint, paper—every kind of thing. In its enormous warehouses are stored manufactured goods for export, and imports for home consumption from which merchants all over the Empire replenish their stocks.

Here also are the headquarters of the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the second largest steamship company in Japan. Its vessels make regular calls at Chinese and Korean ports, are often seen at Bombay and Vladivostok, and cross the Pacific to the harbours of the western hemisphere. Coming into Osaka I passed the biggest brewery in Japan. Every year it makes millions of gallons of beer, which is growing increasingly popular among the Japanese. Seeds

for the barley used were originally imported from Germany and planted in Hokkaido, where the beer-brewing industry was started fifty years ago under the direction of German experts. At Osaka, too, I am close to the five villages that are the centre of the *saké* industry. It is said that reason it flourishes in these places is due to the fact that the water in their wells gives a particularly agreeable flavour to the brew.

Osaka lies in a delta formed by several rivers as they empty into Osaka Bay. The city is intersected by numerous streams and canals which are crossed by some five hundred bridges. The waterways are full of life, for they are crowded with punts, rafts, and launches, though they are mostly too shallow for any but hand-propelled craft. The principal river, the Yadogawa, once clear, is now muddy with the waste from the factories, while over the city hangs the veil of their smoke. And through this veil the ruins of the old castle, at one time the strongest fortification in all Japan, peer down upon the hustling, bustling modern metropolis. What, I wonder, would the great Tycoon, Hideyoshi, who built this stronghold surrounded by deep moats and walls of stone eight feet thick and ten feet high, think of it all?

I shall not write to-day of the industrial life of Osaka, however, but of a feature already old in the sixteenth century when Hideyoshi held Japan in the hollow of his hand. Many a time he must have witnessed scenes similar to those I saw yesterday in the sporting ring here, for wrestling has been the national sport of the Japanese since ancient times, and Osaka has long been one of its chief centres.

There is a record that in the twenty-fourth year before

In Japan everyone, from Emperor to coolie, drinks tea, and one can scarcely turn around without seeing a little maid servant ready to serve the national beverage at all hours.

The daughters of wealthy and aristocratic families spend hours every week learning the elaborate rites of the tea ceremony. Every word and movement of the procedure must follow the rules which have come down from the thirteenth century.

Christ was born, a noble of great stature and strength begged the Emperor to allow him to challenge the wrestlers of all the world to contest with him for the championship. His request was granted, and the match came off, but a stronger man than he was found. The boaster was brought to grief by a wrestler named Shikune, who kicked him in the ribs and broke his bones. The victor was straightway elevated to high honours, and later gained much influence at court. It was he, it is said, who initiated the custom of substituting earthen images for the living men who up to his time had been buried with a dead Emperor.

In feudal days the daimio used to keep corps of wrestlers attached to them, while travelling princes always had them in their trains. For a long time wrestling matches were features of both funeral ceremonies and wedding celebrations. About five hundred years before Columbus discovered America the throne of Japan was the prize of a wrestling match. The Emperor of that day had two sons. Whether they were twins or not I do not know, but they both aspired to the throne. Their father told them each to pick out a champion wrestler, and promised that the one who backed the victor should be Emperor. The boys agreed to this, and the successful backer succeeded his father. Some years ago the prime minister himself gave wrestling a great boom and it became such a fad that some of the noblest men of the Empire were ready to meet all comers in the ring, and one cabinet minister, even, did not consider it beneath his dignity to take part in a match.

Now thousands attend the big wrestling meets held at Tokyo and Osaka, which last for days. Like our hero

of the prize ring or the baseball diamond, the man who wins the bleached hempen belt of championship is hailed from one end of Japan to the other. He is the special object of worship from the geisha. Wrestlers are now classed in about the same social grade as these professional entertainers. Formerly, however, when actors were referred to as "riverside beggars," and made to conceal their countenances in deep wicker hats when travelling about, the wrestlers were ranked next to the samurai.

The Japanese wrestlers form a curious class, being like no other athletes on the face of the globe. They seem to be of a race of their own. They are taller and heavier than the ordinary Japanese, some of them being more than six feet in height. As a rule, the Japanese man is little, if any, taller than the average American girl. He is as straight as a flax-stick, but is stocky, having a long body and short legs. The wrestlers are mountains of fat and brawn, weighing from two to three hundred pounds. They have methods of training entirely different from those of our pugilists, who would laugh at their corpulent frames, and think them puffy and flabby.

When, after watching the matches, I went to chat with some of the wrestlers through my interpreter, I felt their muscles. They were as hard as iron, and what I had supposed to be great lumps of fat I found to be bundles of sinew. All the wrestlers eat quantities of meat, and drink *saké* and beer by the gallon. A man who has made a hobby of photographing them told me of two wrestlers he was entertaining one day in order to get their pictures. Each drank two dozen bottles of beer, besides great quantities of soda water, ginger ale, and claret. Their features are much the same as those of the ordinary Japanese,

though their heads are larger, and shaped like cannon balls. They shave their polls from the forehead to the crown, allowing the hair over the ears and at the back to grow long, and then tying it up on top in a knob like a door-knocker. His topknot is much cherished by the wrestler, who, when his fighting days are over, makes quite a ceremony of having it cut off as a sign that he is retiring from the ring.

Pulled by two knobby-legged rickshaw men, I dashed through Osaka on my way to the matches. We rushed past girls waddling along with babies on their backs, by carts of merchandise pulled by coolies, through streets of little shops and on into the street of the theatres. Here all was as bustling as at a country fair at home. Vendors of all kinds filled the roadway. Banners on poles advertised the performances in the theatres which lined the thoroughfare, picturing in Japanese characters and gorgeous paintings the merits of the various actors and plays. The doorkeepers added to the din by yelling to the crowd that their prices were cheap and their entertainments good.

The wrestling matches were held in the midst of such surroundings. An immense enclosure of straw matting held up by bamboo poles formed the theatre, and the bare ground was the audience room and stage. The latter was in the centre. It was a ring of earth about twenty-five feet in diameter, and raised two feet or so above the ground. Over it was a canopy of matting trimmed with a frieze of red cloth which hung down about two feet and formed a gorgeous patch of colour.

At the foot of two of the four posts supporting the canopy stood tubs of water; at the base of the others two

bareheaded and burly men in gowns sat with their legs crossed. They were the referees. The umpire was a short, bullet-headed, excitable Japanese in a gown of silk brocade of ancient style. He held a fan in his hand, and wore a small pointed cap. He stood to one side of the wrestlers, and gave the signals for the start, yelling at the top of his voice in the more exciting moments, and jumping about as though he had gone mad. It was he who declared the victors and gave them their honourable dismissal. He had a sword at his side, and his word was law for all.

Before I describe the wrestling, let me give you a picture of the audience. When I entered and paid for my box, which was a pen in front of the ring about three feet square and made of four small logs of wood, I found about one thousand men and boys sitting and squatting in similar boxes. Each man had his teapot with him, and a box of charcoal for lighting his pipe, and during the matches eatables were peddled about. At my feet I saw a man making a meal of a piece of raw fish and vinegar, and a party near by were eating rice and drinking *saké*. One man was lying half asleep, his head pillowed on his wooden clogs, and others were spread about in every conceivable Asiatic attitude of comfort. I looked in vain for signs of betting, and my guide told me that it was not allowed.

Nearest the ring was a circle of fifty or sixty naked giants. These were the wrestlers who were to take part in the matches. Their arms were the size of a fat American's leg, and their big bullet heads were set on shoulders so brawny that they made me think of Samson or Hercules. As they sat cross-legged on the ground, smiling good-naturedly at one another, they seemed entirely naked, but

when they stood up I saw that each had a blue band wound firmly about his waist, with the ends brought up between his legs and tied in a knot at his back. From this waist cloth hung a blue fringe, six inches or more in length. If a wrestler can get a good grip in his opponent's belt, he can often hurl the wearer over his head; to prevent such a mischance, the waistband is wound so tight that it almost cuts into the flesh. None of the wrestlers was less than six feet in height, and at a rough estimate I judge that not one weighed under two hundred and fifty pounds. When a pair of them was summoned into the ring, they strutted forth to their places as straight as arrows and as proud as turkey cocks. The matches followed each other in rapid succession.

Let me describe a single contest. The umpire raises his fan, and in stentorian tones calls out the names of the wrestlers. The audience pricks up its ears, for these two are of opposite camps, the East and the West, and both are noted champions. A thousand heads are craned as the two giants walk forth, and two thousand eyes watch their every motion. They strut up to the stage, accompanied by their apprentices, younger wrestlers who act as seconds, or servants. The latter stand at the water buckets to give their masters drink. The Titans gulp down great swallows; then fill their mouths with water and blow it into the air, so that it falls in a spray over their bodies. This is as a purification in case they meet death in the ring. They also scatter some salt as an offering to the spirits.

Each now straightens himself and walks to the centre of the stage to test his strength before beginning the combat. He pounds his chest, slaps his massive thighs,

lifts one foot after the other as high as his shoulder, and brings it down upon the ground with a thud that seems almost to make the earth shake. Next, the two giants walk to opposite sides of the circus, bow to the umpire, squat with hands on their knees, and salute each other. Then they slap their hands fiercely together, drink water again and spray more of it over themselves. Further stampings and slappings follow, according to a ritual that has come down from mythological times. For, according to an ancient story when the Sun Goddess, the first Empress of Japan, had grown angry at her brother, and had hidden herself in a cave so that there was no difference between the night and the day, all Japan mourned for her and endeavoured to make her come forth. She was sulky, however, and barricaded herself by putting a big stone in front of the cave. It was only after he had clapped his hands and stamped his feet that the god of the wrestlers pulled away the stone, and so his followers stamp and clap to this day.

Now the combatants advance to the centre of the ring, bend over, resting their clenched fists on the ground, and glare into each other's faces until their eyes seem about to burst from their buttonhole sockets. They are waiting for the signal to close in. Now they rest for a moment, picking up the dirt from the ring and rubbing it under their armpits and over their bodies. Now they squat and glare again, while the umpire watches them closely.

He waits until they breathe together, and then gives the signal. As he does so, they crouch like tigers and spring into each other's arms. Each tries to grasp the belt of the other. They wrap their arms round one another, and one can almost hear their ribs crack. The bunches of fat have

become mountains of muscle, and both arms and legs look like iron. Their biceps stand out. Their calves quiver. Their paunches shrink in. Now the giant of the West has reached over the straining back of him of the East, and has grasped the band of blue silk round his waist. He lifts that three hundred pounds as though it were nothing, and with a jerk throws his opponent clear outside the ring. How the people yell! Some tear off articles of clothing and even their watches and throw them into the ring. Later the champion will return them, receiving money or presents in exchange. The spectators call out the name of the victor, and some hug each other in their delight at the success of their man. The defeated wrestler gathers himself up and slips quickly away with bowed head.

The winner of the bout goes to one side of the ring and squats on his heels while the umpire holds up his hands and proclaims him successful. The prize is awarded the victor, who with his second behind him marches away. Then another couple enter the ring, and the same sort of struggle goes on.

Some of the bouts last no more than a minute; but in some the contestants are so evenly matched that they strain for a quarter of an hour before one can get the tip of a finger or a hair of the topknot or any part of his opponent's body to touch the ground, which in Japanese wrestling is all that is required to score a victory. The snakes that strangled Laocoon and his sons did not grip their victims more tightly. Ribs are often broken, and men have been killed in these terrible struggles. Some wrestlers throw their opponents from one side of the ring to the other, and if the loser is so unlucky as to strike a post with his head he may get a cracked skull. As a rule, how-

ever, a match is quickly settled, for which reason endurance is not so important as the ability to put forth a tremendous effort for a short time. Weight thus counts enormously. The wrestlers do not, as a general thing, wrestle for money, and they are largely indebted to the good nature of the audience for their pay. The fringed silk aprons they wear are often the gifts of admirers.

The rules for Japanese wrestling are all rigidly fixed. The first clinch is most important, and sometimes there is half an hour of false starts before the combatants have satisfied the umpire that they have come together in strict accordance with the regulations. The wrestler must use only his open hand, and must not strike, butt, or kick his opponent, nor is he allowed to overcome him by any save the forty-eight "hands" or "holds" recognized by the rules. The training is long and hard. The aspirant, generally an unusually strong, well-developed man of the working class, applies to a retired wrestler, under whom he serves an apprenticeship for years. While he is training he must cook, help with baths, and give massages to tired wrestlers. Finally he gets his chance to try his prowess in Tokyo, where, if he is promising, he is allowed to wrestle early in the morning on the days of the important meets. If he does sufficiently well in a series of such bouts he is permitted to become a regular wrestler.

There are two big wrestling series in Tokyo in the year, one in January and the other in May. Each lasts for ten days, during which there is as much excitement as there is in the States when the major league baseball teams are playing the World Series. Tickets for the amphitheatre where the matches take place are at a premium, though the building will hold thirteen thousand people. The

If any portion of the wrestler's body, other than the soles of his feet, can be made to touch the ground, or if any part of his body touches the ground outside the ring, he is vanquished.

Half an hour may be consumed in the false starts of the antagonists, who must spring exactly according to rule. Wrestling is the Japanese national sport and there are many minor bouts besides the big events at Tokyo and Osaka.

The wrestlers eat enormously, cultivating flesh as well as brawn. Their wives are usually from the ranks of the geisha, in whose social class they belong and to whom they are great heroes.

winners in the bouts at the capital then tour the provinces, increasing both their glory and their incomes. In Tokyo alone there are more than a thousand professional wrestlers under the jurisdiction of the Tokyo Wrestling Association.

Jiu-jutsu, for which Japan is famous, is quite different from wrestling. This art, in which a contestant wins by appearing to yield, thus turning his opponent's strength to the latter's disadvantage, has been practised in Japan for centuries. The samurai developed it to a high degree of perfection, passing on its secrets to succeeding generations of their order. To this day, the police, numbers of whom are of the samurai class, are officially instructed in it.

When feudalism passed away with the Restoration, jiu-jutsu seemed likely to go into the discard. But an eminent teacher, Professor Kano, of Tokyo, revived it, adding many new features that raised it to a high moral plane. He renamed it *judo*, or "doctrine of pliancy," by which designation it is now commonly known. Through his efforts scores of schools for its teaching were established and eventually a world-wide interest was awakened in the ancient Japanese sport. Many of us can recall how a Japanese professor gave lessons in the difficult science to Gifford Pinchot and to Theodore Roosevelt, his sons, and his sister. Now in almost all Japanese schools of secondary grade and above some instruction in *judo* is given.

As taught by Kano and his followers, the art of *judo* teaches methods of self-defense, imparts mental poise—for it requires much self-discipline—and gives its possessor a more complete control over the muscles of the body than

perhaps any other system of physical culture. In the words of Lafcadio Hearn:

> The master of that art is able, in one moment, to put an untrained antagonist completely out of action. By some terrible legerdemain he suddenly dislocates a shoulder, unhinges a joint, bursts a tendon, or snaps a bone—without any apparent effort. He is much more than an athlete; he is an anatomist. And he knows also touches that kill—as by lightning.

There are nine grades in the curriculum of *judo*, but few get higher than the third grade, which takes three years of hard work to reach. Those who have attained to the highest may almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. Well-nigh incredible feats are accomplished by the experts. I have learned from an eyewitness of one deed performed by Professor Kano, who is a small man, only about five feet tall. My friend says he once saw Kano lying on his back with a heavy pole across his throat. Sitting on each end of the pole was a man weighing close to two hundred pounds. It seemed impossible that Kano could breathe, and certain that his throat would be crushed. On the contrary, he contracted the muscles of his neck, and then, with a lightning-like jerk and without using his hands, he withdrew his head from beneath the pole in a manner little short of miraculous.

Baseball, introduced here some thirty or forty years ago, has swept Japan, and is now almost as much of a national game as it has become in the Philippines. All the colleges and universities have teams, and even the high-school games draw crowds. Waseda University has sent its team to compete with that of Chicago University, and Japanese nines often go over to play in Hawaii and the Philippines. Tennis is increasingly popular in the Empire,

and track meets are more and more frequent. The Japanese athletes have made a good showing in the Far East Olympics in which they have competed with the Chinese and the Filipinos.

CHAPTER XXI

THE YANKEE TRADER OF THE FAR EAST

TO–DAY I am in Kobe, the finest "foreign" city of the Empire, and sometimes called "the brains of the New Japan." It has been largely Westernized, and has houses in European style, up-to-date port works and shipyards, and lofty factory chimneys that belch forth smoke day and night. Here are merchants from every part of the world, and the harbour is filled with ships from San Francisco, Seattle, New York, London, Amsterdam, and the ports of the Far East. Situated on the Inland Sea but twenty miles from Osaka and its factories, Kobe leads the Empire in ship tonnage and handles more of Japan's foreign trade than any other port.

Indeed, the rise of Kobe is closely associated with the growth of the Japanese merchant marine, which is one of the most remarkable feats in the past generation. Wars have played a prominent part in making the Empire a strong maritime nation. It was the war with China in 1894 that gave the first big impetus to shipbuilding; then the war with Russia still further stimulated production in the Japanese yards; and, finally, the destruction of hundreds of thousands of tons of shipping by German submarines in the World War created a demand for all the vessels Japan could build. In 1893 Japan's merchant marine amounted to only fifteen thousand tons; at the end

of the year of the Portsmouth Treaty with Russia it had risen to more than a million and a half tons; and two years after the close of the World War it had reached four million tons. Japan's merchant flag, once a curiosity outside oriental waters, is now a commonplace in all the great ports of the globe, and her tonnage gives her third place among the world's navies, with only Great Britain and the United States outranking her.

To-day the Japanese yards can turn out more than a million and a quarter tons of shipping in a year. I visited this morning the Kawasaki plant here at Kobe, from which some of the largest Japanese steamers have been launched. These yards are on the right of the harbour, and cover forty acres of land on the west shore. The water front is a forest of scaffolding surrounding the ships now under construction. Until comparatively recently the Kawasaki yards were devoted to building medium-sized steamers and light naval vessels, but now these works can construct ships of any size up to battleships of twenty-seven thousand tons. Their equipment includes a big floating dock, a drydock, and a giant electric floating crane with one hundred tons' lifting capacity. The company has also a foundry which turns out fine steel castings. It claims a total capacity of three hundred thousand tons of shipping in a year, the largest of any shipbuilding corporation in Japan. In busy times the yards have employed as many as twenty thousand people.

In going through the works I was interested in the up-to-date machines used and in the masterly way in which the labourers handled them. The Japanese mechanics were doing the same kinds of work that are carried on in our best shipyards, or in our navy gun factory in

Washington. The men were dressed in overalls, and, at a distance, they looked not unlike American machinists. From time to time some of the best men are sent to Europe or America to study their trades, and those returned from abroad are given good posts in the plant. Here they were running big lathes, and planing steel like so much pine wood; there punching holes in a boiler plate at the rate of one or more per minute; and in another mighty shop working as blacksmiths at a score of blazing forges. I saw them operate overhead cranes, which at the pull of a lever picked up loads of from twenty-five to sixty tons and carried them from one end of the shop to the other. All of the machinery was of the latest invention and the most improved style. Some of it came from America, I found, though a larger proportion was made in England and Scotland. The central power plant equipment was built in Schenectady, New York.

The managers of the Kawasaki works are sons of the late Marquis Matsukata, the financier and statesman, and the president, Kojiro Matsukata, is one of Japan's best-known business men. All the men of this family have been educated in the United States or Europe. The one who showed me through the establishment is an alumnus of Yale, one of his brothers was graduated at Harvard, and another spent eleven years in Belgium and Germany. I mention this to show the kind of training possessed by the men who are doing the big things in Japan to-day.

The big liners of the leading Japanese steamship companies, whose vessels ply chiefly in the Pacific and Indian oceans, have Japanese captains and the principal officers are graduates of the Nautical College of Tokyo. The largest of all the companies is the Nippon Yusen Kaisha.

It has eighty-four steamers with a gross tonnage of more than five hundred thousand, and its vessels trade regularly with America, Australia, and Europe. It plans to add five liners of fifteen thousand tons each to this imposing fleet. The company carries on a regular coasting trade to neighbouring Asiatic ports, and has a line to New York, via the Panama Canal. It is capitalized at fifty million dollars and during the World War made a clear profit of one hundred million, thirty million of which was divided among shareholders. It ordinarily pays dividends of twelve and fifteen per cent.

Another big corporation is the Osaka Shosen Kaisha, or "Osaka Merchant Company," which has ninety-six vessels, and a third is the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, which maintains regular service to San Francisco, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai, and a bi-monthly service to South America as well. There is now a plan to merge this company with the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. In addition there are the Nissin Kisen Kaisha, which operates vessels on the Yang-tse River in China; the Nan-Yo Yusen Kaisha, whose ships run between Kobe and Javanese ports; and the Chosen Yusen Kaisha, which handles much of the Korean trade.

The rise of Japan to third place among the maritime powers was not the result of accident or happy circumstance but of deliberate policy on the part of the government. Years ago the leading men of the Empire foresaw that, like Great Britain, it must become a manufacturing and sea trading nation. They realized that their country would have to depend upon imports for raw materials such as iron ore and cotton, and even for a part of its food, and that it must pay with exports of silk and cotton goods for what it was compelled to buy abroad. They felt also

that if Japan did not organize her trade for herself, foreigners would probably monopolize it, as they are doing in China. Capital, experience, and initiative were all lacking among private individuals, so the men in control of the government turned its power and resources to the task of building up commerce and industry.

The merchant marine was aided in various ways, and agents were sent abroad to study European methods. An efficient banking and currency system was organized for the support of private enterprise, and the government established model factories, experiment stations, and laboratories. At one time or another, to encourage new industries, the government has owned and operated spinning mills, glass and match factories, iron foundries, woodworking mills, brick and tile plants, shipyards, and other enterprises. It has been the policy gradually to turn these over to private control, but with a large measure of government supervision. Not even the German government in its most paternalistic days was in closer touch with all the activities of the country than is the government of modern Japan with the enterprises of this land. To-day the state owns railroads, telephones, post-offices, and telegraphs, and maintains monopolies on the salt, tobacco, and camphor trades.

Japan leads the world in the practice of sending its young men abroad to be trained in the factories and commercial establishments of other countries. These students, who are under the control of the Japanese consulates, send back reports concerning the establishments and localities where they are stationed. A large number of them are in America and Europe; many are in China; and some in the Straits Settlements, Java, and the Philippines.

Schoolboys dressed in the masks and the leather body armour of feudal days practise fencing, one of the arts of the samurai. The Japanese police also are trained to fence skillfully.

Japan annually exports about $300,000,000 worth of raw silk, most of it to the United States. With the money from her silk bales she buys of us such things as steel, lumber, worsted yarns, and machinery.

Kobe is called the finest "foreign" city in the Empire and "the brains of the New Japan." It owes its growth to the phenomenal rise of the merchant marine of Japan, which now ranks third among maritime powers

In addition, the government sends out men to study foreign markets for Japanese goods. There is close co-operation between education and industry, so that the business of the country is coming more and more into the hands of men trained in technical schools.

Japan has established commercial bureaus and museums both at home and abroad. Of the domestic institutions, the largest are in the big cities of Tokyo and Osaka. I visited the Commercial Museum at Tokyo while I was in the capital. It takes up the better part of a big three-story building, and it has tens of thousands of samples of foreign and Japanese goods. It resembles the Commercial Museum in Philadelphia, save that it is larger and more like an exposition. In it all kinds of foreign raw materials and manufactured products are exhibited side by side with those of Japan. There are big displays of machinery and electrical goods of home manufacture, and of all sorts of metal articles, from aluminum to iron. Samples of German imitations of Japanese lacquer work are shown along with the beautiful native product, which no European artist can successfully copy. There are Japanese clocks and watches, and even Japanese pearls. These are produced by introducing grains of sand or other foreign matter into the shells of three-year-old oysters. The bivalve coats the sand grain over and over, to protect itself from the irritant, and when the shell is opened at the end of four years there is a beautiful pearl. The inventor of this process, which is patented, has become enormously rich.

The Japanese government encourages the formation of industrial guilds, of which there are now more than one thousand, while the sixty chambers of commerce in the Empire are most active. Commercial commissions are

sent abroad from time to time, and frequently delegations of business men from foreign lands are invited to visit Japan, where they are shown through the factories, given the most pleasing impressions possible, and royally entertained. In recent years one of the most important of these foreign commercial missions was that made up of officers and members of the Silk Association of America. The American manufacturers were treated like ambassadors, while the president of the organization was accorded the great honour of a presentation to the Emperor and the Empress, and an imperial prince was his host. It was a case of the firm's best customers come to town.

Largely as a result of the government's policies in aid of business, the value of Japan's foreign commerce has grown until in a recent year it was one hundred and sixty-eight times as much as in 1868. When the Mikado's realm was opened to world trade practically the only exports were tea and silk. Silk is still the chief commodity sent abroad, and tea holds its own, but to the list have been added many items, such as coal, refined sugar, fans, brushes, vegetable oils, glass, matches, cotton yarns and textiles, imitation Panama hats, porcelain, pottery, oranges, dried fish, shell buttons, toys, and novelties. Except during the years of the World War, however, the imports have always exceeded the exports. The United States takes ninety per cent. of the raw silk and of the tea, a quarter of the silk goods, and a third of the pottery. The cotton goods, which make up eighteen per cent. of Japanese exports, go largely to the countries of the Far East.

Of the seventy million pounds of raw silk produced in the world in a year, Japan provides forty-seven million pounds. Like cotton in our Southern States, silk is the index of her

prosperity. She sends upward of three hundred millions of dollars' worth of it abroad in a year. If the output is poor or prices fall, want creeps in at the door of many a thatched hut, for silkworm culture is a secondary business with at least a third of the farmers of Japan.

Most of Japan's silk is exported from Yokohama, which, despite the devastation wrought by the earthquake of 1923, continues to be the principal silk port of the world. The way in which the silk bales are rushed across the eight thousand miles between Yokohama and New York, the silk centre of the United States, is one of the notable feats of modern transportation. It was about forty-five hundred years ago that the first silk caravans wound their way out of China on the year's journey to the markets of Persia and the West; express trains now take the precious freight almost as far in five or six days. Since the transpacific rate on silk is four and a half cents a pound, and the rail rate across our continent is nine cents, there is keen competition for the business among both railroads and steamships. Speed of delivery is the essential, and the carriers that can make the best time get most of the shipments. The value of a cargo of raw silk may run into millions of dollars, so that the interest charges on its financing are heavy and insurance costs are high. As these expenses are borne by the exporters, every twenty-four hours cut off the time their shipments are in transit means substantial savings to them. Besides, prices on the New York market often fluctuate widely, sometimes as much as fifty cents a bale in one day.

The silk ships race one another across the Pacific to Vancouver, Seattle, Tacoma, or San Francisco, and at those points trains of cars are waiting alongside the piers

to take on the bales as quickly as possible. Then begins the dash across the continent. The railroads of the United States and Canada carry the bales in fast freights over the mountains to Chicago, where they are transferred to passenger express trains for New York. The silk is insured for its full value by the railroads for their own protection, for it is a serious matter if a train of fifteen cars, each loaded with upward of two hundred thousand dollars' worth of silk, catches fire and burns up en route. Thus, in trying to save money on its insurance the railroad has another reason for speed. Even the passenger limiteds, if they happen to be late, must stand on sidings to let the silk trains go roaring by. I am told that during a recent period of eighteen months, the best ship time from Yokohama to Seattle was eight days, twenty-three hours, and ten minutes; the best rail time from Seattle to New York was three days, eleven hours, and five minutes; and the best time from Yokohama to New York was thirteen days, four hours, and fifty minutes.

With the money she gets for her silk, Japan buys raw cotton, iron and steel, lumber, wool, and woollen and worsted yarns. To supplement her own limited food supply she imports, too, considerable rice, beans, peas, and wheat, and another big item on the list is oil cake from China for fertilizer. She is also somewhat of a sugar merchant, buying the raw product from the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines, and selling refined sugar to China, Asiatic Russia, and Africa. About eighty-five per cent. of her trade is divided between the United States and Great Britain and their dependencies, and China.

I find our American goods popular in Japan. They are to be seen in nearly every shop on the chief business streets

Ships from all the corners of the earth anchor in Kobe's harbour. This port leads all others in Japan both in ship tonnage and in quantity of cargo handled.

Silk reeling is still largely a home industry in Japan. In the silk districts almost every house is a small factory working with power furnished by a water-wheel on the premises.

of the big cities, and often even in the little stores of the Japanese villages. These people are buying more and more foreign goods. The army now uses shoes of foreign style, although they are made in Japan. Students in some of the higher schools are required to wear shoes instead of *geta*, and many of the girls are adopting like footwear. Japan buys a good deal of leather from the United States, besides wheat, flour, canned goods of all kinds, and kerosene oil. Many of the Japanese men have taken to knit underwear such as is made in the United States. Besides importing our California canned fruit and Columbia River salmon, the Japanese imitate them, especially for the Manchurian and Korean trade, sometimes even copying American labels.

There is a great deal of American machinery coming into this country. Most of our big exporting firms have agents here and many machines and machine tools are sold. With the development of the hydro-electrical power of the country and Japan's big programme for electrifying her railroads, there is a large demand for electrical goods and equipment. American typewriters are for sale in all the cities, and our sewing machines and phonographs are to be had everywhere. In my trip through the Kawasaki dockyards I saw American machines in operation, and in the planing mills and carpenter shops found the men working on Oregon lumber. We are Japan's principal source of supply not only for the better grades of raw cotton, but also for machinery, iron, steel, certain chemicals, and various kinds of building material. Among the commodities she imports from us are many essentials of her industries, and the trade bonds between the two countries grow stronger every year.

Her industrial and commercial expansion, combined with her position at the gateway to the Orient, makes Japan the natural leader in trade with Asia. The gradual development of such countries as China and India will ultimately provide a tremendous market for her growing industries and will, at the same time, furnish near-by sources of raw materials. Japan already sells China more goods than does any other country, is third in the imports of the Dutch East Indies, second on the trade list of British India for both imports and exports, and ranks second only to the United States in the import trade of the Philippines. Moreover, she dominates the trade of her colonial possessions, Formosa and Korea, as well as that in Japanese-leased territory in China, and is also strongly entrenched in the markets of Asiatic Russia. All this trade she has won by skill and foresight in less than a lifetime. She well deserves her nickname of the "Yankee Trader of the Far East."

CHAPTER XXII

IN A JAPANESE COTTON MILL

ANY one who doubts that the Japanese are wide awake should take a look at the huge mill of the Kanegafuchi Cotton Spinning Company on the outskirts of Kobe. It is the third in size among the spinning establishments of the Empire, yet it is only one of the plants of this great corporation, which was started a generation ago and now has factories in various parts of the country. The company has a capital of some nine million dollars and pays fifty, sixty, and even seventy per cent. on the original value of its stock. Of all the mills of this big concern the one here at Kobe is the largest. It covers many acres and employs four thousand workers. Its spindles turn day and night, producing cotton yarn by the thousands of bales a year. The company has some fifteen thousand employees for whom it carries on an extensive system of welfare work patterned after that of the leading industrial organizations of Europe and America.

In going to the cotton mill I passed by several miles of Japanese stores, and went almost into the country. I saw the great smoke-stack long before I came to the factory, for it towers above the low warehouses and spinning mills. The stack is made of iron instead of brick, so that it may the better withstand earthquakes, and for the same reason nearly all the big mills are buildings of one story. They

are of brick and are so walled with glass that they are splendidly lighted.

The manager took me through the Kanegafuchi plant. Single buildings seemed to reach on and on till one could hardly see the end, and in most of them I saw hundreds of girls and women at work. We walked about in a veritable wilderness of moving pulleys, whirling spindles, cotton-opening machines, and other equipment of various kinds. The finest machinery is employed, and each piece is scrapped as soon as it becomes out of date. I asked whence the machinery came and was told that some was from the United States, but that more was from England. The cotton is imported in bales from India, the United States, and China, and goes out in smaller bales of cotton yarn, ready for weaving. Some of the yarn is made into cotton goods here in Kobe and in Osaka for the people of Japan, Korea, and China.

I went through the twelve great warehouses filled from ground to roof with baled cotton, and the manager told me that at times he had as much as three million dollars' worth of raw material on hand. Japan imports upward of one thousand million pounds of cotton in a year. More than half of this comes from India, about a fourth from the United States, and the rest from China. Our cotton is the best, so that it costs more in proportion to the weight, the total American import being valued at about the same figure as the much larger number of bales from India. The Japanese have become expert in mixing American cotton with that from India and China. The manager complained to me about the bad packing of our American bales, and showed me some of them side by side with bales from Bombay. The latter were beautifully put up,

Japan produces two thirds of the world's annual output of seventy million pounds of raw silk. Silk culture, which is largely in the hands of women, is a secondary business with thirty-three per cent. of the Japanese farmers

Besides filling domestic needs for cotton fabrics, Japan sells large quantities of cotton textiles to China, British India, and the Dutch East Indies.

and so wrapped that no cotton could be lost. Our bales were broken and torn and the lint was falling out.

As I walked through the mills I asked about wages and hours of work. Two shifts are employed, one during the day and the other at night, each of which works for ten hours, not counting rest periods, six days a week. The manager told me that most Japanese cotton mills run both day and night, and that this practice enables them to produce more in proportion to their investment in plant and machinery. This fact may be one of the reasons for the big dividends of twenty-five, thirty, and forty per cent. which many of the companies are now paying. As for wages, the average for men operatives is around fifty cents a day, while that for women is slightly under this figure.

The Kanegafuchi mills are about the most advanced of all in Japan in their treatment of their employees. The company has built houses which it rents to the workers at low rates, and provides quarters for unmarried men and women as well. I visited one of the women's dormitories. It was a two-story structure of pine wood surrounding a beautiful garden, and contained accommodations for eight hundred girls to sleep, Japanese fashion, on the floor, with several girls in each room. As the night shift was sleeping, I was not able to look at many of the rooms, but the few I saw were carpeted with the whitest of mats and warmed by little charcoal braziers.

I visited also one of the large dining rooms for employees. There, several hundred men and boys, armed with chopsticks, were eating steaming rice, vegetables, and fish, with every evidence of enjoying their meal. The manager told me that the company furnished board at a little less than cost, and that the employees were

served with three meals for something like ten cents a day. This is only about three cents per meal; nevertheless the men are able to work all day and grow fat. When I asked whether the food was uniformly good, the reply came quickly: "Of course it is, and we have to keep it so, or we should soon hear from the men."

The Kanegafuchi Company is anxious to keep its people satisfied. It trains them for its work and does all it can to make them feel loyal to the establishment. It takes great pride in the fact that it has some of the best workmen in Japan, and makes every effort to maintain its reputation in this regard. Among the institutions at the Kobe mills is a theatre with a large stage and a full equipment of scenery. The house will accommodate, I should say, about a thousand people, sitting on mats on the sloping floor and in the gallery. The company brings actors and lecturers here at its own expense.

There is also a school building in the works, a large part of which is given up to a kindergarten for the little children whose mothers are employed in the mills, and there is a technical school, where boys are taught the principles of cotton spinning as well as practical mill work. This school is maintained for the purpose of supplying competent overseers and foremen for the future. In the school for female operatives a girl can get a fair elementary education, with training in etiquette and lessons in flower arrangement besides. Every Kanegafuchi mill has its hospital, with a staff of physicians and nurses. The hospitals have spring beds and are thoroughly ventilated and lighted. The one at Kobe has a laboratory for the study of industrial diseases and hygiene.

The employees have a Mutual Relief League, supported

by their contributions, supplemented in extraordinary cases by company funds. Any employee who is taken sick receives a fixed sum from the League during his illness, and free medical service in the mill infirmary. If he is incapacitated while at work the company pays him full wages until he recovers, or for life, and the family of a deceased operative is helped by the League. At time of motherhood free medical attendance and fulltime wages are given to female operatives.

Thirty-five years ago there were but seven cotton mills in Japan; now there are two hundred and forty-six, owned by more than sixty companies and with a total capital in excess of one hundred and fifty million dollars. They operate nearly five million spindles and consume more than two million bales of cotton annually, making Japan the eighth cotton-spinning nation in the world.

In recent years cotton yarns and fabrics have constituted between twenty-five and thirty per cent. of Japan's exports. China is Japan's best customer, but India and Korea also buy cotton yarn textiles in considerable quantities. Because the chief market of the Japanese mills is in China, the cotton industry fluctuates more than the silk business, falling off in times of political upheavals and boycotts among the Chinese. On account of their lower labour costs the Chinese can manufacture some grades of cotton goods cheaper than Japan, so that many Japanese companies have established themselves in China, where there are now nearly fifty Japanese-owned mills. Chinese competition is also turning the Japanese manufacturers' attention from the production of cheap goods to the making of the finer fabrics.

Labour conditions in Japanese factories are far inferior

to those in the average American industrial establishments. Such welfare activities for the operatives as I have described at the Kanegafuchi mills are most exceptional.

Aside from the production of textiles and certain kinds of machine industries, much of the manufacturing in Japan is still done in the homes of the people, and the majority of even the so-called factories are small, employing usually less than a dozen workers. One of the most striking things about industry in Japan to-day is the fact that of the nearly two million workers in the factories, somewhat more than half are females. Four fifths of the operatives in the spinning mills are women and girls, sixty per cent. of whom are under twenty. Out of a total of between three and four hundred thousand mine workers, more than a hundred thousand are women, eighty thousand of them underground workers, and about thirty thousand of them less than twenty years of age.

The majority of the factory girls are recruited by agents of the companies, who get so much a head for every girl brought to the plants. These "girl collectors," as they are called, scour the country districts during January and February, the dull months at the mills. Their success is due not only to the agent's pleasant pictures of life in the cities but also to the poverty of the farmer, who is often glad to be relieved of the cost of a daughter's food and to have the promise of part of her wages. Contracts are made with the girls for from two to four years, at the end of which time they may either renew their agreements or go back to their homes. Less than half return to the country, however, and no very large proportion remain in the factories, so that about two hundred thousand new girls have to be recruited by the mills every year.

These recruits are often herded together in dormitories under the watchful eyes of matrons, and are rarely allowed to leave the mill premises. They sleep in crowded rooms, where sometimes two girls have to share a six-by-three mat. The bedding is usually not properly aired, for soon after the girls on day work leave for the mills, those who have been on the night shift come to the dormitories. Tuberculosis is a scourge among the mill workers. I have seen government statistics to the effect that out of every hundred girls who enter factory work in Japan, twenty-three die within one year of their return to their homes, and of these fifty per cent. are victims of tuberculosis. I have also seen it stated that Osaka, the spinning and textile centre of the Empire, has the highest death-rate of any city of the world. However, conditions are now improving, as mill owners besides the Kanegafuchi, the Fuji, and some others, are gradually coming to realize that it pays to take good care of their employees.

The factory law passed in Japan as a result of the International Labour Conference at Washington in 1919 brought about some betterment in mill conditions for the women and children in industry, but not for the men. This law, which applies only to places with ten workers or more, forbids the employment in factories of children under fourteen, but those over twelve can be employed if they have passed through the grades of an elementary school. It provides also that children under sixteen and women are not to be kept at work more than eleven hours a day, but an exception is made in the case of the silk industry, where the hours may be as many as fourteen. Two days' rest a month are required for children under sixteen and for women, while women and children on

night work must be allowed four days off in the month. Thus Japan is slowly coming into line with practices in the more advanced industrial countries. Yet, with even these mild restrictions, the manufacturers, and especially the cotton mill owners, complain that their Chinese competitors are not bound by any laws limiting hours of labour, and that they pay wages such as prevailed in Japan years ago.

Indeed, Japan is no longer a land of excessively low wages, as it was on my previous visits. As industrialization has advanced by leaps and bounds, particularly since the outbreak of the World War, wages and the cost of living have advanced, too. Living costs have about trebled in the last seven years and while in some trades wages have increased proportionately, in others they have lagged behind. The carpenter, who now gets about two dollars and a half a day, is able to live fairly well and eat rice unmixed with millet and barley, but the clerk and the newspaper reporter, with their twenty-five or thirty dollars a month, must go undernourished, or join the ranks of the better-paid manual workers. In these same seven years the prices of clothing have risen nearly four hundred per cent. Ten years ago outside the big cities in Japan a modest house for a family of five could be built for about three hundred dollars and rented at four dollars a month. The same house to-day costs between one thousand and twelve hundred and fifty dollars to build and would be thought cheap at a monthly rental of twelve dollars and a half. In America the average middle-class family spends forty per cent. of its income on food, twenty-five per cent. for shelter and clothes, and thirty-five per cent. for education and the things that promote a fuller life. The aver-

age Japanese family spends fifty per cent. for food alone.

The labour union idea is beginning to take hold in Japan. The Japanese General Federation of Labour has some fifty thousand members, including the important Seamen's Union and the Miners' Federation. Other classes of labour represented are the steel, iron, and textile workers, machinists, tailors, furniture makers, and shipwrights. Outside the General Federation are independent unions, having a total membership of about thirty thousand. Most of the unionists are in the machine and tool industries. The women, schooled in obedience and docility for centuries, have not yet organized to any extent and the only spinners' union has but a few hundred members.

Japan, which used to be a country without strikes, now has many labour troubles. In a recent year there were five hundred strikes involving sixty-five thousand employees and two hundred thousand days of lost time. Most of the outbreaks have been for increased wages, though some have been for recognition of unions or for improved working conditions, while others were fights over the discharge allowances that are a peculiar feature of Japan's labour situation. During feudal days, most of the people were retainers of one or another of the daimio, each of whom was expected to "care for his own." As Japan passed from feudalism into modern industrialism, the custom of allowing money to employees when they were laid off survived. It is also customary for an employer to pay his workers while they are out on strike.

In a few instances, I am told, the discharge allowances have amounted to as much as three years' wages. For example, the six thousand workers discharged from govern-

ment shipyards as a result of the reduction in Japan's naval programme after the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armaments got an average retirement allowance of nearly two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Not long ago a big electrical manufacturing company had to lay off five hundred men. It cost the company one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in discharge allowances to do so, although the very next day some of the men obtained employment elsewhere. It is sometimes cheaper for a company to continue running at a loss than to scrape up enough funds to pay the allowances. The employers are now beginning to insist that it is impossible for them to continue these payments, while the workers demand them as their right.

One of the methods employed by strikers in Japan is the "go slow" policy, or "strike on the job," as our I. W. W.'s call it. This was first used in a spectacular way in a strike of the street-car workers of Tokyo. They continued to run the cars, but stopped them on busy corners and held them there, tying up traffic, took them back to the barns on the slightest pretext, refused to take on passengers on the ground that motors were out of order, and, in general, so tangled up street transportation that the municipal authorities had to give in and raise their wages, which are now between thirty and forty-five dollars a month. Similar tactics have been used in factory strikes in the Osaka-Kobe district, the men coming to the mills as usual, but spending most of their time loafing and doing everything as slowly as possible.

The hero of the workers in Japan to-day is the labour leader, Toyohiko Kagawa, a native of Kobe. Left an orphan at six years of age by the death of his father, who

More than half of the two million workers in Japanese factories are females. Four fifths of the operatives in the spinning mills are women and girls, sixty per cent. of whom are under twenty years of age.

Children are still largely employed in Japanese industry. This little girl is making hemp imported from the Philippines ready for weaving into the beautiful hat braid which Japan exports to Great Britain, France, and America.

had squandered a fortune, Kagawa was adopted by a wealthy uncle. When he grew to manhood and became a Christian the uncle, who was a Shintoist, turned him out without a cent, but an American missionary took him in. Believing that he had tuberculosis and could not live long, Kagawa declared he would spend the short span of life before him working in the slums of Kobe, where he became the pastor of a small church. He maintained himself on a dollar and a half a month, giving away any other money he had, yet while living thus he recovered his health. At length he went to America and studied four years at Princeton. On his return, he went back to the slums and began a fight for better conditions for labour. Not long ago he took part in a strike in Kobe and went to prison with one hundred and twenty others.

Kagawa became a writer and has been imprisoned several times on account of his articles. He has written books and pamphlets, edits three papers, contributes to a dozen magazines, and at the same time continues to preach in the slums. When he speaks the halls are filled to overflowing. His autobiographical novel, "Before the Dawn," has been read by more than a million people in Japan and has recently been published in English. It gives an account of his life in Shinkawa, the slums of Kobe, which are among the worst in the world. Nearly all his income of more than fifteen hundred dollars a year from his writings goes to the poor and to the cause of labour, to which he has turned over a total of more than forty thousand dollars. He supports a dormitory for homeless labourers and a free hospital dispensary, and hopes one day to build a social settlement like Hull House in Chicago.

As yet the total number of factory workers in Japan is but a small proportion of all the people in the country, most of whom are still farmers. But Japan's population has grown beyond her means to feed it, and she must now sell manufactured products so as to buy food. She has abundant water power, but lacks raw materials. Her labour supply is plentiful, but it is largely untrained and inefficient and too many men or women are required to do a given job. She is near the great Asiatic markets for cotton yarns and fabrics, but far from the sources of her supplies of machinery. Still, the industrial development of the country in the last half century has been little short of amazing and it seems likely that it will continue.

CHAPTER XXIII

FUSAN TO SEOUL

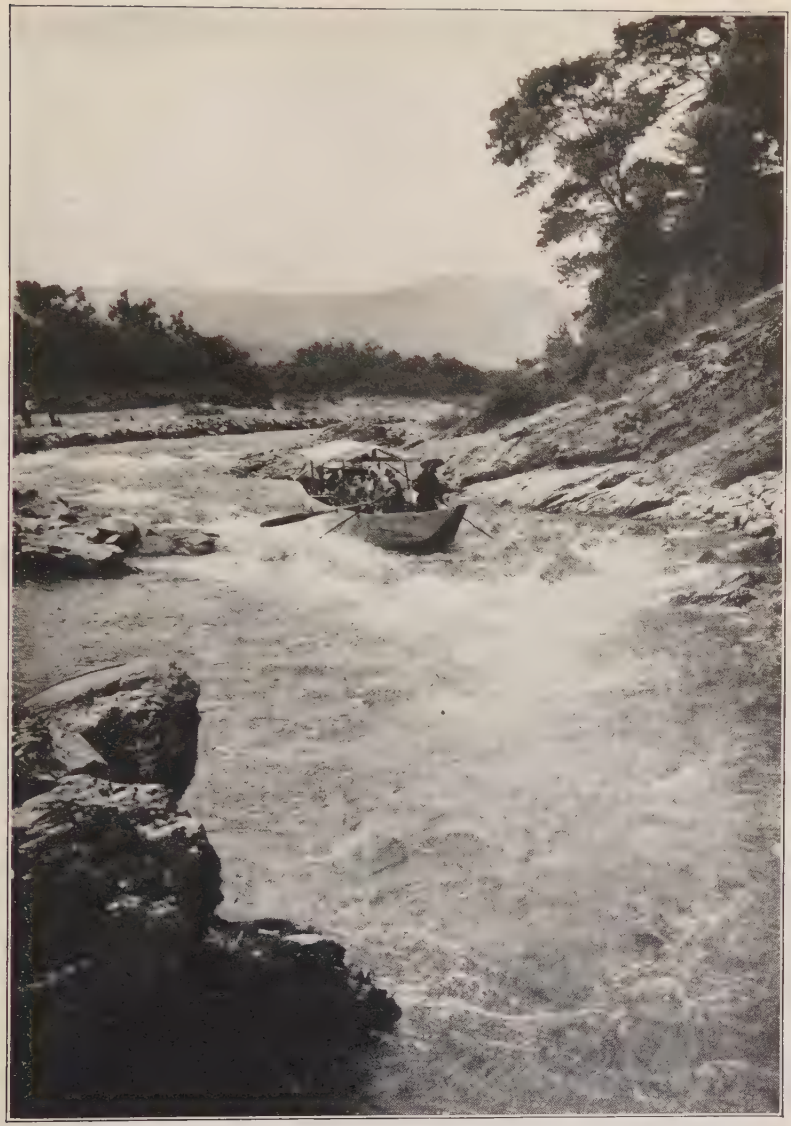
AGAIN I am in Korea, once known as the Hermit Kingdom of the Far East, and now part and parcel of the Japanese Empire. I was, I believe, the first American to interview a King of Korea when that title meant something. In my later visits to this backward land I have been able to follow the decline of the royal Korean house which accompanied the rise of Japanese power and the progress toward the modernization of the country.

When I first visited Korea I took a steamer from Yokohama which after seven days' sailing landed me at Chemulpo. I spent another day in making my way overland by pony and chair from the seaport to the capital. This time I have covered about the same distance in less than two days. From Kobe, my last stopping place in Japan proper, a fast express carried me to Shimonoseki in ten hours. At Shimonoseki it was but a step from my train to a fine steamer, the ferry across the Korean Straits to Fusan. I chose the night boat, as the crossing is sometimes rough, and had wired ahead for my comfortable cabin on the upper deck. By daybreak next morning we were in sight of the thirsty mountains of Korea, and an hour or so later were alongside the pier of Fusan. There I boarded a modern, well-equipped train, and a ride of ten hours brought me to Seoul.

The railroad over which I came from Fusan to the capital was built by a private company, but, like all the railways of the country, it is now the property of the Japanese government. During the war with Russia this line was extended three hundred miles northward to the Yalu River, and it now has a branch connecting that terminus with Mukden and the trans-Siberian system. Thus, it is possible to go all the way from Paris to Tokyo by rail, except for the ferry across the Korean Straits, and the Korean capital is but twelve or fourteen days from London, and less than three weeks from New York. The distance from Fusan to Antung, where connection is made with the South Manchuria Railway, is approximately six hundred miles.

The first railroad built in Korea was the short line from Seoul to the port of Chemulpo. This was constructed under a concession granted by the King of Korea to an American syndicate headed by James R. Morse, but before it was completed it was turned over to the Japanese, who have owned it ever since. Korea now has a total of some fourteen hundred miles of well-built, well-equipped, and well-managed railway.

Railroad building in this land is far different from that in the United States. In the first place, securing a right of way is a difficult matter on account of the native burial customs. Like the Chinese, the Koreans have a queer way of piling up grave mounds all over the landscape. They have few cemeteries, but instead inter their dead in whatever places the necromancers tell them are lucky, in every case without regard for convenience or practical considerations. When the Queen of Korea was killed by a Japanese assassin thirty years ago, her body



With her population already too large for her available arable area, Japan must inevitably utilize her abundant water-power to become more and more of an industrial country.

The railroad across Korea is extremely important in the development of Japan's trade with Manchuria, China, and Siberia. Its connection with the trans-Siberian system makes it possible to go all the way from Paris to Tokyo by rail, except for the ferry over the Korean Straits.

was burned, in order to conceal the crime, and only one small bone was recovered. For this a suitable place of burial was sought by her faithful subjects. The spot finally selected by the astrologers happened to be occupied by a village. Nevertheless, the houses were destroyed over a space of a thousand acres, trees were planted, and an artificial hill fifty feet high was raised in which the fragment was interred with royal honours. The construction of the short railway line from Chemulpo to the capital necessitated the removal of more than two thousand graves. The average grave covered about a square yard, but the railroad company had to pay from one to three dollars each for the cost of moving the ashes of the dead, and incurred at the same time the ill will of the relatives of the deceased. Many families take care of their graves from generation to generation, and deeply resent any injury to them.

The road from Seoul to Chemulpo was constructed by Korean labour directed by American engineers. That from Fusan to the Manchurian border was built by Japanese and Koreans. On both of these roads I have seen a good deal of American equipment and material in use. Most of their rails and bridges came from the steel mills of the United States. The bridge on which I crossed the Han River on coming into Seoul consists of ten spans of about two hundred feet each. It is American made, and in some sections even the ties and rail spikes were brought here from our country. American locomotives are used, and some of the cars also came from the United States.

Whereas at home Japan has only narrow-gauge railways, all the Korean lines have tracks of the standard

width of four feet eight inches. This has an important bearing on Japan's military and commercial position in the Far East. Over standard-gauge lines troop trains and war materials can be moved rapidly not only through Korea, but into Siberia, Manchuria, or China proper. In the second place, Japan can now send her peace-time manufactured goods from Fusan into these territories by rail without the delay and expense of transferring them from one size of freight car to another.

The first-class passenger cars on Korean railways are patronized chiefly by foreigners and high officials, and the second-class by the well-to-do. The third-class cars, which have only wooden benches for seats, are exceedingly rough. They are used by people of the poorer classes, most of whom are dressed in the ancient native costumes of the country. The men wear tall black horsehair hats and long gowns of white which reach to their feet. They have full white trousers tied in at the ankles, and stockings of wadded cotton half an inch thick. Their shoes are low and heavy and often hob-nailed. Most of the women dress in white and some have green cloaks thrown over their heads, while the little Korean boys wear gowns of bright colours. I noticed also in the third-class cars Japanese of the lower classes clad in kimonos, and Buddhist monks and pilgrims.

Practically all the conductors and trainmen were Japanese, who were uniformly courteous and helpful to me. Many of them had passed through the remarkable school for railroad employees which Japan has established in Seoul. Here some five hundred Japanese and Koreans, selected through competitive examinations, are given training not only in mechanical operations, but also in

citizenship, English, and courtesy to patrons of the government railways. At the head of the school is a famous teacher from Japan. His course includes such matters as fencing and *judo,* for the physical development of the trainmen is considered important. The railway authorities are convinced that this school more than pays for itself in higher moral and better individual service.

In Korea, as in Japan, the railroads compete chiefly with human muscle in the transportation of goods. For some forty centuries these people have carried nearly everything on their backs, and they do so to-day. Bullock carts are used in the cities, but out in the country the roads are little more than paths, worn deep by the feet of generation upon generation of men and women walking over the country laden with heavy burdens. Much freight is also carried on pack ponies, and not a little on the backs of bulls shod with iron as we shoe our horses.

There are still thousands of porters in Korea, and their guilds, or unions, are among the strongest in the country. They put their loads on a framework of forked sticks which is carried on the back in such a way that the burden sometimes rises above the head. This frame, which is called a "jiggy," is in common use all over Korea. At Fusan I found jiggy men at the wharf ready to move my baggage to the train. They rested their jiggies on the ground, propping up each with a forked stick while they put on the load. Next they knelt down and thrust their arms through two padded loops at the sides of the frames and then rose and walked off with my trunks. I am told that the average porter can get up with two or three hundred pounds on his shoulders and that at a pinch he can carry a quarter of a ton. The usual load for a journey is one

hundred pounds, which a porter will take thirty miles a day and not complain.

In the ride from Fusan I saw many people at work in the fields of rice and barley. The country through which I passed reminded me in some ways of Japan, but there were also many striking differences. Everything in the latter country shines with thrift. There are no weeds in the fields, the houses are neat and well built, and the people clean and rosy from their daily hot baths. Korea has much fertile land, but only about fifteen per cent. is under cultivation. All farming is done in the most slovenly way. The methods of taxing and "squeezing" the people in the past were such as to destroy any incentive to work, for if a farmer accumulated a little wealth, the officials used to take most of it away from him. The houses are mean. They are squalid huts of mud and stone with roofs of straw thatch, usually clustered into little villages on the sides of the hills. There are no trees or gardens about them, but every home is surrounded by a mud wall high enough to keep the men from looking in at the girls. The village streets are merely winding alleys littered with garbage thrown out of the houses to rot in the sun. Sometimes open ditches serving as sewers run along the sides of the streets.

New features of the landscape through which my train sped were the young trees growing on hundreds of hillsides. For decades Korea has been almost a treeless land, and to-day practically the only big timber in the country is in the forests of the northeast, along the Tumen and Yalu rivers. Unlike the nakedness of the upper slopes of the Andes, where trees have never been, the treelessness of Korea is the desolate bareness of a land once

The treelessness of Korea is the desolate bareness of a land once well clothed with forests, but now naked and scored with gullies, like a face pitted by smallpox. Japan is carrying out a big forestation program in the country.

Many of the roads of Korea are little more than paths worn deep by the feet of generation upon generation of men and women walking over the country laden with heavy burdens.

Common in the streets of Korea's towns and cities are bulls carrying piles of brush to be used as fuel. In winter the Koreans have warmer houses and wear more comfortable clothes than do the Japanese.

well clothed with forests, but now denuded and scored with gullies, like a face pitted and marred by smallpox. There are several reasons for this. One is the fact that for generations the rulers of Korea took little interest in the welfare of their land, except as it might affect the amount of money they could get out of the people. While Japan, before any country of Europe had thought of such a thing, had worked out a forest conservation programme, the monarchs across the straits were allowing their trees to be felled without any provision for replacing them. If the tax gatherers saw a man with trees other than chestnuts and persimmons growing about his hut, they argued that he must be rich, since otherwise he would have cut his trees for fuel. So they straightway pounced upon him. To this day there is a superstition among the Koreans that it is bad luck to have a tree in one's dooryard.

One monarch was fond of putting up fine palaces and now and then sent forth edicts demanding that owners of big timber trees should cut them down and send them to him at their own expense. Sometimes the people, driven by oppression and fear of their rulers, or to escape from foreign invaders whom they were too weak to repel, fled to the mountains and lived there, burning off the trees for fuel and to make way for crops. Tigers used to be a terror of the countryside, and much woodland was destroyed to take away the cover of the great cats. Even as recently as fifty years ago there were so many tigers in the forests between Chemulpo and Seoul that travelling over the road from port to capital was extremely dangerous. And so the ruler of that day ordered that a strip three miles wide be cleared on each side of the roadway. As the forests of the country were depleted, the roots were dug up to be

burned as fuel, and young trees were not allowed to grow to any height before they were cut down and fed to the household fires.

As soon as the Japanese took over Korea, they began a programme of reforesting the naked hillsides of what they sometimes call "The Land of Treeless Mountains." Experts went about giving lectures on the value of woodlands, state aid was offered any who would plant trees, model forests were established, and seedlings from the government nurseries were distributed free. The third of April was set aside as Korea's Arbour Day. As a result of such measures five hundred million trees have been well started and every year hundreds of thousands more are set out. The government spends nearly two million dollars a year on its afforestation programme.

Similar methods have also been used by the Japanese in improving the agriculture of Korea. They have established experiment farms, promoted irrigation works, and in general have done much to increase the production of crops.

Among the Japanese, and generally throughout the Far East, Korea is known by its ancient name, Chosen, which means "Land of Morning Calm." This refers, I understand, to the wonderfully clear and beautiful mornings that are characteristic of Korea during most of the year.

As you know, the Korean peninsula has been a battlefield for three nations. If you will look at the map you will see why this is so. This country hangs down like a great nose on the east face of Asia, its tip almost touching the hungry, overcrowded empire of Japan. Its top ends at Manchuria, beyond which is Siberia with her Pacific ports

ice-bound half the year round so that she needs an outlet to the warm open seas. On the west is China, with its vast hordes of people who are just beginning to adopt the modern civilization.

Korea has been ravaged repeatedly by Japan and China, and it was Russia's aggressions in the peninsula that brought on the Russo-Japanese War. The Japanese came here as early as A. D. 200 and under the Empress Jingo conquered the country. At the end of the sixteenth century they again overran it under the "Monkey-faced" Hideyoshi, whose army crossed the straits intending to proceed onward to the conquest of China. I am not sure during which invasion it was that the Koreans took the skins of the Japanese and used them for drumheads; but the Japanese, in turn, carried back home with them the ears of several hundred thousand Koreans, which they buried near one of their temples in the city of Kyoto. During both invasions, however, Korea suffered greatly, as she did also in her troubles with China.

Then for a long time the Chinese controlled Korea, and disputes over the rights of Japanese in this country brought on the war between China and Japan. I was in Korea when that war broke out. In those days Korea was annually sending tribute to Peking, and Yuan-Shih-Kai, consul general from China, was virtually the dictator of this country's foreign policy. I remember he had a way of riding with his retinue through the main gate of the palace which etiquette and custom prescribed for His Korean Majesty alone.

After they defeated China, the Japanese came into the ascendancy in Korea. At about the same time, the Russian bear was drawing nearer and nearer, and finally put

out its paw toward Korea. Russia was planning to take possession of certain islands when the Japanese declared war, and the result was the great struggle in Manchuria, which threw Korea entirely into the hands of Japan.

The Japanese thus acquired a territory almost as large as their main island of Hondo, a mountainous land with well-watered fertile valleys and one rich in minerals, but a land which had been allowed to run down during centuries of misrule. It comprises about one third of the total area of the Empire to-day and its eighteen million inhabitants, of whom only about three hundred and fifty thousand are Japanese, form more than twenty-two per cent. of the total population.

In the time that she has had control in the peninsula, Japan has in many ways justified her possession of Korea. She has brought to this country a considerable degree of material progress. The state of public health has been greatly improved through government hospitals and measures of sanitation. Cholera and typhoid have been largely suppressed. Smallpox, once such a universal scourge that no mother counted a child as a permanent member of the family until after he had contracted and survived the disease, has yielded to wholesale vaccinations. More than a dozen towns and cities have been provided with waterworks. A network of well-built highways is being spread over the country. New industries have been established and agriculture has been diversified, so that now, in addition to the inevitable rice, the Korean farmers raise also mulberry for silkworms, cotton, sugar-beets, hemp, tobacco, and other crops. The area of cultivated land has been doubled and fruit production has been more than doubled, while the coal output has been nearly

trebled. The value of the fisheries has been greatly increased through the introduction of better methods of handling the catch. The currency has been reformed and the country has been put on a firm financial footing. Hundreds of schools have been established and many other things have been done for the welfare of the people. Yet, in spite of all their successes along such lines, Japan has apparently failed to win the friendship of the Koreans themselves, most of whom seem still to resent her rule in their land.

CHAPTER XXIV

IN THE KOREAN CAPITAL

HOW many changes I see in Seoul to-day as compared with the city I first visited a generation ago! That was a conglomeration of some sixty thousand mud huts thatched with straw, straggling along narrow, unpaved streets through which ran open sewers. There was only one wide thoroughfare in this capital, while in its centre was a great bell which was rung morning and evening as a signal for the opening and closing of the gates that pierced the massive city wall.

My wife was with me on that trip, and the twenty-mile journey from the port of Chemulpo to Seoul took over twelve hours. I rode a savage little Korean pony, while she came in a chair, borne on the shoulders of four coolies, with four others jogging along awaiting their turn to relieve their comrades. Toward the end we had to push on at top speed for fear we might not reach Seoul before the gates closed. As it was, we got into the city just in time to see the heavy doors, covered with thick plates of iron, swing to behind us. There was no hotel in Seoul in those days, and so the soldiers sent to meet us took us to the American legation, where we were quartered during our stay.

Since then the old wall, which once formed a fourteen-mile girdle about the city, has been torn down in sections,

or crumbled away bit by bit, until now I can see only patches of it here and there on the hills surrounding the city. Of the original eight gates but two now remain, and these stand open day and night. A street-car line runs through them and on out into the country.

As we came into Seoul that night we could see fires blazing on the mountains near by, and were told they were the last of a long series of signals from peak to peak throughout Korea to notify the King that his country was quiet and all was at peace. To-night these fires will not be lighted, but in their places Korea has its radio stations, and a network of telephone wires has been woven throughout the capital. One of the oldest palace buildings has been turned into a telephone exchange where Japanese girl operators sit at a switchboard and handle the calls. All the larger villages are linked by telegraph wires, and cables furnish quick communication with Japan.

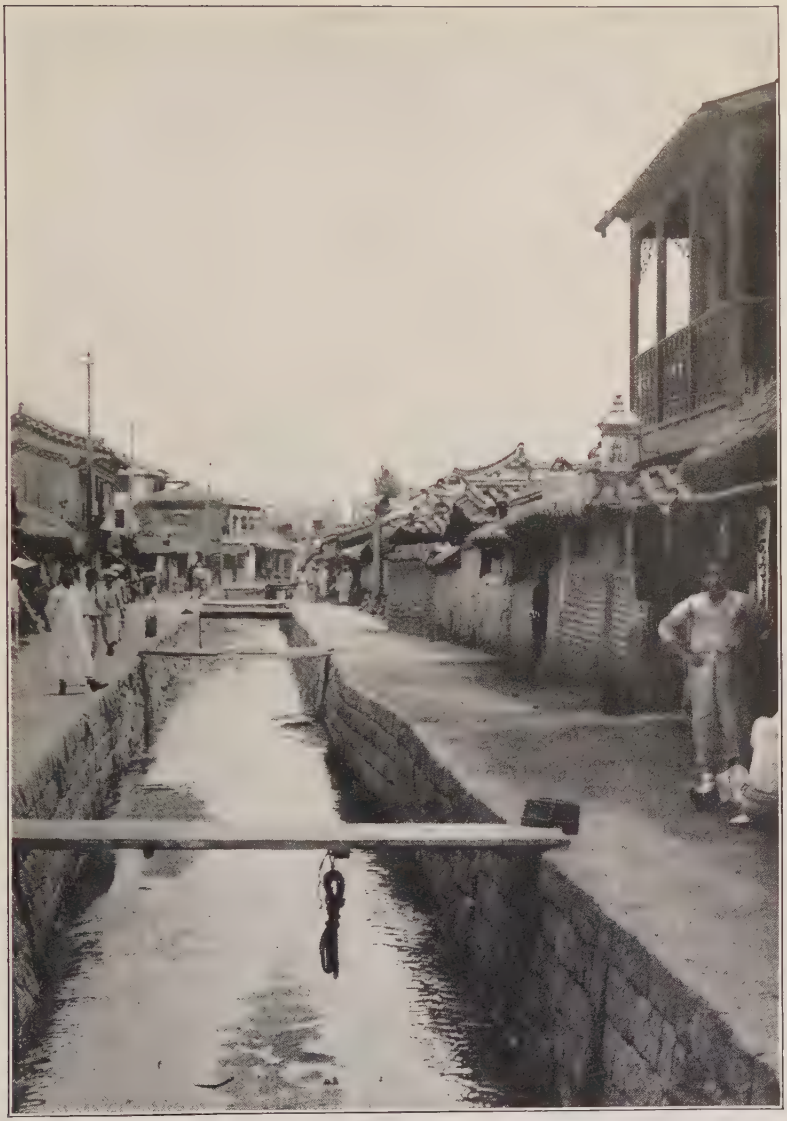
The old Seoul was pitch dark at night. It was against the law for the ordinary man to go about after sunset, only officials and foreigners and their servants being permitted to do so. Women were never seen on the streets in the daytime, and the night was supposed to be their time for calling. When we went out we always took a servant of the legation to carry our lantern, a framework holding a candle and covered with a red, white, and blue gauze. The Seoul of to-day is fairly well lighted. Many of the stores keep open during the evening, and most of the houses have oil lamps or electric-light globes at their front gates.

Of the population of two hundred and seventy-five thousand, some seventy-five thousand are Japanese. A number of the latter live in the best section of the city.

Here there are big official buildings, many two-story houses, and long rows of stores that would be a credit to Tokyo. Some of the shops have plate-glass windows, and nearly all carry large stocks of goods. In this district everything is clean, the streets are swept, and most of them are as smooth as a floor. There are banks, school buildings, a post-office, and all sorts of business establishments.

At one side of this quarter is a big office structure, the headquarters of the Japanese governor-general, and on the slopes behind it is the home of this high official, with a thousand acres or more of park about it. When I was first here this was nothing but a wilderness on the side of Nanzan hill just as it had been for hundreds of years. It remained for the Japanese to make it a beautiful park. They have cut roads through the pines, until now it is one of Nature's most exquisite gardens. I had the good fortune to be invited to a garden party given there the other day which was attended by more than two thousand high-class Koreans and Japanese officials.

His Excellency received us out in the open, while in the pavilions throughout the grounds we were served with tea by beautiful Japanese maidens. Later we had dinner in a great tent, so big that it held chairs and tables for two thousand guests, and the Japanese military band played a selection composed in honour of the occasion. Before the dinner was served there were a number of speeches by Koreans and Japanese, preceded by the reading of a message from the Emperor. This was reverently handled, the parchment containing it being wrapped in yellow silk, the imperial colour. An officer of the imperial household, a fine-looking man, read it aloud in a sing-song tone. As



Handsome buildings may adorn some of the thoroughfares of Seoul, yet to each of these there are thousands of dwellings such as have housed the Koreans for generations, and in many streets there are still open sewers.

In certain quarters of Seoul handsome, substantial buildings, housing government offices and banks, indicate the thoroughness with which Japan has undertaken the task of modernizing Korea.

he began the audience rose and all remained standing until it was completed.

Not far from where I am staying in the foreign section of Seoul is the finance department of the Japanese administration, a fine brick structure covered with stucco. As it is built on an elevation overlooking the palace in which the throneless Emperor of Korea used to live, the clerks could see all that went on inside the palace grounds. This was very offensive to Prince Yi, as he is now called, who was so unwilling that any one should be able to look over his walls that in the days when he was in power he bought several foreign structures because they commanded such a view. When this became known, speculators purchased lots and started buildings in order to make His Majesty buy them out at high prices. It is one of the grievances of the Koreans that the Japanese, who would not dream of allowing any one to look down upon their own Emperor, yet put up a building that permitted the common herd to look down on the former ruler of Korea.

Another fine government building in Seoul is that of the Supreme Court. This is somewhat similar to the structure for the finance department. It is situated on the main street, which runs through the city from east to west, and not far from the big two-story brick home of one of the modern banks which the Japanese have established.

These banks, by the way, mark one of the greatest improvements now going on. Under the old régime no Korean was supposed to have any property rights that the rulers were bound to respect. Every official squeezed or grafted from the man below him, and had him whipped or tortured if he did not promptly give up a share of his goods upon demand. The most common persuader

in such cases was a flexible paddle about as wide as the palm of your hand and from ten to twelve feet in length. The man to be squeezed was stripped to the skin and laid face down on the ground and held there, or he was tied to a bench so that it was impossible for him to move. Then the paddlers would strike him so many blows on the legs and buttocks. The second or third stroke always brought blood, and a hundred were supposed to mean death. Burning and bone crushing were among the methods of torture used, and men who refused to part with their wealth were sometimes kept for years in prison on false charges. Under such conditions the man who let it be known that he had money was sure of persecution and all business loans were made secretly. With their banks and more enlightened practices, the Japanese have done away with this system, and the thousands of corrupt officials who lived upon it have gone to the wall.

One of the common Korean banks of the past was old Mother Earth, especially during the winter. When a farmer sold his crops and wanted to keep the money over until spring he would dig a pit six feet deep and four feet or so square. At the first frost he would put down a layer of cash and sprinkle earth and water over it. By morning it would be frozen stiff. The next night he would put down another layer of coins with mud on top. This would freeze, and so he would go on until he had a block of frozen earth as hard as ice, filled with these coins.

Even the money of Korea is changed. On my first trip across country to Seoul I had to have an extra man to carry the currency needed to pay the coolies for their one day's journey, while for my expenses in the capital I bought an

order upon a merchant in Seoul. The coins were copper cash, and it took one thousand of them to equal the value of an American dollar. They were strung upon strings of one hundred each, and were so bulky and heavy that whenever I went out to buy anything I had to take a servant along to carry my purse. Such coins were in use here when I crossed Korea in 1894, and they continued for some time after the Chino-Japanese war. Then the Korean nickel was made, but this was counterfeited both here and in Japan to such an extent that it fell to half its original value. Finally, the Japanese introduced their own coinage, and to-day Japanese bank-notes are everywhere taken and Japanese silver, nickel, and copper coins are in general use.

In my various visits to Korea I have seen the power of the rulers dwindle and die. How well I remember my first audience with His Korean Majesty. There was a United States minister here then, and it was in his company that I was borne in state to the palace. Men went ahead of us clearing the streets with their yells of "Get out of the way, you villains. Don't you see these great men coming?" or Korean phrases to that effect. I wish I could picture for you our march through the city on the way to our audience. Our procession of soldiers and servants was, I should say, half a block long, and we rode in chairs borne by big-hatted coolies. My chair was covered with navy blue silk, and our Minister rode in a gorgeous sedan of green. The two Korean nobles who went with us as interpreters were splendidly dressed. Though it was only half-past three o'clock, the Minister and I had on high hats, dress shirts, and swallow-tail coats. The servants sent from the palace to attend us were dressed in white gowns,

belted in at the waist with sashes of green. The soldiers wore blue coats and plum-coloured trousers, and from the back of their black fur hats streamed tassels of the brightest vermilion, each of which was as big as a fly brush.

Arrived at the palace we were ushered through long passageways walled with stone, and past servants in red caps and red gowns, and soldiers in glittering uniforms, until at length we reached His Majesty's presence. The Korean ministers of state who preceded us up the three steps to the room at the back of which stood the King, bowed lower and lower as they approached him, and finally got down on all fours and bobbed their black-capped heads against the matting. Then they took their stations on each side of him, but during the whole interview they did not raise their heads or look directly at their monarch. Following these officials, the American Minister and I mounted the stairs and bowed. We walked ten paces across the room, then bowed again. When we were a few feet from the King we made our third and last bow and after that proceeded with our interview, each of us looking straight into royalty's eyes as we talked.

The next ruler of Korea I saw had been given the title of Emperor, it is true, but it was just after the Russo-Japanese War had flung his country into the hands of Japan and he had been shorn of most of his pomp and just about all of his power. Then no chair or servants came for me from the palace and I went in modest style in a chair provided by the American consulate. Moreover, my interview was held under the eye of a high Japanese official in a palace far less imposing than the one in which I had been received on my former call.

To-day that same monarch, deposed from his throne and reduced to the rank of prince, lives on here in what was once his capital, even the name of which has been changed by the Japanese from Seoul to Keijo. He has, however, a delightful home, surrounded by a beautiful garden with woods and pavilions and summerhouses, and he has a large grant of money from the Japanese government. I imagine that he does not greatly care that he has been relieved of the burdens of state, for he is little better than feeble-minded.

In his brother, called the Prince Heir, are centred many hopes for a closer union of Korea and Japan. He was the special protégé of Prince Ito, the "grand old man" of Japan who took charge of matters in Korea just after the end of the war with Russia. Ito sent the small boy off to the Peers' School in Tokyo. He is the half-brother of the older Prince, and his mother was the famous Lady Om, a favourite, though not the wife, of the Emperor who was deposed when the present Prince Yi was set for a time on the Korean throne. The Prince Heir is considered a young man of great promise, and his career has been followed with much interest ever since his education in Japan. From the age of eight or nine years he has lived in that country, and five years ago he married Princess Nashimoto of the imperial house there.

At the time of his marriage there was a good deal of head-shaking in Korea. It was said that as the Prince had been betrothed as a child to a Korean princess it was barbarous to break off that match. Moreover, the wedding had to be postponed once because the Prince's father committed suicide, supposedly on account, of mortification at his son's contemplated marriage. However

that may be, I understand the young couple have disappointed all the prophets of misfortune and are quite happy together. Recently, with their little son, they made a tour of Korea, during which the child unfortunately died. It is rumoured that it is the intention of the Japanese government some day to make the Prince Heir the governor-general of the country which his ancestors ruled for so many years.

As it is now, the chief executive of Korea is sent over from Japan. Formerly he had to be either a general or an admiral, but since the present policy of the Japanese is toward greater liberalism in the administration of Korea, the post is now open to a civilian. According to an imperial edict, Koreans are to be on the same footing as Japanese, though I think it will be some time before such a result will be accomplished.

Indeed, it is the business of the government to protect the Koreans from one class of Japanese who are now overrunning this country. The Koreans are a nation of children. They have been so ground down in the past that they have not learned to hustle and do not know how to look out for themselves. They are naturally gentle and trusting, and shrewd Japanese find it easy to take advantage of them, as many are doing to-day, notwithstanding the fact that the government tries to prevent it. Prince Ito, when he ruled here, went even to the length of sending back a large number of his countrymen who had come to Korea, saying that they were not fit to be here. It is the low type of Japanese immigrant who knocks the Korean about, cheats him out of wages, and sometimes gets his house and land away from him by practising the tricks common to loan sharks all the world over.

CHAPTER XXV

LIFE IN THE LAND OF MORNING CALM

SIDE by side with the currents of modern civilization which the Japanese have started coursing through Korea runs the slow and steady stream of old customs, old costumes, and old beliefs such as have obtained for centuries in this Land of Morning Calm. One may see handsome cars of the finest makes whirling up the dust clouds from the many unpaved streets along which plod jiggy men and bulls, both alike heavily laden. Some Korean official, proud of his position in the new government, may bustle along in European dress but close beside him in the crowd, walking with dignified slowness, will come a gentleman of the old régime in spotless white garments and with his topknot showing through his black horsehair hat. Handsome brick buildings, of which Seoul had none thirty years ago, may adorn some of the thoroughfares, but to one of these there are thousands of dwellings like those which have housed the Koreans for generations. Shops with plate-glass windows there may be, but there are also hundreds of little dry-goods-box affairs such as I found clustered about the big bell in the centre of the capital when I first came to Seoul.

In certain sections of the Korean capital to-day, just as in the past, the houses have walls of mud, or of stones piled up one on top of the other. These are covered with

roofs of heavy black tiles, or straw thatch held down with straw ropes. The huts are made in the shape of a horseshoe, with quarters at the back for the women. The larger houses are roofed with tiles and are the homes of the upper classes. They are shut off from the streets by low stable-like structures where the servants and retainers are lodged. Under the stone or mud floors are flues connected with crude outside furnaces in which fires of brush are kindled. They empty their smoke into the streets through openings cut at about the height of one's waist from the ground. At meal times, and more especially mornings and evenings, these holes pour forth such volumes of smoke that the air is almost thick enough to cut. Out in the country, where the people live in clustering villages, such houses are everywhere the rule. Thus, long before we of the Western world had learned how to heat our houses with furnaces, the Koreans had every nook and corner of their homes as warm as toast and could lie about on their heated floors and laugh at winter's cold.

Over the floors is spread a thick yellow-brown paper that looks not unlike oilcloth. In Korean houses one does not see the thick mats of Japan. Neither do these people use heavy quilts to sleep on, but merely stretch out on their warm, paper-covered floors, tuck under their heads a block of wood for a pillow, and drift off into the Land of Nod. They appear to have no regular hours for sleep, but lie down, fully dressed except for their shoes, which are dropped at the door, and snatch naps all through the day. Often, I am told, the men sleep with their hats on.

In the centre of the average house is a good-sized room, which is usually open at the front. On each side of this are two smaller rooms. Like the Japanese, the Koreans

After a Korean boy has been betrothed by his parents to some girl of their selection, he often wears a special style of hat, as a sign that he is engaged to wed and that no others need apply.

Most lordly of men is the Korean gentleman. Since losing his sinecure post with the fallen government he may be as poor as poverty, yet he manages to maintain appearances and abstain from toil.

The Koreans are fine cabinet-makers and turn out particularly fine chests with trimmings of hand-hammered brass. Their family chests, handed down from father to son, are often real works of art.

squat rather than sit. There are no chairs and in the average home there is very little furniture of any kind beyond a chest or so and perhaps a hand sewing machine. The family chests of the Koreans are often antique works of art, being handed down from generation to generation. They are sometimes made of chestnut and some are veneered with maple wood. Beautiful hinges and bosses and padlocks of brass ornament them, while in the most prosperous families these decorations are not infrequently of silver.

The Koreans turn out excellent cabinet work, and about the only things you can buy in this country that are worth carrying away are the chests and brass vessels and cooking utensils. The brass, which shines like gold, is wonderfully fine. It is made in little foundries much like blacksmith shops and is worked entirely by hand. The old Korean cash boxes are now being bought up by foreigners. Every wealthy man used to have his own bank of this kind. It was often made of oak boards about two inches thick bound with brass, and had a lock weighing several pounds.

The houses are usually set in a bare dusty yard surrounded by a wall or a screen of woven straw. In this space are set a number of huge brown earthenware jars for water and for preserved or pickled foods.

These people are enormous eaters. The basis of the meals of the well-to-do is rice, which is eaten with a flat metal spoon, though chopsticks are used for other food. The poor cannot afford rice and substitute for it millet and cheaper grains. This is not a Buddhist country and every kind of meat, not excluding dog flesh, is eaten whenever it can be had. Perhaps their more substantial diet accounts

for the fact that, although closely resembling the Japanese in appearance, the natives of the Land of Morning Calm seem to be somewhat sturdier than their conquerors. Another striking thing is that, as a rule, they have better teeth than the Japanese. This fact may come from their habit of cleansing the teeth with salt after meals.

One explanation I have heard for the Koreans' voracious appetites is the quantity of highly flavoured and peppery relishes they consume, even from the time they are small children. They are fond of little side dishes, such as seaweed cooked in oil until it is dark and brittle, slices of red-hot peppers, and cucumbers, onions, and a sort of celery chopped up and drenched in oil and vinegar. No meal is complete without a sauce made of ground-up beans soaked in brine. Another great favourite is *kimshee*, a highly odoriferous kind of sauerkraut of cabbage and turnips treated with salt. The Koreans hardly ever drink tea; plain water or water in which the rice, barley, or millet has been cooked being the chief beverage of the poor, while for those who can afford it there is honey-water, an infusion of orange peel and ginger, or *sool*, a fiery intoxicant, akin to the Japanese *saké*.

In all my travels about the globe I have seen no costumes more strange or picturesque than those of the Koreans, particularly the attire of the men. Most distinctive of all is the hat, of a style worn nowhere else on earth. Its purpose is not so much to shield a man's head from the sun as to protect his sacred topknot from evil spirits. This remarkable headgear begins with a black band about four inches wide tightly bound around the brow. On top of this is a cap without brim, shaped somewhat like a fez and having an indentation in its front.

Over all is set the top hat of horsehair or some cheap imitation of this expensive fabric, tied on beneath the chin with a black ribbon or a string of small amber beads. Both cap and hat are so loosely woven that through the meshes shows a knob of hair that looks not unlike a twist of plug tobacco.

Formerly every boy in the country wore his hair in a braid down his back until he was married. As he approached manhood if he still had not had his queue cut off and twisted up in a topknot in token that he was to take on family cares, he became the butt of the community, while an old bachelor, with his braid of coarse black hair hanging down his back, was one of the saddest objects imaginable. Even to this day in remote districts one comes across such a figure now and then. But for the most part the men and boys now have their hair cut like the Japanese. Probably the top hat will some day go into the discard likewise, but at present one sees it perched on the head of nearly every Korean man.

As the foundation of his summer attire the gentleman of Korea often wears a kind of undershirt made of strips of rattan woven back and forth into a basket-work affair. This permits the free circulation of air and keeps the rest of his clothing from contact with his perspiring body. Over this he puts on a cotton or grass cloth shirt, and voluminous trousers. The costume is finished off by a coat reaching to the calves and tied across his chest with a bow. Every item of this attire is white. Very young children sometimes wear bright greens, yellows, and a particularly vivid pink, and wealthy nobles occasionally appear in garments of blue or pink silk lawn of the finest quality, but white is the universal garb of both men and

women throughout the peninsula. Looking out of the car windows on a railway journey one is struck with the numbers of white-clad figures trekking across country on foot.

When he is dressed up, the Korean noble is one of the most dignified and important-looking of men. I shall not forget the first members of the species that I ever saw. That was when Korea was an independent kingdom and had just been opened up to foreigners. The King had sent his first legation to Washington where I was then correspondent for the New York *World*. The Koreans caused a sensation when they swooped down upon our court circles in their big hats and their fantastic gowns. They used the whole of the Pennsylvania Avenue sidewalk for their promenade and their first appearance upon the street brought out as many darkies and small boys as would a circus parade. They were the talk of the town. The society belles hung upon them at the White House receptions, and there was a big demand for books on Korea. Little, however, had been published, and the newspapers, with all their enterprise, could muster but scanty paragraphs.

The mission had landed at San Francisco and had come directly across the continent. Various attempts had been made by the papers along the route to get photographs of the minister and his attachés, but His Highness, Pak Chung Yang, had shut his almond eyes when asked to look into the camera and to all requests his suite had bobbed their topknotted heads in a decided negative. The legation first stopped at the Ebbitt House, where I called upon them the night they arrived and had interviews with a Korean noble, who spoke English, and with Doctor Allen, the able American secretary of the legation.

That part of the article I sent off to the *World* was easy enough, but getting the photographs my journal wanted was a different matter. When I suggested having them taken at the paper's expense, Doctor Allen said that they were too busy and the Koreans, smoothing their gowns over their ample curves, replied that the thing was impossible. Still, it was Friday, and the Sunday paper had to have an illustrated letter on the legation.

The almighty dollar and the pencil of a bright young artist solved the problem. The young man took dinner that night at the Ebbitt at a table just next that of the big-hatted Koreans. He carried his sketch book with him and between bites turned out a number of excellent portrait sketches which were sent straightway to New York. In the next Sunday's *World* appeared the first pictures of Korean nobles that had up to that time been published in an American newspaper.

Ten months later I was in the Hermit Kingdom, seeing with my own eyes how these people look and live in their home land. One of the things that has struck me on succeeding visits is the decline of the Korean noble. When I first met him on his native heath he was a lordly being dressed in flowing silk lawn or the finest of grass cloth, and had a number of retainers following him around. Any kind of service or physical effort was considered beneath him and he would have thought himself disgraced if he had been seen carrying a bundle. When he went forth a coolie walked on each side of him to hold up his arms, and if he rode, servants ran along at his stirrups to see that he did not fall off. Though these men held nominal positions with the government so as to draw good salaries, they did absolutely no work. The sons of some

of the nobles, when they started going to the modern school established by the ex-Emperor, took servants along with them to carry their pencils and paper, and some tramped to the school building unprotected from the rain because they would not endure the shame of carrying an umbrella.

Such sentiments as this prevail to some extent to-day, though they are necessarily dying out since the nobles have lost their sinecure posts on the government payroll and poverty is clipping the wings of the former highfliers. Yet the men of the upper class still manage to keep up a considerable front and to-day I saw one of these *yangbans*, as they are called, emerge from his miserable-looking home and strut down the narrow street. His hat, of the best horsehair, was held in place by a string of amber beads, while his garments were spotlessly white. In one hand he carried a fan with which he cooled his yellow countenance now and then, and in the other swung his long-stemmed pipe with its thimble-sized brass bowl. In former days, some of the nobles had pipes with stems so long that it required a servant to light them. The countenance of my highborn friend was devoid of all expression save a look of haughtiness, for it is considered extremely vulgar to display any sort of emotion in public. I daresay he was on his way to foregather with others of his sort, squatting at a shop door and passing hours in talk and idleness. Friends of the Koreans explain their apparent laziness by saying that in the old days there was no incentive to work, for he who accumulated riches was immediately seized upon and made to surrender all he had to the officials or the King. I doubt not that as time goes on even the Korean noble will find it worth his while to

engage in some occupation more gainful than sitting and talking his life away.

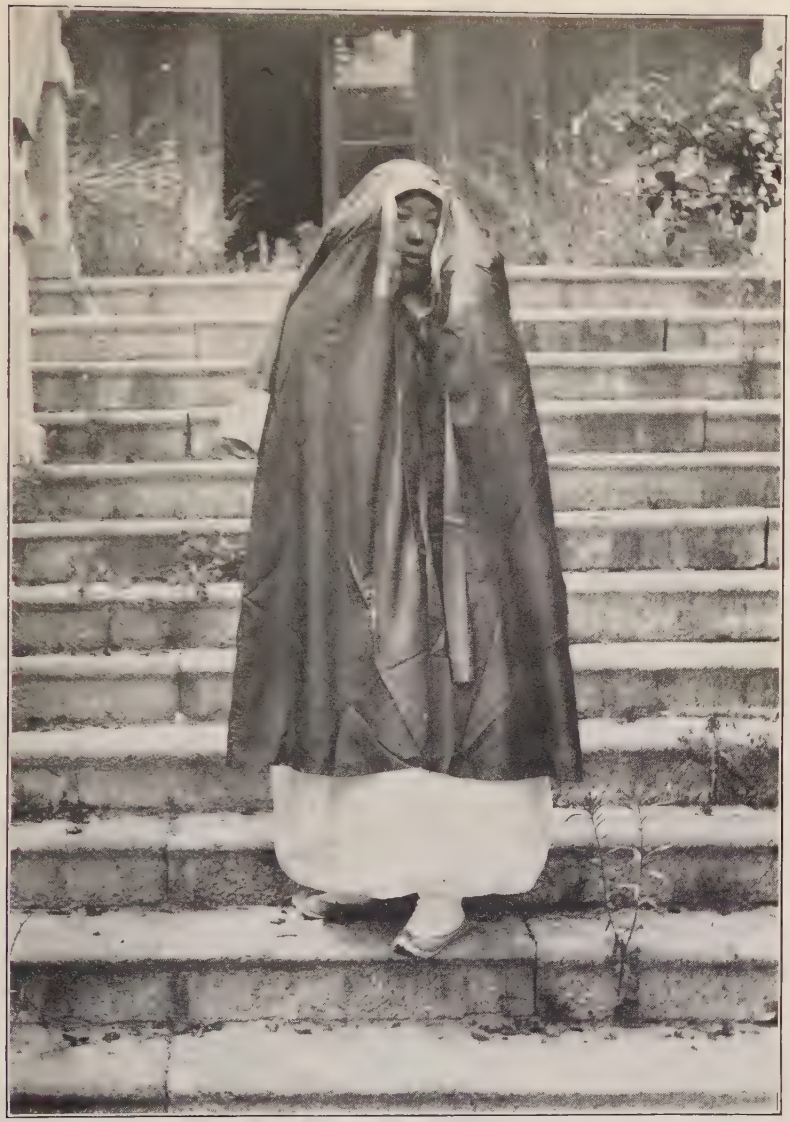
While the poverty-stricken gentleman may insist upon not working, hard work and plenty of it is the portion of his wife, as it is of her humbler sisters. The typical job of the Korean woman, one that goes on day in and day out, is washing the white garments for herself and her household. Korea is full of streams, and it seems to me that I never pass a brook, a river, a pond, or even a roadside puddle without seeing women squatting down paddling the dirt out of clothes. The sound of the paddles and the rat-tat-tat of the ironing go on all the time. The clothes are oftener pasted together than sewn, so that they may be taken apart for laundering. After they are washed clean they are folded over cylinders of hard wood and beaten and beaten and beaten with small bats until they are smooth and even shining with a lustre imparted by the process. No wonder the master of the house feels imposing as he strides forth in his newly washed and ironed attire.

As a rule, the Korean woman is not beautiful, and her unbecoming dress does not add to her charms. She does not wear a wickerwork undershirt like that of the men, but the foundation of her costume is a divided skirt, or pair of full white drawers, which fall in folds about her feet. Over these trousers is worn an enormously full skirt which is so long that it touches the ground. It is gathered into a band fastened over the breast by a drawstring tied in front. This is so tight that the band cuts into the flesh at the back. Among the lower classes it often runs below the breasts, leaving them entirely exposed. Above this band there is a little jacket with long sleeves. This is sometimes of yellow, green, or blue, but most often of

white. It is fastened with ribbons of the same colour, and is so scanty that a great sunburned streak an inch wide shows below the shoulder blades of such women as work in the sun.

The drawers are not tied at the ankle but narrow toward the feet, and below them the woman, like her husband, wears stockings of wadded white cotton that make her feet look about five sizes larger than they are. The winter stocking is half an inch thick. The Korean lady wears no shoes while at home. She trots about in her stockings and the poorer classes go barefooted. When the lady goes out, she puts on slippers of rabbit skin faced with silk. Some of these are pretty, but they look uncomfortable, and are quite heavy. They have soles of ox-hide fastened on with iron pegs, the heads of which are as large around as that of a ten-penny nail, and they are clumsy in the extreme. Peculiar to the capital is the green cloak-like garment with the collar worn over the head, so that the sleeves hang down from about the ears. With these some ladies of Seoul still hide all their faces save the eyes whenever they appear on the street. There are various stories of the origin of these cloaks. One has it that a royal princess of ancient times escaped from her palace during an uprising by throwing a green cloak over her head and so passed unnoticed through the angry mob.

I like the way the women comb their hair, which they part in the middle and coil on the nape of the neck. They wear the biggest hairpins of any of their sex the world over. The average is as thick as your little finger, about five inches long, and of gold, silver, or amber. She is a poor woman, indeed, who does not own one or two of these pins. The Korean lady is fond of jewellery and especially of finger



Peculiar to Seoul are the white, red, or green coats worn as veils by women of the middle class. Until recently high-born ladies of the capital went about in curtained chairs borne by servants.

The Korean woman is forever washing the white attire of her household. She paddles out the dirt against the stones in a stream, then irons the garments by folding them over a wooden cylinder and beating them with small bats.

rings, of which she likes to wear two on the third finger of the right hand. Dressed in her strange costume, and finished off with rings and a hairpin or so, she considers herself properly turned out, provided her face and eyebrows are touched up. All the women except those of the poorest classes cover their faces with white and dash their lips with red. India ink traces the eyebrows, in conformity with the line of Asiatic beauty. This is supposed to be a curve like that of a flock of swans flying in the sky. With a pair of tweezers the eyebrows are plucked out until they approach this ideal.

Korean girls have most of their fun in their childhood. They trot around with the boys and play as they like until they are seven years old. As they grow older their lives become more and more secluded. At eight or nine they are taught the characters of the Korean alphabet, which is far simpler than the Chinese, and learn how to sew, to embroider, and to keep house. They are often engaged at ten, and married at fifteen. After they are eleven they practically lose their names. The custom is just the reverse of ours. We often call a girl "baby" when she is little. The Koreans call their girls by given names until they are eleven, after which they are called "Aga," or "baby," and this name sticks to them until they are married. Thus, an old maid of sixty may still be going about with the title of "baby."

To remain unwed, by the way, is a fearful disgrace, not only to a girl herself but to her family as well. An ancient custom, still practised to a considerable extent, was to bury the body of an unmarried woman in the public highway. After a woman is married she takes her husband's name and loses her own. Except by her own father and

family, who may still call her "baby," she is universally known and addressed as the wife of So-and-so. When she has children she is known as the mother of the boys. Before she has borne a son, her husband calls her by no name whatever. When he speaks to her at all, which is seldom, he calls her "Yea," or if he wishes to be specially kind "Yea-bo," which is somewhat like our "Heh," or "Heh you!" Any display of affection between husband and wife is considered in shocking bad taste, while he who makes a companion of his spouse is thought a weakling and becomes the laughing-stock of his fellows.

A woman never sees her husband before she marries him, nor has she any part in making the engagement. The matter is carried on through matchmakers, and it is customary for the groom to furnish the money for the bride's wardrobe. The goose, being monogamous, is the emblem of marital fidelity among the Koreans, and after the engagement has been made, the bridegroom goes in state to the house of the bride, carrying a goose in his arms. There is usually a spread table, about which stand the matchmakers and the bride's father. As the groom comes in, he places his goose on the table, and bows to it four times and a half. He then goes to the other side of the yard, where the bride sits in a hall. She rises as he comes up, clasping her hands in front of her face so that her long sleeves completely hide it from him. Then the two go through numerous bows, the woman still keeping her face hidden, and the bridegroom finally dropping on his knees and bumping his head against the floor in front of the bride. After this is over, the pair are offered cakes and wine. Their drinking from the same glass constitutes the ceremony of marriage.

The marriage certificate, which is as big as a small tablecloth, is sent to the bride's father in a ceremonial box. This paper contains about seven lines. The first is taken up with the date. The second expresses a wish for the bride's father's good health. The third and fourth read somewhat as follows: "My son and heir is old, but as yet unmarried, and you have agreed that your daughter should marry him. I am much obliged to you for the compliment, and I herewith express my thanks." This letter is signed by the bridegroom's father, and the lines that follow give the name of the grand ancestor and the district from which the bridegroom comes. It closes with the words: "I salute you twice." This paper is put into a long envelope, which is sealed with a piece of ribbon. On its outside is the address of the father of the bride with all the honorific titles that can be added to it.

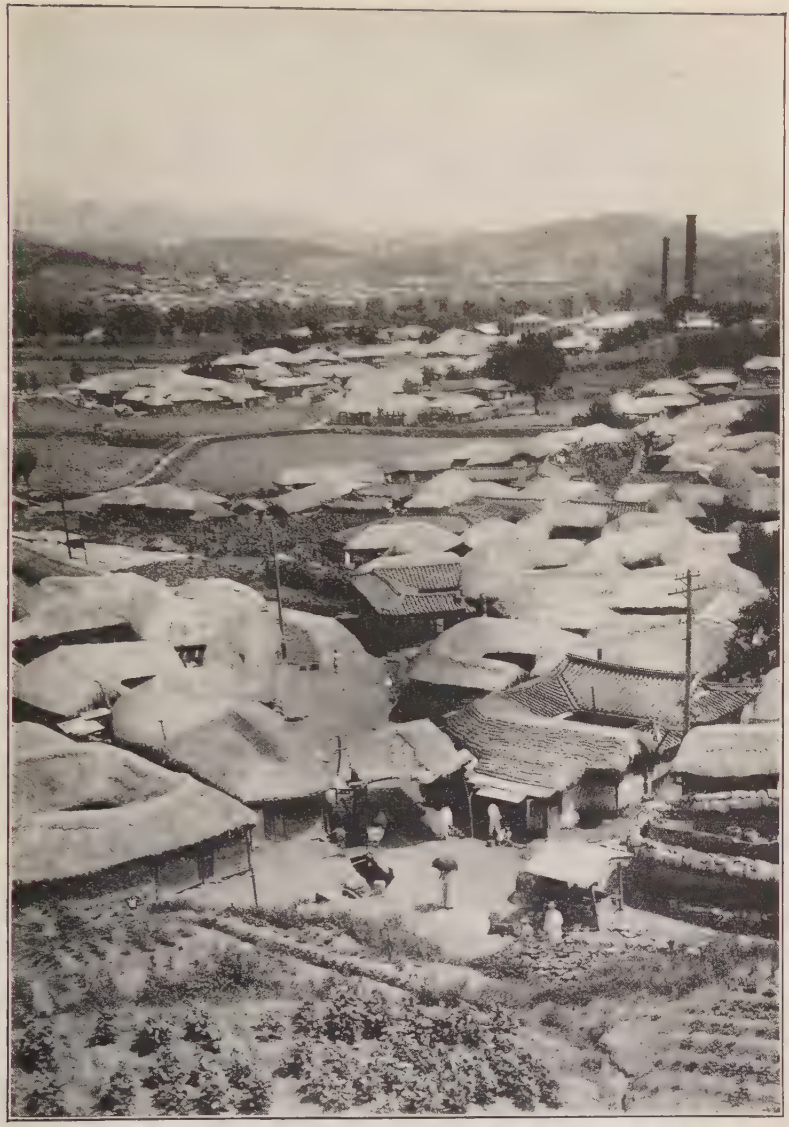
After the ceremony is over the bridegroom changes his wedding clothes and sits down to a feast with the men of the family. The bride, meanwhile, goes back to her apartments, and the groom later on takes his departure. Following this the bride proceeds to the groom's home, where she is treated to a dinner by the ladies of the household. After marriage the wife no longer has any place in her own home, but becomes more or less of a servant to her mother-in-law. She is carried to her new residence in a closed chair, thus exchanging the prison of her girlhood for the prison of her married life. Thereafter she is practically the slave of her husband, who can treat her as he will and who can divorce her with little trouble.

Yet even in Korea the strict seclusion of the women of the upper classes is slowly but surely giving way, and is

much less extreme than it formerly was. On one of my earlier visits I remember seeing a high-born lady being borne forth from her home. As for getting an actual glimpse of her, I had no success. The house in which she lived was surrounded by a wall of small houses devoted to servants' quarters. These were ranged on each side of the gate, or stable-like door, which formed the entrance to the yard, and there was another gate inside of this, so that there was no chance to see into the enclosure. She was taken out in a chair of about the size and shape of a small dry-goods box swung between two long poles. The bearers poked it into the gate, which it entirely filled. The men stayed outside while the lady crawled in and pulled down the curtain. The servants then dragged out the chair and carried her away. At that time Korean ladies saw their capital only through the cracks in their chairs, or through the little glass peepholes, as big around as a cent, in the paper windows of their houses. Only thus did they see men other than their husbands or the men of their immediate families. But nowadays these palanquins are almost never seen in Seoul, unless they are being used at weddings or funerals.

When I first came here even the common women and slave girls working in the fields carried with them green cloaks, such as I have described, to shield their faces from the glances of men. Some of them turned their backs and ran away as I approached. To-day, one may see a score of female faces on any of the main streets during any hour of the morning or afternoon.

So far, the new woman in Korea belongs to the nobility or the upper classes. She is usually the daughter of some *yangban* who is pro-Japanese or is anxious to ape foreign



Thatched roofs are the rule in the villages that sprawl in the valleys between the mountains of northern Korea. The rambling huts usually contain separate quarters for the women of the household.

The Marble Pagoda at Seoul is a Buddhist monument presented to a Korean monarch of the thirteenth century by an Emperor of China, the country whence the faith of Buddha came to Korea.

ways. Some of these Korean ladies have been to Japan and received the highest education that country offers to women. I have been told that they frequently outdistance the Japanese girls with whom they compete there. Indeed, it is generally said that, though four fifths of the Koreans are illiterate, they have naturally quicker and cleverer minds than the Japanese. Such women belong to the advance guard of the new movement. They go out on the streets with their husbands, and even sit beside them in carriages or jinrikishas, always creating a sensation among the natives when they do so. The older men cannot realize that a woman who has been brought up a Korean would do such a thing, and many of them consider the morality of the new woman questionable, to say the least.

CHAPTER XXVI

A NIGHT IN A BUDDHIST MONASTERY

A LITTLE less than two thousand years ago there came out of India, the land of Buddha's birth, fifty-three of his disciples who turned their steps toward Korea. Miraculously led by a deer, a crow, and a dog, they made their way through the rugged peaks of the Diamond Mountains, upon the steep sides of which many monasteries were later set up to commemorate their journey.

So much for the tradition concerning these Indian missionaries of the year 5 A. D., later called Buddhas. It was really the Chinese Buddhists who, about three hundred years after the birth of Christ, brought to Korea the faith of the gentle Gautama. As time went on Buddhism made many converts. It waxed strong in the land, and for more than four centuries it flourished mightily. During this period the Japanese Buddhists looked to what they called the "Treasure Land of the West" for both spiritual and pecuniary aid. Some of the libraries, images, and altar furniture upon which a good many of the Buddhist temples of Japan pride themselves came to them from Korea. Monasteries and temples and shrines blossomed out all over the land. Important abbots grew so powerful that at times they had more influence than the rulers. Then the faith began to decline and even in comparatively recent years its priests were

forbidden to enter the capital. Buddhist monasteries are still to be found in the country, however, most of them in the Diamond Mountain region where there are thirty-four such retreats.

Among my most interesting Korean experiences was the night I passed in one of these monasteries, which was founded more than eleven centuries ago. It had hundreds of acres of forests about it, and owned vast estates. The buildings made me think of those of Japan. About a hundred years before the discovery of America it was made the imperial monastery. The founder of the last Korean dynasty was born near it, and was taught by one of its priests, so when he ascended the throne more than five hundred years ago he favoured this institution. This ruler planted some trees along the road leading to the temple, and I rode between these on my way to the monastery. They are immense pines, almost two hundred feet in height, and opposite them stand stone tablets commemorating the monarch. An old prophecy had it that his dynasty would be destroyed in the five hundredth year of its age, and when you think of the fate of the royal house to-day it looks as if the prediction were pretty nearly fulfilled.

I found the country surrounding the monastery alive with monks. They lined the roads and were at work in the fields. I saw them standing and sitting about in the woods, and going around in the temples dressed in their long gowns and mushroom hats. The hats of the Buddhist monks here come down over their shaven heads so that you see only their noses and their chins, and they all walk with staffs. They do not get much attention from the people, and are not respected as are the priests in other

Buddhist countries. Those I met were densely ignorant. It seemed to me they knew very little about their religion, and I saw signs of their superstition everywhere. At the entrance to the monastery there was a big gate, on each side of which stood a row of posts carved with hideous faces, like those one finds outside any Korean village. These are supposed to constitute a guard against evil spirits, and to aid Buddha in protecting his own.

After passing between these devil posts we went for several miles along a well-kept road through a pine forest. The grass under the trees was studded with flowers. Along one side of the road a mountain torrent rushed over ragged rocks, singing the praises of Buddha as it pushed its way toward the Pacific. The hills rose to the intensely blue heavens. The ride was one of the most picturesque I have found in Korea. The forests belonging to the monastery were beautifully kept, and some parts of the grounds made me think of an English park rather than one of the wildest sections of one of the most backward countries on the globe. There were rustic bridges and temple-like resting places here and there on the way. Now and then we passed a cemetery filled with tablets in memory of the holiest monks of the past, and the whole atmosphere was one of beauty and calm.

Some of the monks met my party at the gate, and my interpreter sent our servant along in advance with my official letter of introduction in which were orders to the abbot to prepare proper entertainment for me. When we arrived at the temples, however, the interpreter found they were going to put us in a small room. This did not suit him, and he led me through court after court until we came to the biggest temple of all. Stalking right in

On Korean waysides there are often posts crudely carved with hideous, grinning countenances. They are to prevent devils from passing and are sometimes in pairs, one being called "The General of Heaven," and the other "Mrs. General of Hell."

The Buddhist monks and abbots of Korea, once so influential that they just about ran the country, are now looked down upon and their faith is despised by a large part of the population.

with stately tread, he spoke in grandiloquent tones to the crowd of priests lying about. He scattered them this way and that, and we soon had a dozen monks flying around trying to make ready the place for my reception.

The room was one hundred feet square, and among those in it at the time we entered were a number of priests eating their supper. My guide moved them all to one side, and pointing to a place near the wall, he told me it was there that I was to spend the night. My resting place was right under a great golden statue of Buddha, in front of which bowls of incense were burning. The room was about twenty feet in height, and big lanterns hung from the ceiling. There were drums and gongs here and there to wake up the gods before one prayed to them, and there were mats scattered about, upon which the monks slept later on.

While we were getting supper the abbot of the monastery came down to see me. He was a man of about fifty, with a poll as bare as a billiard ball and a complexion like that of a well-beaten drumhead. He was withered and wrinkled, but his little black eyes twinkled out of their buttonhole slits, and I found him affable and pleasant. He squatted on his heels on the floor for a time, and then, upon my asking him to take supper with me, he sat down cross-legged and we discussed matters together while our aged rooster was cooking. I had a good variety of wines with me, and I offered him a glass of champagne. At first he refused, but upon the interpreter's telling him it was not like Korean liquor, he gulped down great swallows, rubbing his stomach the while, as the sparkling liquid sent a warm glow through his veins. The truth is, he emptied the bottle right then and there, and I made him a present

of it. There is but little glass in Korea, so the abbot considered this a magnificent gift. He bumped his head on the mats before me in thanks for it, and after this there was nothing in the whole establishment which he did not offer to us.

I spoke to the abbot about the revival of his religion in Japan and of the movement on foot there to send Buddhist missionaries to Korea, in order to bring back the country to its old faith. He did not seem to have much interest in the matter; he was too intent upon watching the preparation of supper to care to talk of Buddha. When our food came, he ate with wooden chopsticks, and seemed to like my rice and chicken soup very much. As soon as we were through I signified to him as politely as I could that I would like to lie down and rest. Since six o'clock in the morning I had been riding a razor-backed pony over a very rough road, and I was tired out.

When my guide had a lot of old rice bags brought into the temple and spread out on the floor for my bed, I supposed the numerous monks who were in the room would clear out and give me a chance to sleep alone. I waited some time for them to move, but they gave no signs of doing so, and at last in despair I asked for a screen. Half a dozen were brought, and with these we made a little fence about my rice bags, and, undressing, I wrapped myself in my blanket and soon dropped off to sleep.

About midnight I was awakened by a horrible din. A hundred gongs were sounding. Two score bells were ringing, and there was a beating of drums and a clapping of hands and a pounding of one piece of wood upon another. I rose to my feet and looked over the screen. A

score of monks were still sleeping, and some twenty others were trotting here and there through the temple on their way to prayers. A brawny priest was pounding on a gong near my head, and another was ringing a bell at the foot of my bed. I stood and looked on, for there was no use trying to go to sleep amid such a noise. The uproar lasted nearly an hour, and then the priests slowly resumed their cuddled-up positions on the floor, and their snores took the place of the gongs and the bells. I went back to my rice bags, and had just dropped off to sleep when the gongs and bells began again. I looked at my watch. It was four o'clock, and the day was just dawning. Morning prayer had begun, and this effectually stopped further rest.

After breakfast I took a walk on which I met a number of the Buddhist nuns. These were the scrawniest, scraggiest women I have ever seen. Their heads were shaved, and their faces were as wrinkled as the leather of an alligator skin travelling bag; they made me think of the idiots I have seen in some of our state asylums. The nuns live apart from the monks in quarters of their own, and like the monks, they are little respected by the people. I found that none of the high-class Koreans had much to do with the priests, who were looked upon as a set of ignorant drones. The monasteries are regarded somewhat as travel resorts, and many excursions are taken to visit them, more to admire the beautiful scenery by which they are surrounded than anything else. As a people, the Koreans appreciate the beauties of nature, and on any fine day you may see scores of them wandering through the hills about the capital and writing verses inspired by the views. When the trees

are in flower they have picnics under them, and the gentlemen often have poetry parties, at which they compete with each other in writing verses on the spur of the moment.

I found a number of boys in this big monastery who were studying to be monks. The abbot called four of them and posed them, in order that I might take their pictures. They were bright little fellows, and went over the prayers of Buddha quite glibly, without, I venture, having the least idea of the meaning of the words they pattered off.

I could not face the thought of spending another night amid the racket of the priestly devotions, so toward noon, with many bows and polite words from the abbot, I mounted my pony and departed.

Confucianism is much stronger in Korea than Buddhism, especially in its features of ancestor worship. From time to time there are public celebrations in honour of the departed spirits and in every well-to-do home there are gilt and black tablets on which are inscribed the names of the family dead. Before these the smoke of incense rises daily. In the temples are rooms where duplicates of the tablets may be stored for greater safety.

The Japanese have set up Shinto *torii* here and there and have made a great effort to graft on to the Korean system of ancestor worship their own creed of emperor worship. Korean children in the schools which the Japanese have established for them must not only salute the flag of their conquerors at frequent intervals but must also bow down before the portrait of the Japanese Emperor. This has been one of the sorest points with the Koreans against the Japanese.

The fact is that the mass of the people are little better than pagans and spirit worshippers. At every turn one

sees evidences of extreme superstition. For example, on my ride to the monastery I noticed that the trees we passed at the foot of the mountains had piles of stones about them, and that my interpreter always picked up another stone and threw it on the pile. He told me that in those trees lived the gods of the mountains, and that if we did not do them honour by giving them stones they would work us great harm. Nearly every house we went by had a magic charm fastened to it in order to keep out the spirits. Professional sorcerers are called in at funerals to drive off the demons. These are usually old women who execute a curious dance, whirling about in the street for hours in order to avert evil.

On my trip across the country I saw several table rocks, which are used for sacrifices in times of epidemics, and I was solemnly informed that one immense stone of this kind, about twenty feet square, had saved the region from smallpox. At the cross-roads I often saw straw effigies, which, I was told, had been put up as a guard against disease. In such straw men are hidden pieces of money, and their makers say a prayer over them, asking deliverance from all diseases and misfortunes for the next twelve months. They then give the effigies to boys, who tear them to pieces to find the money. The more a figure is torn, the greater the efficacy of the charm.

The Koreans consider nine a lucky number, and they have all kinds of rain prophets and dream signs. When the electric car line was first installed in Seoul, the people declared that the cars were run by magic, and a mob destroyed some of them. Their fear was that the line would prevent the spirits from giving them rain. They said the cars were boats, and that the gods, looking down

from the skies, seeing them swimming to and fro through the streets, would say:

"These people need no rain, for their city is swimming in water."

A somewhat similar feeling prevailed about the telephone and telegraph systems. Many of the Korean women, knowing that speech went over the wires, thought the poles must contain spirits and that the sound buzzing on the wires was the hum of their voices. Indeed, some even said their prayers to the telephone poles.

CHAPTER XXVII

CHRISTIANITY IN KOREA

JUST before I left Washington to start on this trip across the Pacific one of our leading bankers said to me:

"I understand you are going out to describe the awakening of Asia. There is one thing I wish you would investigate in a practical way. That is the mission movement. Tens of thousands of us business men are giving regularly toward the introduction of Christianity among the heathen. We want to know what our money is doing, and whether we should continue giving or not. You are an unprejudiced observer and we should like to know what you think."

This desire to know the truth about missions is not confined to our business men. It is a live question to the forty-two millions who belong to our various church organizations and to every Sunday School and religious body throughout the whole United States.

Korea is a cheering field for investigations along the lines my banker friend proposed. Most gratifying progress is being made in this land, in which is being wrought what is sometimes called "the miracle of modern missions." Our missionaries went to the Japanese first, but Korea has to-day more converts than Japan and proportionately many times more than China, which has been exploited by the churches for several generations.

In fact, the Christian movement is one of the most vital elements in this country. There are about three hundred thousand native Christians, or, in other words, nearly one person in every fifty is a follower of Christ. In many of the towns, and even in Peng Yang, the second city in size in the peninsula, a majority of the population are Christians. If a similar success obtained in Japan, the Christian church could claim five hundred thousand native members; if in China, four millions, and if in India, three millions or more. When one knows the astonishing facts about what has been accomplished since the missions started here less than forty years ago, the prophecy of the missionaries that Korea will be a Christian land in a generation or two does not sound empty or idle.

The mission movement is being pushed by the Koreans themselves, under the direction of our missionaries. Every convert goes out and tries to influence his friends and neighbours to become Christians. Native churches have been built by native contributions in all of the cities, and there is a Christian congregation in every large village. There are hundreds of churches, and the Sunday School attendance totals thousands of men, women, and children. Indeed, there are more grown people than children enrolled, and all are anxious to learn about the religion of Jesus Christ and what it can do for them. There are numbers of self-supporting day schools, run by the Korean churches. When it is remembered that the Koreans are among the poorest peoples on earth, and that they live from hand to mouth, the contribution of tens of thousands of dollars to church work by the native Christians is convincing evidence of the sincerity of their faith.

Each of the principal foreign missions in the country

Among the finest of the modern buildings of the Korean capital is the Y. M. C. A. Christianity is a vital influence in the country, where about one person in every fifty is a follower of Christ.

The Temple of Heaven, once the place where Korean monarchs prayed for rain and other national blessings, is now a pavilion in the grounds of the fine hotel maintained at Seoul by the Japanese government railways.

has its corps of American or European workers. The French Jesuits have been here for more than a century and have a fully organized church. At their head is a bishop, who is assisted by a large staff of priests and nuns, among whom are some Koreans. The Catholic cathedral in Seoul stands on a hill overlooking the rest of the city, and is by far the largest church building in Korea.

The Protestant missions all work together. They employ several hundred American and European men and women and their stations cover the country. The sects represented are the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the Anglicans. The Presbyterians represent both sections of the church in the United States, north and south, as well as small branches of the same denomination from Canada and Australia. Our Methodist Episcopal churches, north and south, are carrying on a great work, and the Church of England has a well-managed mission at the head of which is a bishop. In addition there are the mission of the Russian Greek Church, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army. All of the larger missions have schools and hospitals and all have many native workers. As I have said, the movement has so advanced that most of the foreigners are now employed in directing the native Christians, who have become the chief element in the evangelization of the country.

The religious drones of the United States, who stay at home from church and prayer meeting whenever it sprinkles, should come out to Korea to learn what live Christianity means! Take, for instance, a native Presbyterian church which I attended lately in Seoul. This church is situated not far from one of the palaces and on a

hill above the big technical school founded by the Japanese. Its audience hall is sixty feet wide by eighty feet long, and it seats about fifteen hundred. The structure was built by native contributions, and its members gave more than twenty-five hundred dollars to its support last year. With two other native Presbyterian congregations, they are supporting two mission churches outside the city. This church has an average attendance of twelve hundred and when I entered it there were more than that many in the audience room. Fully six hundred of those present were men. I doubt much if any city in the United States the size of Seoul has a single church with six hundred men among its regular attendants. Furthermore, some five hundred of these men had come to Sunday School as well as to church.

But how do I know that the men and the women were equally divided? That is easy in a Korean congregation. The men all sit together on one half the church floor, while the women are squatted on the other half. Formerly they were separated by a high canvas screen stretched from one end of the church to the other, but more recently this has been given up.

The church floor was covered with white matting. All the people took off their shoes as they came in and put them beside them on the floor as they listened to the sermon. At the front of the hall was the rostrum upon which I was seated.

The congregation comprised all classes of Koreans. Among the men were nobles and gentlemen sitting side by side with coolies. The same differences of condition were observable among the women. Most of the men wore hats, but all of the women were bareheaded. Some had

babies with them, and I heard a slight squall now and then. Before the sermon began one little girl stood up with her baby sister tied to her back. The little one was crying, and the girl teetered back and forth on her toes to quiet it.

In no other church have I seen such close and reverent attention. The faces of the audience fairly shone as one of the elders addressed them. Of the whole twelve hundred not one went to sleep; not even a slight snore was to be heard. The preacher held them from start to close, now and then bringing out laughter. After the sermon, a hymn was sung, the precentor standing in his stockings, big hat, and long gown, on the rostrum. A Korean girl played the organ, a little affair so small that at the close the sexton carried it out on his shoulder. Hymn books were used by all, and every one in that congregation was evidently able to read. Indeed, the church will not take in any one who cannot read the Scriptures. When a man becomes converted he is questioned as to his education and is told he must learn to read before the church will admit him. The Korean language is so easy that this can be accomplished in the space of one month or so. In fact, the spur of the desire for church membership is one of the great forces now working toward the education of the Koreans.

After this hymn was sung fifty men and women were baptized and made members of the church. During the ceremony they sat on the floor while the pastor touched the heads of each one with water from a glass bowl.

Before the dismissal a collection was taken up, and it seemed to me that every one gave something, although most could afford but a penny or so. One woman brought

in seven dollars. She was the widow of a honey merchant who, during his lifetime, kept a church box into which he put his odd coins. When the accumulation amounted to a considerable sum, he turned it in. His widow is now doing the same, and this seven dollars was her gift for the month. One who does not appreciate the poverty of Korea cannot realize how the people are giving. They say money talks. If it tells the truth, these people believe what they profess.

There is a Methodist church in Seoul, maintained by the natives, which is larger than the one I have described and quite as earnest as that one in its attendance and its work. There are a number of other mission churches, most of which receive little help from outside of Korea. Some of the native churches are miserably poor. One I have visited in Seoul consists of a single room about the size of the living room in an American apartment. It is so small that only one hundred men can be crowded down upon the floor, yet at all the services even the doorways and windows are filled and many must stand outside. That church has three meetings every Sunday morning. There is one for boys, which lasts from eight to ten, then one for men, from ten to twelve, and after that a third service for the women. The pastor tells me that his people all give, though they are of the poorest class of Koreans, and that many of them cut down their food in order to contribute to the church. They will eat a spoonful or so less rice at a meal or perhaps half their usual amount on one day of each week. The collections of the congregation amount to about two dollars a Sunday, made up of coins worth from one fourth of a cent to a nickel. Recently the pastor baptized one woman who was seventy-nine years of age.

The huge stone tortoise of Seoul marks the tomb of some long-forgotten personage. In Korean folklore the tortoise is the symbol of strength, long life, and immortality, and appears in the great seal of the former rulers.

In a generation the Japanese have built roads and bridges, carried forward measures of sanitation and hygiene, and instituted numerous other reforms, yet the life of the people keeps on in much the same primitive fashion as before.

At Peng Yang there is a Presbyterian church with twenty-two hundred regular attendants on Sundays and twelve hundred at the mid-weekly prayer meetings. One of its members is a middle-aged woman who walks ten miles in from the country twice a week, rain or shine. Think of walking forty miles a week to preaching and prayer meeting!

An interesting feature of the Christian movement here is the Bible study classes which are carried on regularly in different parts of the country at certain times of the year. The Koreans are eager to study the Scriptures and to have them explained. Many of them commit to memory long extracts from the New Testament, the Proverbs, and the Psalms. An old Presbyterian minister of Seoul has told me that he uses certain members of his church as concordances, asking them where certain verses of the Scriptures are to be found instead of looking them up in the books. At a Christmas celebration last winter an old woman of eighty-three was asked to repeat some passage from the Bible. She started in with Proverbs, and rattled off three chapters before the pastor could stop her. She said she could give six more if he wanted them. That woman walks three miles every Sunday to church.

Big Bible study classes are held in the winter and spring. The men and women members meet separately. They walk for miles to the classes, bringing their rice or enough money to pay their board while they stay. Some come two hundred miles, walking all the way. The gatherings last two weeks, during which the people read and discuss the Scriptures. Last year the men's classes were held in February, and those for the women in March. At the meetings in Seoul there were four

hundred men, some of whom came from near the Sea of Japan, some from the north, and others from various remote parts of the country. The meetings were led by one of the foreign missionaries who gave an outline of the book of the New Testament selected for study. After this, the men read the book together, asking questions and discussing each chapter and verse. They all took notes in order to carry their learning back to their villages. At the women's classes the foreign women presided over similar exercises.

I might write a chapter on the medical missions of Korea. American doctors have done enormous good here. The mission hospitals and dispensaries they have established are scattered over the country, and thousands of patients are treated in them every year. Special corps of trained workers, including teachers, doctors, and nurses, are doing a great deal of work for Korean women.

It was an American doctor who sewed up the body of Prince Min Yunk Ik when he was cut almost to pieces in a revolt at the palace some years ago. By so doing the doctor gained the good will of the ruler, and thus insured to our missionaries the friendship of the nobility and enabled America for years to lead in all the advanced movements here.

The doctor risked his life in treating the prince. When he arrived at the palace he found thirteen native physicians about to pour boiling wax into the gaping wounds of the royal sufferer, and it was only by tact that he was able to make them stand back and allow him to give first aid. As a thank-offering the King then started a government hospital with this physician in charge. It had forty beds and treated over ten thousand patients the first year.

There are now two large mission hospitals in Seoul. One of these was the gift of a well-known Presbyterian business man of Cleveland, Ohio, who gave a great deal of money toward mission work throughout the Far East. He took a business man's view of such undertakings, and once said he believed that money invested in missions in Korea paid bigger dividends in the way of results than money so invested anywhere else. Last year this hospital treated something like eleven thousand patients, of whom more than nine thousand came to the dispensary. It is now practically self-supporting, receiving only a nominal sum every year from America, the rest of the expenses being paid out of the earnings of the physicians in charge. Most of the patients are Koreans, but many are foreigners residing in Korea for the time being. The hospital has also a medical college connected with it, and a training school for native nurses, as well as a clinic.

One of the most striking of the new buildings of Seoul is a three-story brick structure near the old Bell Tower in the heart of the city, equipped as a technical training school. This is the home of the Young Men's Christian Association, the gift of John Wanamaker. The building cost less than forty thousand dollars, but it could not be erected in the United States for three times that sum, and, with the ground upon which it stands, it is worth several hundred thousand dollars to-day.

The institution is carrying out a big educational programme, and in the past it has had to turn away many students for lack of room. It has now about twenty teachers, a number of whom are Koreans. It offers a course including many of the subjects studied in our

high schools, and it has night classes for advanced work in English and Japanese, and in bookkeeping. There is a manual training department and also an athletic branch devoted to the promotion of sports of all kinds.

Although the law grants absolute freedom of religious belief throughout the Empire, the Japanese certainly do not look with much favour upon the Christian missionaries or their converts in Korea. They attach a good deal of blame for the resentful spirit of the Koreans to the teachings of the missionaries. I daresay that, since many of the missionaries are Americans, a love of liberty inevitably creeps into their attitude and their teachings. At any rate, it was the Korean Christians who suffered most in the terrible weeks following the so-called Mansei movement a few years ago.

This occurred at the time when a wave of freedom and democracy was sweeping the world and when President Wilson had fired many small nations with the idea of self-determination. The leaders of the Korean revolutionary party here planned a bloodless political uprising that would show the Japanese the spirit of the people and demonstrate how impossible was the task of subjugating them. According to their programme, there was to be no destruction of property, no terrorism, and no violence of any kind. The protest was to take the form of passive demonstrations simultaneously throughout Korea. In Seoul the people were to march in bodies of three thousand each to the various foreign consulates and government offices, singing the Korean national anthem and shouting all at once the cry of "Mansei!" or "Ten Thousand Years," meaning "Long Live Korea."

The problem of how the great number of country people

expected to gather in the capital were to get into Seoul without arousing suspicion was solved by the timely death of the old ex-Emperor. His funeral provided ample excuse for the influx of thousands. This was set for March 4, 1919. Somehow an inkling of what was planned got to the police, whereupon the leaders changed the date to March 1.

Part of the preparations for the event included the drawing up of a kind of declaration of independence, which was signed by thirty-three men, representatives of all creeds and classes. This document had been distributed throughout the land by little girls who, hiding the papers in their big sleeves, trudged from place to place putting them in the hands of patriots.

At noon of the appointed day, twenty-nine of the thirty-three signers met in the hall in Seoul in which nine years before the independence of Korea had finally been signed away to Japan. It is said that although the Japanese officials had been invited, only one attended the meeting. As soon as the declaration had been read aloud to those assembled, a messenger was sent out to give its contents to the masses of people gathered in one of the parks. Then one of the signers telephoned the chief of police what had been done and said he and his comrades were ready to be sent to prison. They were arrested within the half hour.

Outside, the demonstration went pretty much as planned. Moreover, it took the authorities entirely by surprise. Perhaps it was this surprise that led them to do many hasty and unwise things by way of retaliation. At any rate, the most conservative figures concerning what followed this peaceful demonstration state that as a result of it twenty-nine thousand were arrested, ten thousand

were flogged, and two thousand were killed or wounded. A great wave of protest swept over all Christian countries, with the result that the Japanese government wakened to the fact that its officials had gone too far. This resulted, in August of that year, in an extensive reform programme for improvement of relations between the Japanese and Korea.

I understand that these reforms have brought about better conditions in many respects, but the work of the missionaries is still subject to many restrictions and constant scrutiny on the part of the Japanese. They must obtain permits to build new churches, secure new pastors, and even to solicit contributions. Christian students in government schools not infrequently report they have been ordered to give up their faith. There are signs, however, that the friction is decreasing and perhaps another generation or two may see Christians, Buddhists, Confucianists, and Shintoists—Japanese and Koreans—all working together for the common good of the Sunrise Kingdom and the Land of Morning Calm.

THE END

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